Jan. 10, 1983

THE NEW YORKER

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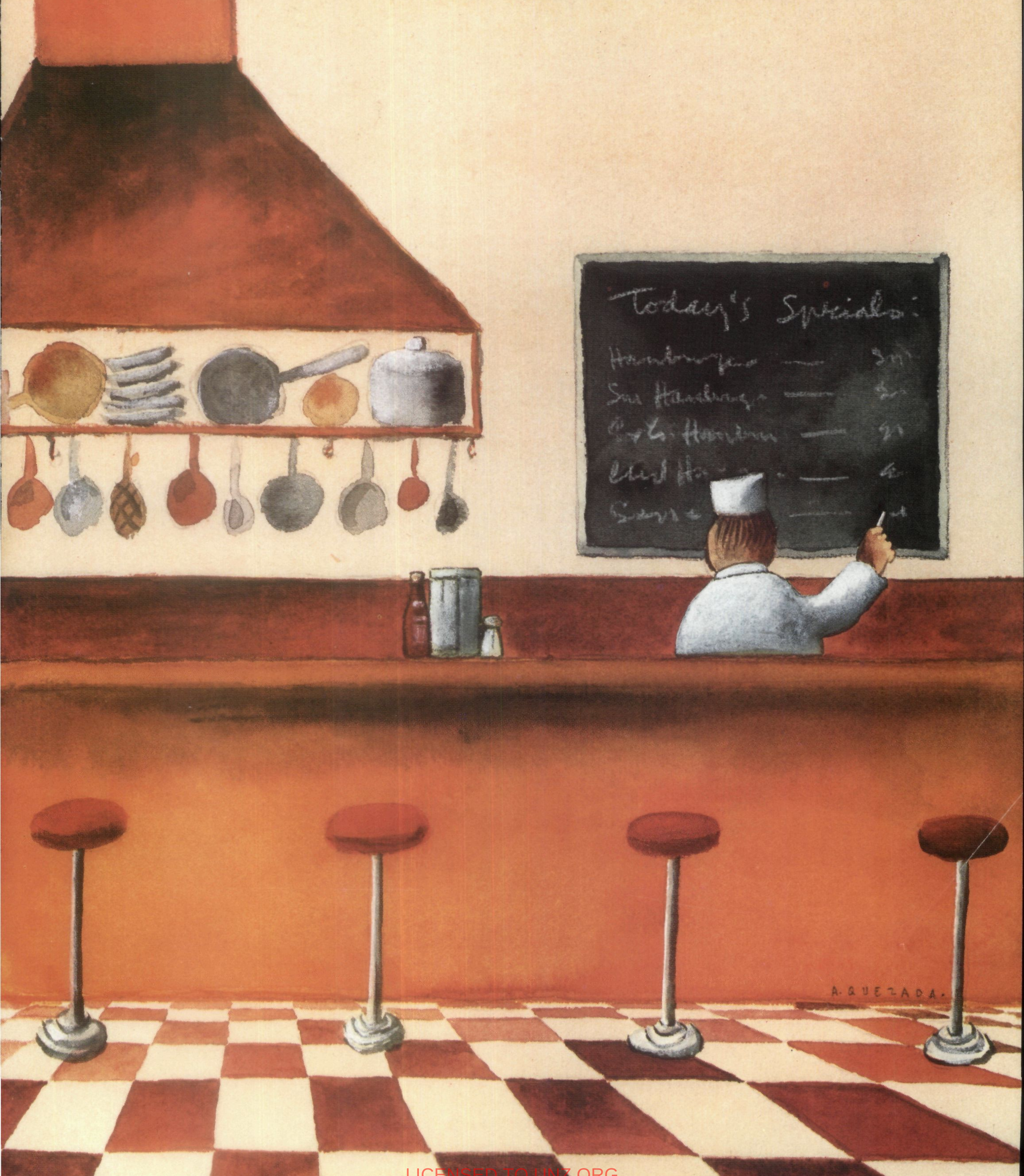
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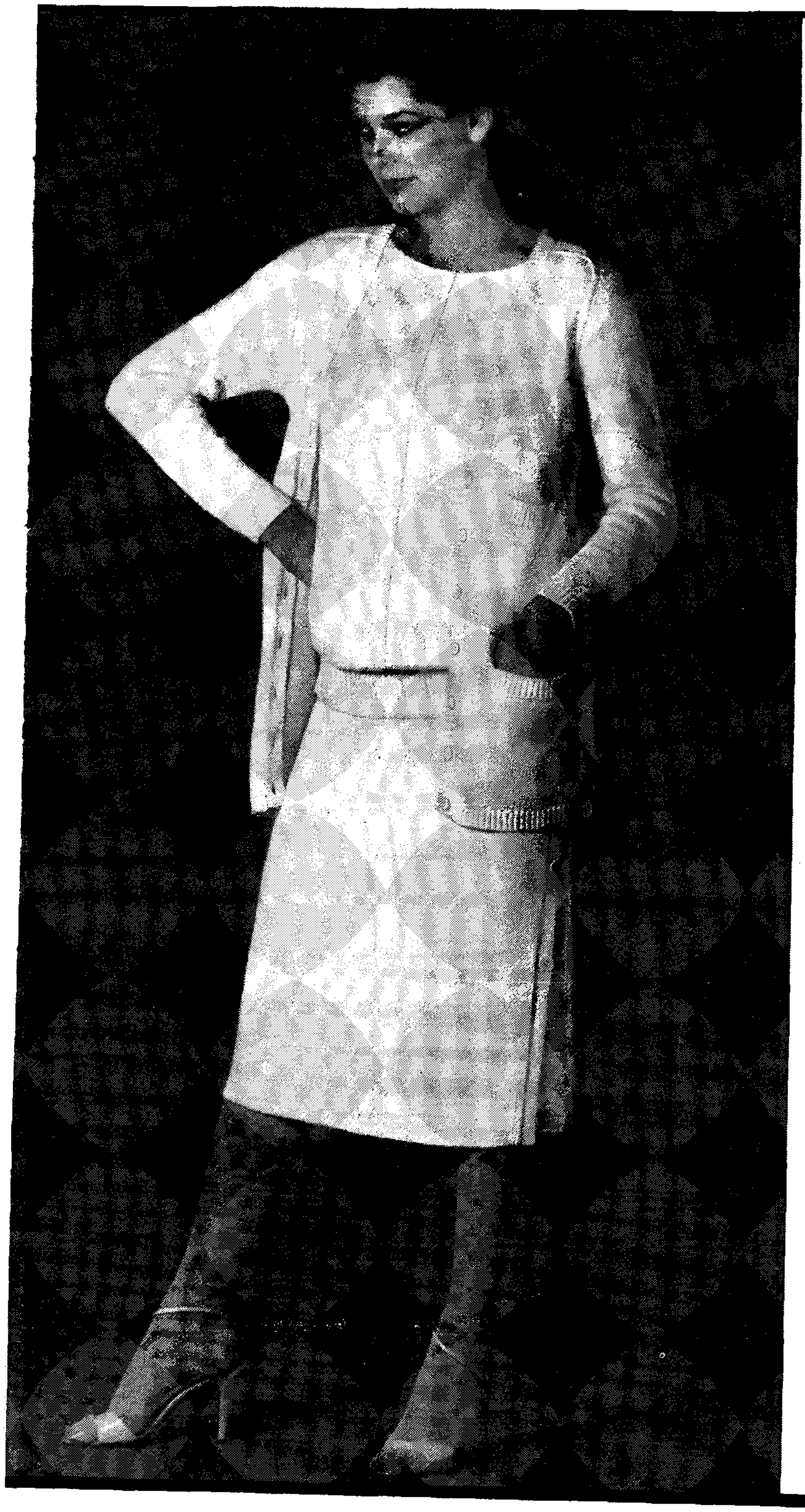

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alice in Wonderland—After fifty years, Eva Le Gallienne has brought back her faithful dramatization of Lewis Carroll's immortal daydream. The scenery and costumes, deftly borrowed from Tenniel, are by John Lee Beatty and Patricia Zipprodt. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/3/83.) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Lee Kalcheim's relentlessly jokey and rather disagreeable comedy, set in 1961, about a husband-and-wife team who broadcast daily over WOR while their personal lives collapse into smithereens. The jokes, bright and brutal, are delivered with precision by the company, under Barnet Kellman's direction. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

The Butter and Egg Man—A revival of the 1925 George S. Kaufman play. (Manhattan Punch Line, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cats—A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—In Michael Cristofer's **BLACK ANGEL**, an ex-Nazi, having served part of his prison sentence, decides to build a house in a small French village, despite the menacing protests of the villagers and the warnings of the friendly mayor. Much of the play consists of the high-flown, long-winded conversations of ex-Nazi and mayor, but Josef Sommer and Tom Aldredge, respectively, manage to hold our interest. Gordon Davidson directed. (1/3/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

Do Lord Remember Me—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Regge Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. (11/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Thursdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

84 Charing Cross Road—A sentimental and rather sad little non-play about a failed American playwright and a good-hearted London bookseller. The two stars are Ellen Burstyn and Joseph Maher. (12/20/82) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1976 musical **THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM**, based on a novella by Eudora Welty (book and lyrics by Alfred Uhry, score by Robert Waldham), is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Jan. 6, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Extremities—Susan Sarandon in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Foxfire—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are irresistibly tart and tender in a play about life in Appalachia, where the old seek in vain to cling to their old customs and the young light out for the fleshpots of Florida. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Good—Alan Howard and Gary Waldhorn hea the exceptionally fine cast of this Roy Shakespeare Company production of a pla about a venal German who, in the early day of Hitler's rise to power, believes himself be a far better man than he is. Howar Davies is the director. (10/25/82) (Boot 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays throug Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twent citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest tow in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a ca toon but is also sharp and satiric an frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Wi liams, Mr. Sears, and their director, E Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Squar Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tue days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunday at 3.)

Hamlet—A harmless curiosity, which has a actress named Diane Venora in the title rol (12/13/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598 7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7.)

The Holly and the Ivy—An English domest play that all but stifles in its own gentility The late Wynyard Browne was the dramatis

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Staged by Lindsay Anderson. (11/29/82) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Jan. 16: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age schoolboy's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. With James Earl Jones. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nine—A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (credited to Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star—one man surrounded by an army of hard-breathing women. Starting Monday, Jan. 10, Bert Convy will replace Mr. Julia for two weeks. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Plenty—The fascinating heroine of this play by the English dramatist David Hare is a woman who, after her experiences with the French underground during the Second World War, conducts her own private war against every aspect of English life. Most of Mr. Hare's post-John Osborne targets are familiar by now, but his characters and scenes and lines are original and strong, and the performances, under his direction, are first-rate. Kate Nelligan is his driven heroine and Edward Herrmann is her stalwart, victimized husband; among the supporting actors are Ellen Parker, Daniel Gerroll, and George N. Martin. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Skirmishes—A tedious exercise about two middle-aged sisters who bicker and squabble at the bedside of their dying mother. Catherine Hayes is the English playwright. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

Snoopy—David Garrison in a musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steaming—A comedy by Nell Dunn about half a dozen women in the depths of a public bathhouse in London, scheming to take revenge on the sorry world of men. The splendid cast is headed by Judith Ivey. (12/20/82) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Three Sisters—Even the first-rate actors here assembled cannot bring this humorless production to life, but it has its compensations, all the same. With Dianne Wiest, Sam Waterston, and Jack Gilford, among others. (1/3/83) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

Top Girls—An import from England's Royal Court Theatre. The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. The play, by the adventurous Caryl Churchill, lacks the high spirits and humor of her larky "Cloud 9," but it has its good points, all the same. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last year, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the admirable director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Twice Around the Park—Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach in two one-act plays by Murray Schisgal that are only intermittently as funny as Mr. Schisgal appears to think they are. (11/15/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whodunnit—A disastrous mock-thriller by Anthony Shaffer, who wrote the classic "Sleuth" and has here unaccountably lost his way. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yellow Fever—Donald Li in a mystery-comedy by R. A. Shiomi. (28th Street Playhouse, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Carrie Fisher. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. David Dukes plays the villainous Salieri and John Pankow plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,440 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Andy Gibb heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. With Nancy Marchand. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH**

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SONG TRILOGY: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Iolanthe." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 6-7, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 8, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 5-6, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 5-6: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 7: "Serenade," "Four Chamber Works," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Ma Mère l'Oye," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 8: "Serenade," "Four Chamber Works," and "Ma Mère l'Oye." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 9: "Ballo della Regina," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 9: "Four Chamber Works," "The Cage," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 11: "Divertimento No. 15," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 12: "Ballo della Regina," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 13: "Mozartiana," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "The Magic Flute." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 14: "Apollo," "The Magic Flute," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 15: "Donizetti Variations," "Four Chamber Works," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday evening, Jan. 5: "Celebration," "Night," "Free Flight" (première), and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 6: "Pas des Déesses," "Illuminations," "Night," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 7: "Celebration," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Free Flight," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Illuminations," "Night," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 8: "Light Rain," "Fire," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 9: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Illuminations," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 9: "Celebration," "Free Flight," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 11: "Celebration," "Transfigured Night," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 12: "Trinity," "Illuminations," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 13: "Les Patineurs," "Transfigured Night," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 14: "Light Rain," "Deuce Coupe II," "Fire," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 15: "Les Patineurs," "Transfigured Night," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 15: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Pas des Déesses," "Free Flight," and "The Green Table." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 16.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE II—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8—a benefit performance [for tickets, call 477-3030, Ext. 246], featuring guest artists from the American Ballet Theatre—and Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 12-14, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 7.)

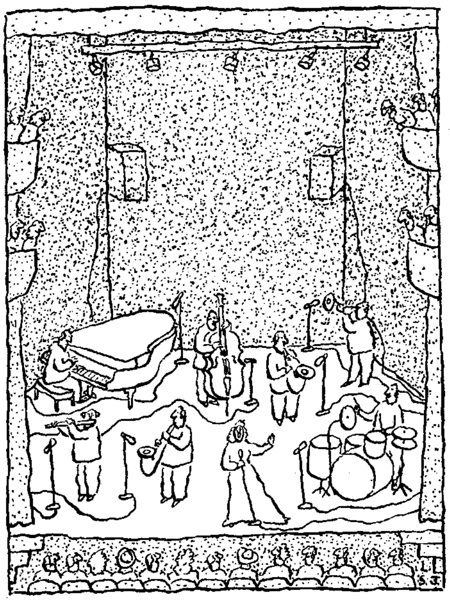
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. **HAL GALPER** will be at the piano on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, supported by bassist **STAFFORD JAMES** and drummer **VICTOR LEWIS;** on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, hard bopper **BARRY HARRIS** *will take charge of the keyboard and* his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Longtime tenor pals **AL COHN** and **ZOOT SIMS** trade solos through Sunday, Jan. 9; Monday, Jan. 10, will feature a jazz showcase with Amy Duncan and the Reverend Robert Lepley; and on Thursday, Jan. 13, guitarist **TAL FARLOW** will come in. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 6-8, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER;** Sunday, Jan. 9, punk-rock patriarch **JOHN CALE** and the Violent Femmes; and Wednesday, Jan. 12, T. S. Monk. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.



BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, *driven conversationalists,* and some good musicians. **RONNIE MATHEWS** is at the piano until Saturday, Jan. 8; on Monday, Jan. 10, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** will begin working with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is now presenting **JOE BUSHKIN,** swing pianist and songwriter ("Oh! Look at Me Now!" was his big hit), and his quartet Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work at the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** can be found in this dark-brown restaurant in back of Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

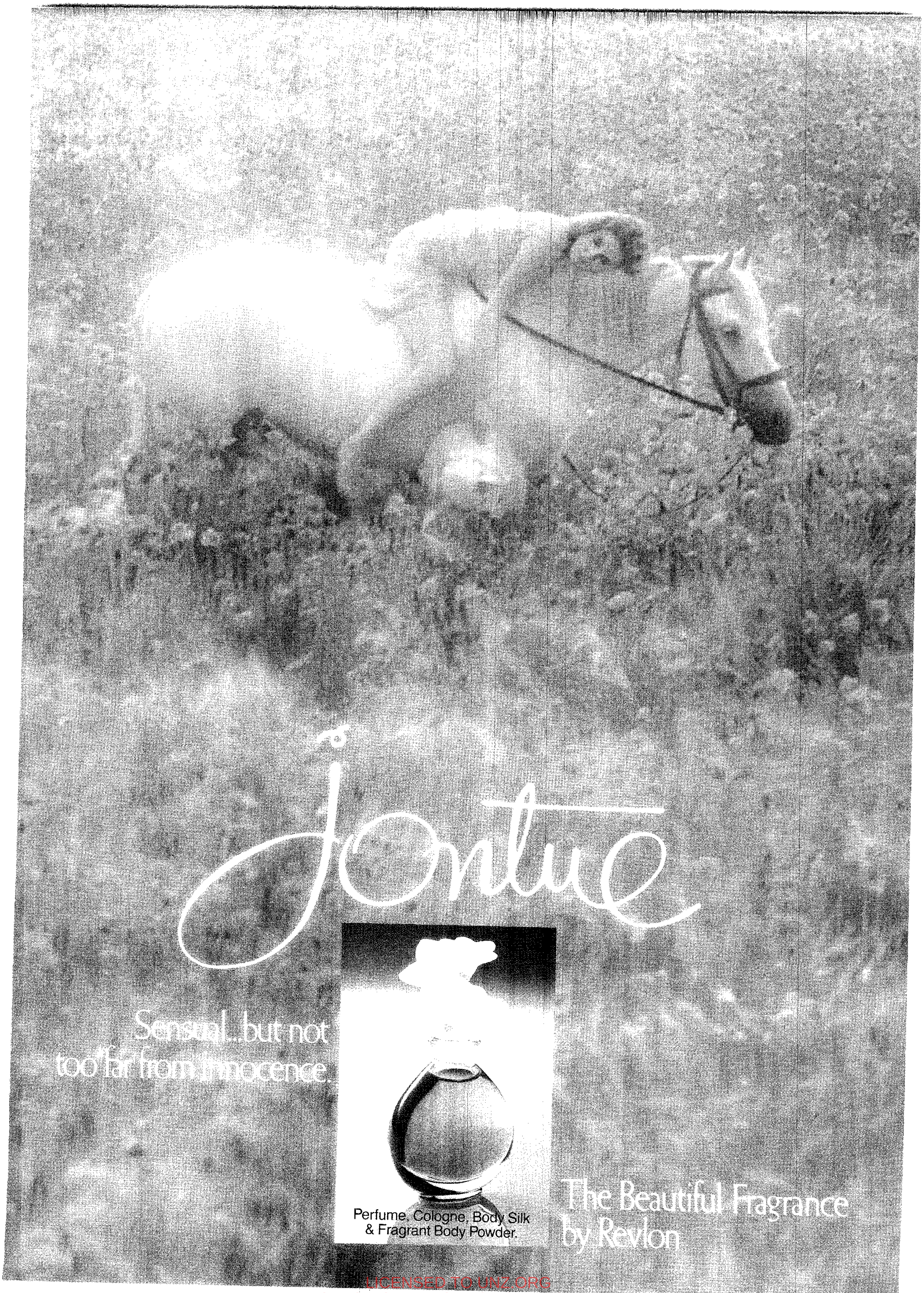
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Jan. 5, Extravaganza and 1, 4, 5; Thursday, Jan. 6, Treble Boys and the Shakes; Friday, Jan. 7, **JOHN CALE** and TNT; and Saturday, Jan. 8, Johnny Thunders, Chris Moffa & the Competition, and the Corpsicles. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Tuesdays through Saturdays (through Thursday, Jan. 13), **ARTHUR SIEGEL** is at the piano, playing and singing mostly show music, some of which he wrote. Mr. Siegel's performances are low-key, intelligent, and captivating. On Friday, Jan. 14, **TEDDY WILSON,** whose delicacy and swingmanship have influenced a couple of generations of pianists, will arrive. Sundays and Mondays, **CARRIE SMITH** can be found here singing blues and jazz tunes in her large, resounding voice. Shows begin at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**RONNY WHYTE,** the debonair straight-arrow baritone and able pianist—dig his left hand—is at home in the singer-pianist's room in, of all things, a Chinese restaurant. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to *one.*

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you *might swear you were in the hills somewhere,* because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Thursday, Jan. 6, Swallowtail; Saturday, Jan. 8, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** and his bluegrass band, **SKYLINE;** Thursday, Jan. 13, Lew Gelfond and Bob Mellman; and Saturday, Jan. 15, Walt Michael & Company. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertoire for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Wednesdays, the floor is turned over to the Bill Simon–George Simon quintet from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 9, head-of-the-class ex-Basie-ites—they can swing—**BUDDY TATE,** on tenor sax, and **AL GREY,** on trombone and plunger, will co-pilot a quintet from about

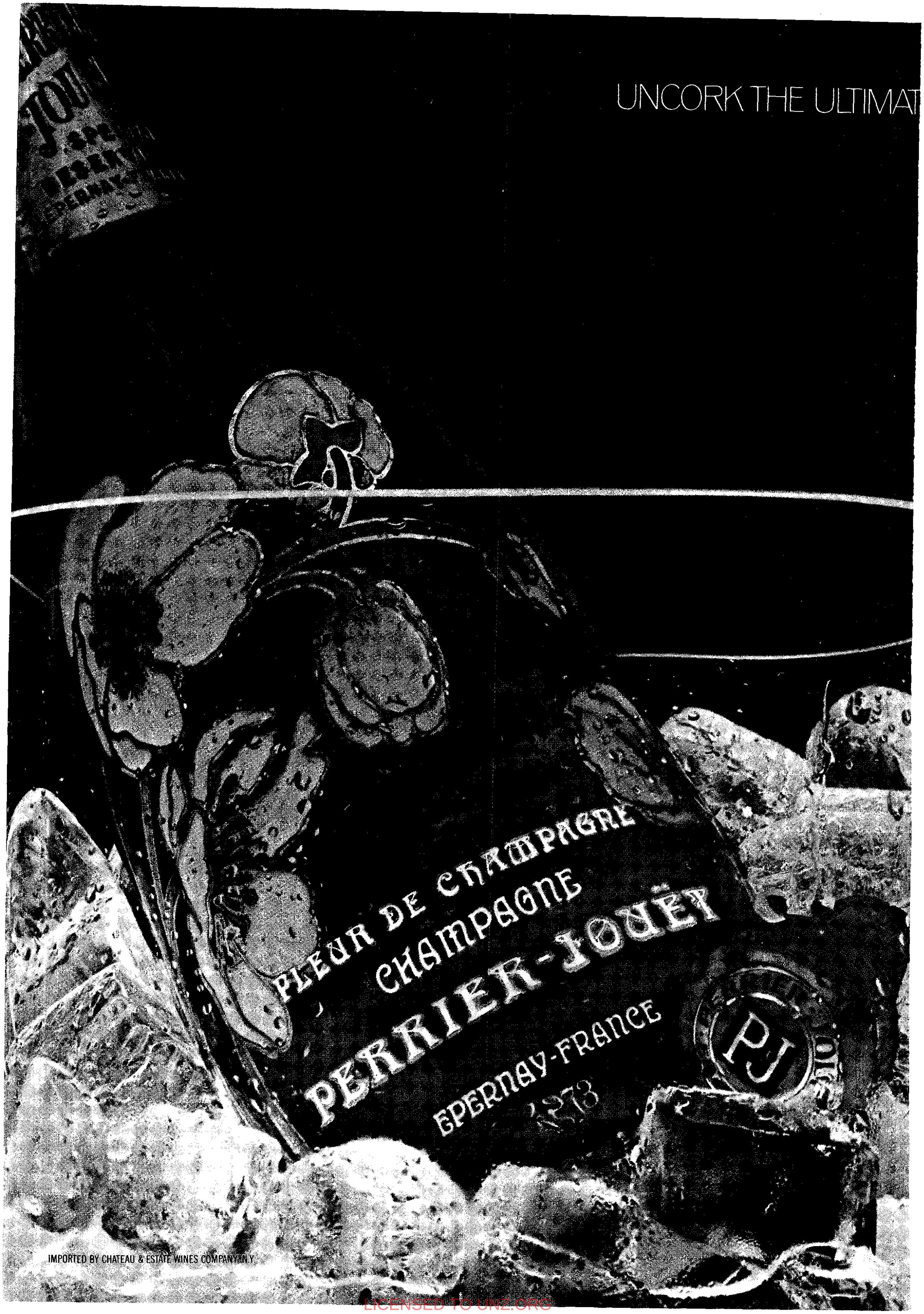


Jontue

Sensual...but not too far from innocence.

Perfume, Cologne, Body Silk & Fragrant Body Powder.

The Beautiful Fragrance by Revlon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nine-fifteen. Mondays from eight-thirty are allotted to soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** and his hot-jazz combo, the **BECHET LEGACY.** Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—This snazzy downstairs jazz club is where four guitarists—**JOHN ABERCROMBIE, VIC JURIS, CHUCK LOEB,** and **JOHN SCOFIELD**—will perform individual and interlocking solos until Sunday, Jan. 9. On Tuesday, Jan. 11, **ESTHER PHILLIPS,** who has lately been at the top of her vital, if stylized, raspy-voiced form, will arrive. Sometimes Miss Phillips's voice sounds a little like a car engine trying to turn over, but her energy level makes you forgive her excesses; and she has a dynamite backup band and a pianist, **GEORGE SPENCER,** who is responsible for some of the most tasteful and compelling arrangements a jazz and R. & B. singer could ever hope for. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Jan. 5, Chesterfield Kings and the Wombats (at ten); Friday, Jan. 7, **ELIZABETH (LIBBA) COTTON,** who wrote the guitar pickers' classic, "Freight Train," and folksinger-folklorist **MIKE SEEGER;** Saturday, Jan. 8, Livingston Taylor and Andy Breckman; Tuesday, Jan. 11, Bill Fern's rock jam session; Wednesday, Jan. 12, V Effect (at ten); Thursday, Jan. 13, the Mark Black band; and Saturday, Jan. 15, folk-rock and blues singer Libby Titus. Two shows—the first one usually getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: Bob Neloms and John Daly through Thursday, Jan. 6; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, Marilyn Redfield; Monday, Jan. 10, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and guitarist **MELVIN SPARKS;** Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 11-13, pianist **JOHN HICKS;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, Marion Cowings, a Sinatra-influenced singer. On Sundays, Val Eley sings with pianist Loni Berry. Sets run from nine. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** guitarist **AL GAFA,** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** team up Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays Graham Forbes and Ray Carle play piano-bass duets; and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. These groups begin at about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Ram Ramirez claims the piano bench.

Griff's, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those spare high-rise apartment houses. Pianist **CHRIS ANDERSON** leads a trio—**ART DAVIS** is on bass, **FRANK GANT** on drums—through Saturday, Jan. 8; on Tuesday, Jan. 11, pianist **FRED HERSCH** will move in with *his* trio. The Sunday-and-Monday slot usually belongs to singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** and her bassist. Sets begin at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays and at seven on Sundays and Mondays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DILL JONES** is at the dining-room grand until Saturday, Jan. 8; on Tuesday, Jan. 11, **RALPH SUTTON,** who likes to concentrate on early jazz, will claim the keyboard. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—The schedule at this convivial jazz loft: A trio made up of pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY,** and saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** on Wednesday, Jan. 5; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, the swirling, percussive **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND.** Sets at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and a jam session held on Fridays runs from one to three A.M.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

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Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. The good listeners can hear **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** one of the liveliest piano-bass teams around town, through Saturday, Jan. 8, and on Sundays and Mondays. On Tuesday, Jan. 11, **HANK JONES** will arrive with bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** for a five-night visit. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Jan. 5, guitarist Richard Lloyd and Inside Straight; Thursday, Jan. 6, **RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS** and the Outsets; Sunday, Jan. 9, Marshall Chapman; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 10-11, Poco; and Wednesday, Jan. 12, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A real fine lineup, as usual: **RANDY WESTON,** a percussionist of a pianist, performs with a trio through Sunday, Jan. 9; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 10-11, will be given over to saxophonist **BILL BARRON,** his brother **KENNY** on piano, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY;** and Wednesday, Jan. 12, will mark the arrival of pianist **RED GARLAND,** who in the mid-fifties was Miles Davis's pianist in the ground-breaking, wonderful-sounding quintet that also included John Coltrane, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones. Garland made history by simply showing up for work—performing with the group whose merest recording sessions and live appearances now seem like major events. But Garland's style was and is significant enough to draw notice: he plays a variation of locked chords with an added split-second-delayed top note that sets each chord off and makes it luminous. Garland will be supported by **PHILLY JOE** himself on drums and by tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE.** Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave. at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** croons through Saturday, Jan. 8; starting Monday, Jan. 10, Keely Smith will appear in this singer's room. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist and throaty singer **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist, is musically escorted by **DON THOMPSON,** on bass and second piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen; Mondays from nine to midnight are claimed by the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Friday, Jan. 7, Robbie Dupree, and Saturday, Jan. 8, French Toast. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz, and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Jan. 5, Rock Wilk and Daryl Canada; Thursday, Jan. 6, Fat City; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, Pieces of a Dream and Jerome Olds & Tom Grose; Wednesday, Jan. 12, George Theiss and the Stingers; Friday, Jan. 14, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND** and drummer **ZAHIR BATIN & THE NOTORIOUS ENSEMBLE;** and Saturday, Jan. 15, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl and the Kevin Harris Band. Shows begin at nine-thirty and midnight. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS AND THE SAVOY SULTANS** play uplifting and absolutely irresistible music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

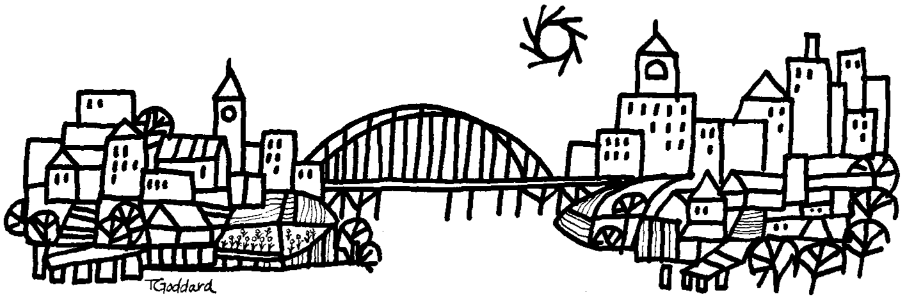
Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Wednesday, Jan. 5, Newton; Thursday, Jan. 6, **RICK DANKO & LEVON HELM;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, Robert Gordon; Tuesday, Jan. 11, Isinglass; Wednesday, Jan. 12, Jailbait; Thursday, Jan. 13, the Plasmatics; and Friday, Jan. 14, Holly & the Italians. Shows usually begin after midnight. Closed Sunday and Monday, Jan. 9-10.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Jan. 5, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO;** Thursday, Jan. 6, R. & B. pianist Thom Rotella; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, **CARLA BLEY,** a playful, madcap composer, pianist, and bandleader, and her band. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. Wednesday, Jan. 5, and Tuesday, Jan. 11, Marcos Silva; Thursday, Jan. 6, Z; Sunday, Jan. 9, Funk; Wednesday, Jan. 12, Tony Semifusa; and Thursday, Jan. 13, Brasil 2000. **PÉ-DE-BOI,** a power-percussion samba band, is here on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players and the place keeps on being crowded. Bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** gigs with tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** trumpeter **JON FADDIS,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** through Saturday, Jan. 8; *on Tuesday, Jan. 11, tenor saxophonist* **PHAROAH SANDERS,** who sounds real good whether he's playing spiritual-enlightenment music or good old regular hard bop, will bring in his quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**BIG JOE TURNER,** Kansas City blues and jazz legend, is singing at this simple little club Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Sundays and Tuesdays from seven-thirty to midnight, Greg Ryan and Brian Conway perform Irish music.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—*Rock and roll on the upper* West Side. Wednesday, Jan. 5, Random Speed and the Debbie McHale band; Saturday, Jan. 8, Luke Fredricks and Park Rowe. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the downstairs room presents salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on Jan. 10, two bands, **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** Latin-jazz combo and **TIPICA '73,** and one guest jazz soloist, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW,** will be onstage. On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** heads up his beautiful-sounding nonet, which features trombonist and composer **JIMMY KNEPPER,** through Sunday, Jan. 9; on Tuesday, Jan. 11, composer, arranger, and tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** will bring in *his big band,* ***LIVING COLOR: TEN SHADES OF BLACK.*** Monday nights are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights. Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** and vibraharpist **DAVE SAMUELS** play lyrical duets through Sunday, Jan. 9; on Tuesday, Jan. 11, **JAKI BYARD** and **ERIC KLOSS,** who both play piano and saxophone, will begin collaborating. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Pianist Esther Blue can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Saturday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Saxophonist Heywood Henry hangs out with his combo until Monday, Jan. 10. Tuesdays are now the property of guitarist **CHRIS FLORY.** Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies Reno Sweeney. Now the premises have been turned into a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. **JIM ROBERTS** and **BRIAN TORFF** handle the piano-bass duties through Saturday, Jan. 8, and on Monday, Jan. 10, singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** will begin working with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ.** Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** provide the music on Sundays. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The first in a series of five programs entitled "The Glory Days of Tin Pan Alley," this one featuring Sammy Cahn (narrator), Tiger Haynes, Gordon Ramsey, Dick Hyman, and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, January 9-10, at 8.)

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PETER GORDON / LOVE OF LIFE ORCHESTRA—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 10-11, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—*Jazz in a fifth-floor loft.* Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 6-9, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Hilton Ruiz, Walter Bishop, Jr., Walter Booker, and Charli Persip. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband, with Woody Shaw. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 13, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Dave Katz & Mean Streets. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ronnie Mathews septet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays: Daniel Poncé. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8: Dirt 3, with Bob Carroll. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 14: Marilyn Crispell quartet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at nine.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 *to between 5 and 6.*)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

THOMAS S. BUECHNER—Precisely rendered oil portraits that hover on the brink of caricature, and romantic landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

JOSEPH DIGIORGIO—Oil paintings of Blue Ridge Mountain landscapes. Through Jan. 22. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

WILLIAM DOLE—Collages with a subtlety and refinement unusual in the field. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON—Watercolors—witty, metaphoric, and mostly suggesting travel. In one, for instance, a skeletal suitcase is superimposed on a picture-postcard landscape, framing part of it. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—A recent sculpture, in bronze, from the cardinal series and an ebony piece whose subject is a mother and child; also, works on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954)—Thirty drawings in pencil, charcoal, and pen and ink. Through Friday, Jan. 14. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Thirty-three watercolors and drawings, all of them portraits. Through Feb. 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

SEAN SCULLY—Abstract works usually consisting of two or three shaped canvases covered with stripes and joined together. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St.)

JOHN STORRS (1885-1956)—Big abstract paintings, early bronze nudes, and drawings related to his sculptures, among other works. Through Jan. 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St.: Collages and reliefs by some thirty European modernists, among them Schwitters, Arp, and Domela. Through Jan. 29. . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by six contemporary Scottish artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings and prints by Picasso, small abstractions by Charles Seliger, and drawings by Paul Klee are among the works on view. Through Jan. 29. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **THEO WADDINGTON,** 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Bush, Noland, Olitski, Poons, and Rothko. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

STEPHEN BUCKLEY / RICHARD SMITH—Abstract reliefs consisting of either doubled-over or woven strips of painted canvas held by stretchers of varying shapes. / Monotypes. Through Jan. 29. (Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

ARTHUR CADY—A triptych of the Watch Hill Channel is among his new acrylic paintings. Through Jan. 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

LILY HARMON—Drawings from all phases of her career. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Ten new monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, each a segment of a circle. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. A retrospective of sculptures is at the Whitney Museum.)

LOREN MADSEN—A single large sculpture combining wood, slate, granite, and wire. Also, several drawings. Through Jan. 22. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

AGNES MARTIN / JEAN DUBUFFET—Six-foot-square canvases in which thin stripes in terra-cotta hues traverse pale backgrounds. / Forty-two paintings crowded with his bright-colored, jack-in-the-box figures. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES (1860-1961)—Paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Recent works, including watercolor abstractions, collages, and one assemblage of wildly disparate objects—bones, beads, vacuum bottles, old labels. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

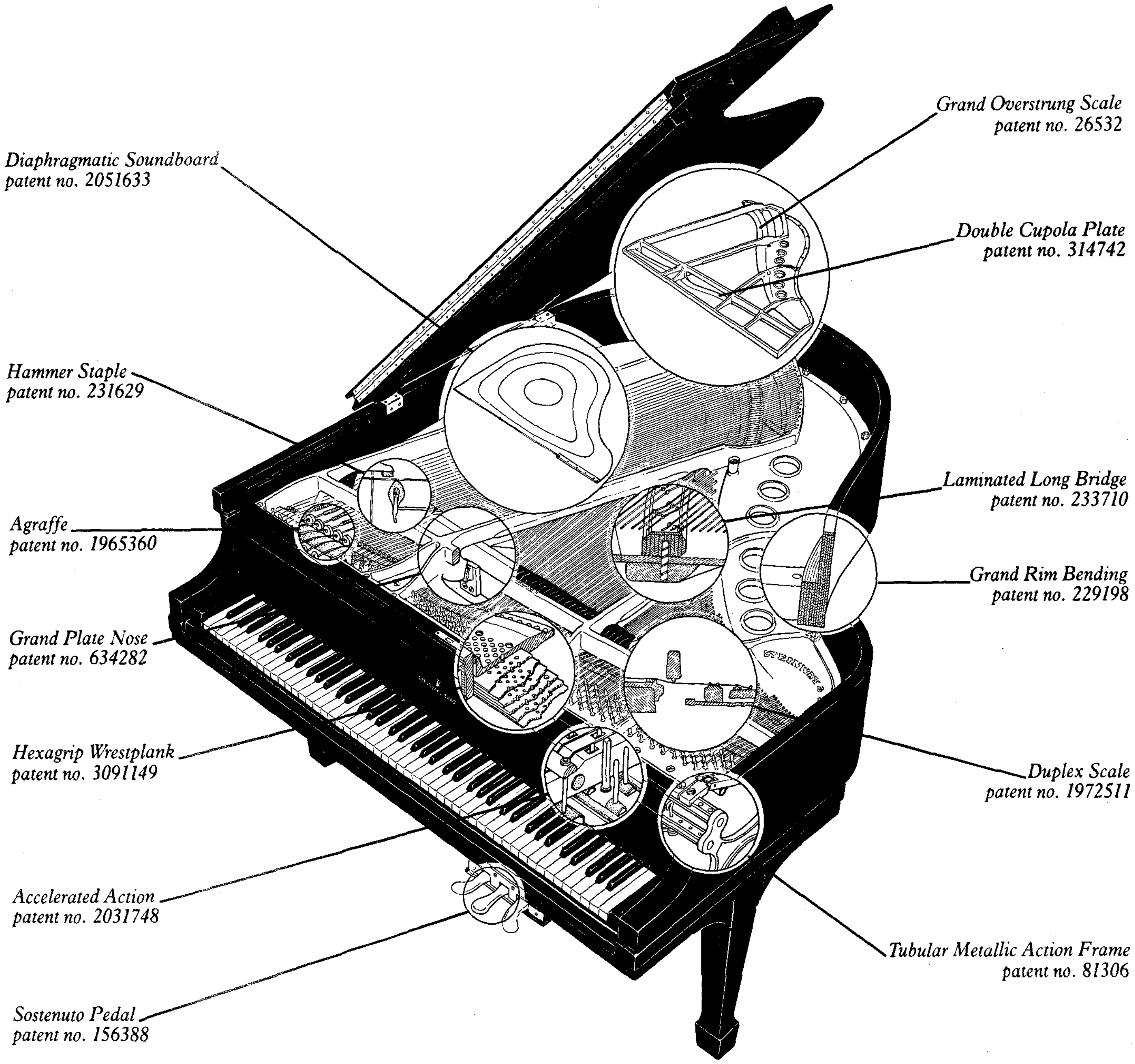
FRED SANDBACK—Six constructions from 1967, plus recent related graphics. Through Jan. 22. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ERIC SLOANE—Paintings of New England landscapes in all seasons, a couple of views of Taos, and some cloud studies. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

JOAN SNYDER / MIA WESTERLUND ROOSEN—New abstract paintings, among them a triptych; also, a group of late-sixties paintings. / Abstract sculptures, one of them a six-foot-high copper-and-concrete arch. Through Jan. 22. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

HARRY SOVIAK—Watercolors with motifs reminiscent of Matisse and Sonia Delaunay; and painted stainless-steel sculptures derived from vase shapes. Through Jan. 27. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, none of them exhibited in this country before, by Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, Enzo Cucchi, and Anselm Kiefer—plus some by Jean Michel Basquiat which have been seen here. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Capricious self-portraits by Robert Colescott, Peter Saul, Joan Brown, Robert Arneson, and others. Through Jan. 27. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 41 W. 57th St.: "The Crucifix Show," a title that stems from the cross shapes—broadly defined—encountered in the works of Keith Milow, Alan Vega, Brice Marden, Nancy Haynes, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Portraits by Copley and Charles Willson Peale, one landscape each by Bierstadt and Cole, and still-lifes by Harnett are


Diaphragmatic Soundboard patent no. 2051633
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Grand Plate Nose patent no. 634282
Hexagrip Wrestplank patent no. 3091149
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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among the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings on view. Through Jan. 29. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Recent works by longtime gallery associates Isabel Bishop, Emlen Etting, Margit Varga, and others. Through Jan. 29. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Louise Nevelson, Leon Polk Smith, Charmion von Wiegand, and others showing painted sculptures, wall reliefs, collages, and boxes from the past three decades. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St.: Polychromed-steel sculptures by Ginette Heuman, and recent paintings, drawings, and constructions by gallery artists Ilse Getz, Howard Kanovitz, Sven Lukin, and Manoucher Yektai. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A juxtaposition of photographs by Harry Callahan, Lee Friedlander, and Paul Strand with sculptures by Mary Frank, Richard Stankiewicz, and William Zorach. Through Saturday, Jan. 8.

GALLERIES—SoHo

DAN FREEMAN—Large acrylic paintings apparently documenting the sexual revolution. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

HELEN MAYER HARRISON AND NEWTON HARRISON—A hand-colored photographic mural entitled "Thinking About the Mangrove and the Pine," and other works centered on the ecological concerns of these artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

CURTIS RIPLEY—A pair of ceramic urns and drawings of them are among new works. Through Jan. 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

JOHN SANDERS—Abstract sculptures carved with blowtorch and chisel from slabs of solid steel (the largest weighs six and a half tons), plus one bronze casting, taken from a work in steel. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

MERRILL WAGNER / PETER BROWN—Abstractions in oil pastel on slate and on Formica. / Wall sculptures using crating wood, with acrylic paint or plaster added. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

DAVID WOJNAROWICZ—Men in space, manic cows, and the drug scene are subjects for these outsize spray-paint works by a young artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BONLOW,** 150 Greene St.: Works by twenty-odd artists, including Chia, Twombly, and Warhol, under the catchall title "Myth." Through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **CONCORD,** 451 Broome St.: Portraits by Don Bachardy, Rafael Ferrer, Joan Semmel, Jan Groover, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by ten emerging artists, among them Michael Markham, Birke McGilly, and Joanne Storch. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **KEY,** 130 Greene St.: Contemporary watercolors; Marcia Yerman, Stefano Bicini, and Joy Taylor are among the artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Closed Tuesdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

REMO SALVADORI—Paintings by an artist who makes his own colors from berries and minerals he finds in his native Tuscany. Through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

CARROUSELS—A homage to the merry-go-round, with original hand-carved-and-painted beasts (horses, a lion, a camel) made by artisans from six New York workshops active at the turn of the century, as well as photographs and examples of the wood-carving tools used by the artists. Through April 24. (The Dairy, in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

CHILDREN'S BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS—More than two hundred original illustrations for children's books published in 1982. Some of the illustrators are William Steig, James Stevenson, and Lee Lorenz. Through Feb. 10. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays *through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)*

PHOTOGRAPHY

BERENICE ABBOTT—Photographs spanning fifty years of her career, about a quarter of them vintage prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

THOMAS EAKINS (1844-1916) / **JEAN-LOUIS DURIEU** (1800-74)—Seventy photographs from a single collection. / Nude studies the photographer made for Delacroix, who used them for his paintings. Through Jan. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HELENA KOLDA—Photo-collages, some of which combine color photographs with black-and-whites. Through Jan. 29. (Images, 11 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JACQUES HENRI LARTIGUE—Photographs dated 1902-39, which serve as an autobiographical documentation of upper-middle-class French life. Lartigue was eight when he took the earliest picture in the show. Through Sunday, Jan. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

AMY STROMSTEN—"Recovery—Alcoholism and Survival," a series of forty prints on that subject. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . ¶ In another room here, a selection of vintage prints by Henri Cartier-Bresson, W. Eugene Smith, and others. Both shows through Saturday, Jan. 15.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"La Belle Epoque" is the title for the Costume Institute's eleventh annual exhibit, consisting of a hundred and fifty examples of men's and women's turn-of-the-century clothing (primarily from Europe but with a couple of nods to America) displayed in period settings: Décor evoking Maxim's, Edwardian green-flocked wallpaper, and numerous portraits preside over a promenade of outfits both informal and formal, including ball gowns and court dresses—four from the wardrobe of Queen Alexandra of England. . . . ¶ The American Wing has opened its first twentieth-century period room, a living room designed in 1912-14 by Frank Lloyd Wright. In addition, a temporary display of about a hundred Wright pieces—from drawings for the room to furniture—in the museum's collections. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ A group of prints by Albrecht Dürer on the theme of the Holy Family, including several woodcuts from "The Life of the Virgin" series. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of abstract sculptures by Louise Bourgeois. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ An exhibit of Xuan-paper works by Robert Rauschenberg, who spent a month in China devising them. Through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Frank Stella: Thirty-three prints and drawings of asymmetrical geometric shapes. Through Tuesday, Jan. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, *Fifth Ave. at 89th St.*—The Yves Klein retrospective includes a posthumous work, for which the artist left instructions, in which the museum's rotunda is covered in the ultramarine-blue pigment he often used. Through Sunday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Selections from the Peggy Guggenheim collection of twentieth-century paintings and works on paper, brought over for the first time in a decade from the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, in Venice. Through March 13. . . . ¶ A show of about thirty sculptures by Americans represented in the museum's collection, among them Joseph Cornell, Louise Nevelson, and Lucas Samaras. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Ellsworth Kelly, accompanied by the drawings he used as studies. Through Feb. 27. A show of his paintings (ending Saturday, Jan. 8) is at the Blum Helman Gallery, 20 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Jasper Johns' Savarin monotypes. Through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of paintings by turn-of-the-century Nordic artists whose work prefigured modernism. Edvard Munch is represented by eight canvases. Through Sunday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by Gene Davis. Through Feb. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," or how the moon and stars governed the earthly affairs and found expression in the artifacts of various early cultures. An eleventh-century gold calendar disc from Peru on the one hand, a contemporary photomural of the Mayan observatory at Chichén Itzá on the other. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of nearly a hundred French decorative clocks made between 1532 and 1823. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, *333* E. 47th St.—"The Great Age of Japanese Buddhist Sculpture, A.D. 600-1300," a show offering more than fifty bronze and wood works, ranging from small altarpieces to larger-than-life-size figures. On loan from the national museums in Tokyo and Nara, and from twenty-six temples. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An ex-

hibit of a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Max Weber. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of medieval French illuminated manuscripts which points up the characteristics of individual artists and regional workshops. All the works are in American collections. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, depicting scenes from the life of Christ. . . . ¶ A display of musical manuscripts by Stravinsky and Haydn which commemorates their birth dates. All three shows through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Blake to Beardsley: English Illustrated Books of the Nineteenth Century," an exhibit that also includes the work of William Thackeray, Edward Lear, and Julia Margaret Cameron (seen in one of the first books to use photographs as illustrations). Through March 2[illegible] (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6, and Monday through Wednesday evenings until 9.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of nearly forty jazz-related paintings, prints, and photographs, including a monumental painting by Leonard Ruben of Thelonious Monk and Cannonball Adderly performing together; and an etching by Romare Bearden entitled "Jamming at the Savoy." Through Jan. 22. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of color-field paintings by Sam Gilliam. Through Feb. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Boaz Vaadia, Mary Beth Edelson, and Cedric Smith are among the thirty-three artists showing icons, relics, and other objects of devotion, religious and otherwise. Through Jan. 22.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual shows by Jürgen Partenheimer (drawings), Peter Shelton (sculptural model of the gallery), and Stewart Wilson (small figures in several materials). Through Saturday, Jan. 15.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Latin-salsa music, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, at 8:30; Christine Brodbeck and Caitlin Corbett (dance), Thursday and Friday, Jan. 13-14, at 8:30; Susan Braham and Susan Brown (dance), Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 15-16, at 8:30.

MUSIC

OPERA

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 5: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Brian Schexnayder; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 6: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Jeannette Pilou, Dale Duesing, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 7: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Louise Wohlafka, David Holloway, and Brent Ellis; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Marvis Martin, and Myra Merritt. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 8: "Il Trovatore," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 8: "Idomeneo," with Gail Robinson, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, and Herman Malamood; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 10: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Jeannette Pilou, Dale Duesing, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 11: "Il Trovatore," with Adelaide Negri, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 12: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 13: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gianna Rolandi, Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, and Kenneth Riegel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 14: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Jeannette Pilou, Dale Duesing, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 15: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 15: "Il Trovatore," with Adelaide Negri, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons; Nello Santi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Rossini Opera Festival—The second in a series of three operas in concert form, this one "Semiramide," with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Stamm and Douglas Ahlstedt, tenors; Samuel Ramey, bass-baritone; the Orpheon Chorale, and members of the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jesús López-Cobos. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 10, at 7:30.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Carl Nielsen's "Maskarade," staged by Thomas Holliday, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-1400.)

Bel Canto Opera—The first two of four performances of Donizetti's "Caterina Cornaro," staged by Cynthia Edwards and conducted by Igor Chichagov. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 7:30, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting an all-Witold Lutoslawski program in honor of the composer's seventieth birthday on Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8; Friday, Jan. 7, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Lutoslawski, guest conductor, and Roman Jablonski, cello). . . . ¶ Larry Newland conducting a Carter-Bernstein-Sibelius program on Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8; Friday, Jan. 14, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 7:30 (all with Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano).

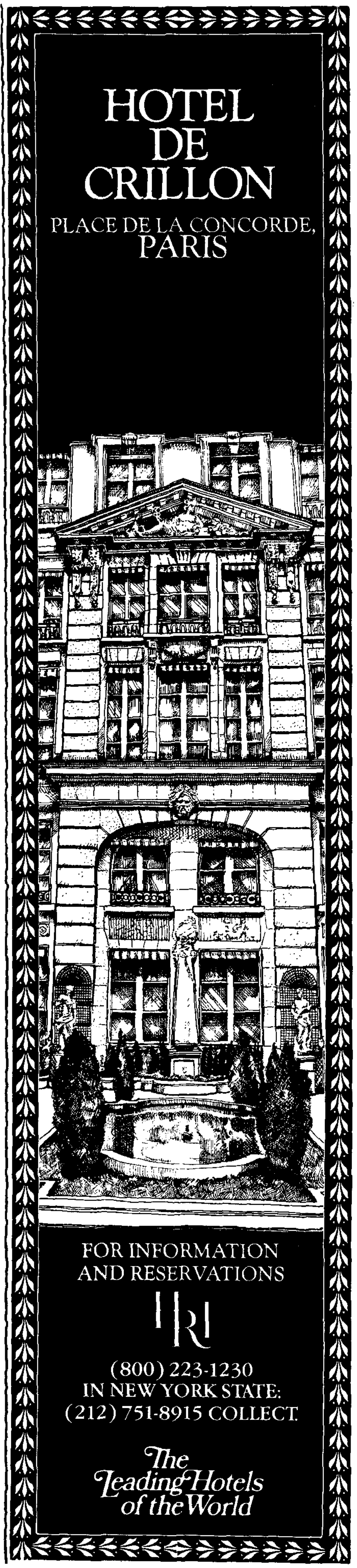
Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Brahms-Schönberg-Liszt program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a Berlioz-Bartók-Brahms program, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin, and Colin Carr, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 7-8, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Giuseppe Patanè conducting a Mendelssohn-Brahms-Schumann program, with Nina Beilina, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting—Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 6: With Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8: With Janos Starker, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program called "The Neapolitan Baroque," with Susan Belling, soprano;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Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; and Frederick Hammond, harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 3.)

Connecticut Chamber Orchestra—Sayard Stone conducting, with Sara Lambert Bloom, oboe; Stephen Burns, trumpet; James Buswell, violin; David Carroll, bassoon; Timothy Eddy, cello; and Joaquin Valdepenas, clarinet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 840-2824.)

Metropolitan Ensemble of New York—Mamoru Takahara conducting a program that includes the première of Yasuo Higuchi's "Concerto for Cornet and Chamber Orchestra." With Erick Friedman, violin, and Terumasa Hino, cornet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program called "An Odyssey in Time." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing the première of Paul Suits' "A Prodigal Voice" and Mozart's Requiem. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8, and a repeat performance at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus Ave. at 59th St., on Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 621-9090.)

RECITALS

Hamao Fujiwara—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Stephen Mayer—Piano, with Evalyn Steinbock, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Ursula Oppens—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Steven Tenenbom, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ida Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Paula Robison, flute; André-Michel Schub, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 5.) . . . ¶ Dong-Suk Kang and Daniel Phillips, violin; Marcus Thompson, viola; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Adam Holzman—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

Richard Muenz—Baritone, in a one-hour program of songs by Charles Ives. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.) . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Ronald Smith—Piano, in an all-Alkan program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Jacques Taddei—Organ. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Anni Baker and Kimball Wheeler—Soprano and mezzo-soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

The Romeros—Classical guitarists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Musick's Monument—An early-music ensemble in a program of works by Thomas Tallis. With Jeffrey Dooley and Allan Fast, countertenors; John Olund, tenor; Douglas Vogt, bass-baritone; and Kurt Richards, bass. (Grace and St. Paul's Lutheran Church, 123 W. 71st St. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

John O'Conor—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

National Association of Composers, USA—A program of music by Josef Alexander, Henry Hadley, Max Lifchitz, Otto Luening, and Irwin Swack, performed by Oscar Ravinia, violin; Raymond Wheeler, clarinet; Ted Mook, cello; Mr. Lifchitz, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Emanuel Vardi—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 11 at 8.)

Laurentian String Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Isaac Stern—Violin, in a recital celebrating the fortieth anniversary of his Carnegie Hall début. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano, in an all-Spanish program postponed from Oct. 13. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Alaska Music Festival—At Carnegie Recital Hall—The first two in a series of three concerts by faculty members from the University of Alaska. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: A program that includes the premières of Corey Field's "Poem Against the Cold" and Ravonna Martin's "'Tis You That Are the Music," performed by Suzanne Sommerville, mezzo-soprano; Theodore DeCorso, clarinet; and Robert McCoy, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: A program that includes the New York première of Judith Lang Zaimont's "From the Great Land: Woman's Songs," performed by the North Star Consort.

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Edgar Varèse, Percy Grainger, Shulamit Ran, and Franz Schreker. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

Glenn Branca—Keyboard, with fifteen other musicians, presenting the première of his "Symphony No. 3." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 13-15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2.)

Elizabeth Wright—Piano, with Earl Carlyss, violin, and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The second in a series of four concerts, this one devoted to Renaissance music of Florence. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 13, and Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The third in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the New York New Music Ensemble, with Jane Bryden, soprano, and Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Presenting Beethoven's three Razumovsky quartets. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

The Bach Winterfest—The second in a series of four concerts, this one performed by Ani Kavafin, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church, 225 W. 99th St., on Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Coleman Blumfield—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

New Music Festival—At Marymount Manhattan Theatre—A four-week festival by composers who record for the Lovely Music label. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 5-8, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 4: Robert Ashley's comic opera "Atalanta (Acts of God)." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: Alvin Lucier presenting a program of his own works. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8: Joel Chadabe and Jan Williams presenting a program of music for computer and percussion. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: Nicolas Collins and Ron Kuivila in a joint concert using computers, electric guitars, and micro-keyboards. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 4: David Behrman, Paul DeMarinis, and George Lewis in a joint concert of music for microcomputer-controlled instruments, synthesizers, electronics, and trombone. (221 E. 71st St. Through Sunday, Jan. 30. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Opera Interviews—Luciano Pavarotti being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 6.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Tuesday, Jan. 11. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Phoenix, Thursday, Jan. 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Sunday, Jan. 9, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Saturday, Jan. 15, at 7:35.

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Friday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Sunday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Jan. 12. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Jan. 15. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Boston Bruins, Friday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Monday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Thursday, Jan. 13. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. The Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 15.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Jan. 10, through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Raphael Rudnik and Linda Gregg reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ Jane Cooper and Gibbons Ruark reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"The Night of the Hunter" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Tootsie" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 6: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†) and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†).
From Jan. 7: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Best Friends" (directed by Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 3: "The Verdict" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Verdict" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 13: "Diner" (†).
From Jan. 14: "Missing" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fitzcarraldo" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 6: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood. From Jan. 7: "Madman."
Theatre 2: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "That Championship Season" (Jason Miller).
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Eating Raoul" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tootsie" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"My Favorite Year" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Peter Pan" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 6: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Jan. 7: To be announced.

PARAMOUNT
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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 11: A program of five new international animated films. From Jan. 12: "Slow Attack" (1980; directed by Reinhart Hauff; in German), with Burkhard Driest. On Mondays, there will be a special program consisting of, at 5:30, "Legacy" (1976; Karen Arthur), with Joan Hotchkis; at 7:30, "Letters from Vietnam" (1964) and "Vietnam Requiem" (Bill Couturie and Jonas McCord); and, at 9:45, "David Holzman's Diary" (1969; Jim McBride), with L. M. Kit Carson, and "My Girlfriend's Wedding" (1968; Jim McBride).
Theatre 2: Jan. 5: "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian); and "The Seagull" (1974; Yuli Karasik; in Russian). Jan. 6-8: "Earth" (1930; Alexander Dovzhenko; in Russian); and "Mother" (1926; V. I. Pudovkin; a Russian silent film). Jan. 9-10: "Hamlet" (1966; Grigori Kozintsev; in Russian). Jan. 11-12: "Three Songs of Lenin" (1934; Dziga Vertov; in Russian); and "The Girl with the Hatbox" (†). Jan. 13-14: "Viridiana" (†), "Simon of the Desert" (†), and "L'Age d'Or" (†). From Jan. 15: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (†) and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Eating Raoul" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 6: "Peter Pan" (†). From Jan. 7: "Fitzcarraldo" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 6: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Jan. 7 (tentative): "Fitzcarraldo" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 6: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore. From Jan. 7: "Siberiade" (1979); Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).
Theatre 3: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).
Theatre 4: "My Favorite Year" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Fantasia" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Jan. 13: "My Favorite Year" (†).
From Jan. 14: "A Time for Revenge" (Adolfo Aristarain; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Coup de Torchon" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Isabelle Huppert.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Sophie's Choice" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 11: "Fitzcarraldo" (†). From Jan. 12: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab.
Theatre 2: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 3: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder, in German), with Rosel Zech.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Seven Samurai" (†).
Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).
Theatre 2: "The Light Ahead" (1939; Edgar G. Ulmer; in Yiddish), with David Opatoshu.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 13: "Tootsie" (†). From Jan. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 13: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Jan. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 13: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn. From Jan. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 13: "Tootsie" (†). From Jan. 14: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 6: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore. Jan. 7-13: "Eating Raoul" (†). From Jan. 14: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 13: "My Favorite Year" (†). From Jan. 14: "The Last American Virgin."
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 13: "Peter Pan" (†). From Jan. 14 (tentative): "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (†).
Theatre 2: "Best Friends" (directed by Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 3: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 4: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 6: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore. From Jan. 7: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood.
Theatre 6: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (†).
Theatre 3: "My Favorite Year" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz), an animated film.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Heidi's Song," an animated film.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 6: "Midnight." From Jan. 7: "Madman."
Theatre 2: "Peter Pan" (†).

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards).
Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 6: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood. From Jan. 7: "Murder by Phone."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 11: "America—From Hitler to MX" (1983; directed by Joan Harvey), a documentary.
From Jan. 12: "Black Wax" (1983; Robert Mugge), a documentary about Gil Scott-Heron.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 5: "Fists in the Pocket" (1965; Marco Bellochio; in Italian); and "Baba" (1974; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
Jan. 6: "Straight Time" (1978; Ulu Grosbard), with Dustin Hoffman; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Jon Voight, and Brenda Vaccaro.
Jan. 7-8: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, and Leo G. Carroll, and "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.
Jan. 9-10: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (†).
Jan. 11: "The River Ki" (1966; Noboru Nakamura; in Japanese); and "The Twilight Years" (1973; Shiro Toyoda; in Japanese).
Jan. 12: "Monterey Pop" (1969; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival; and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.

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Jan. 13: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; and "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.
Jan. 14-15: "The Road Warrior" (†) and "The Warriors" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Leap Into the Void" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 6: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Jan. 7-8: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish)
Jan. 9-11: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.
Jan. 12-13: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.
Jan. 14-15: "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, and Robert Preston; and "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru.

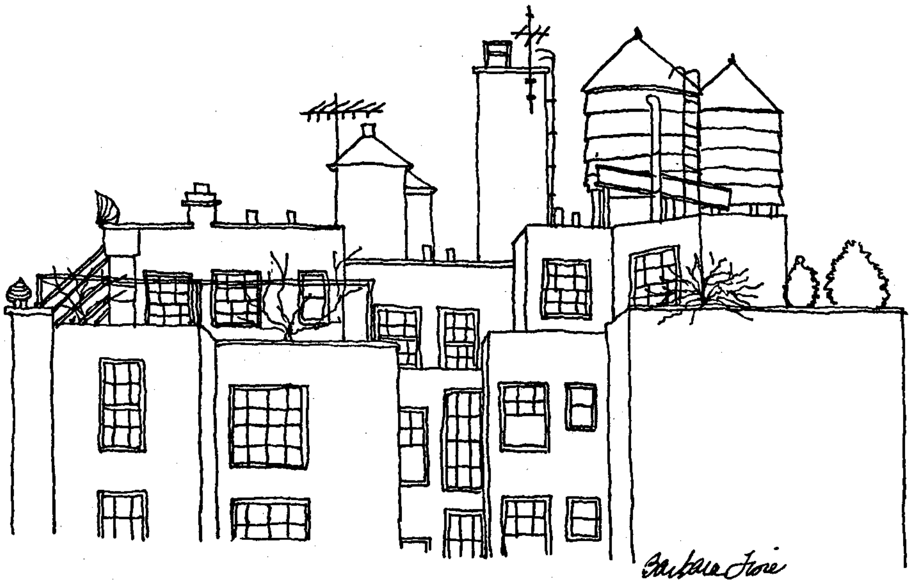
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Jan. 5: "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955; Charles Vidor), with Doris Day, James Cagney, and Cameron Mitchell; and "Man of a Thousand Faces" (1957; Joseph Pevney), with James Cagney, Dorothy Malone, and Jane Greer.
Jan. 6-8: "Goldfinger" (1965; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.
Jan. 9-10: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Anastasia" (1956; Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.
Jan. 11-12: "The Ritz" (1976; Richard Lester), with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller; and "Norman . . . Is That You?" (1976; George Schlatter), with Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey.
Jan. 13-15: "Requiem for a Heavyweight" (1962; Ralph Nelson), with Anthony Quinn, Jackie Gleason, Mickey Rooney, and Julie Harris; and "Somebody Up There Likes Me" (1956; Robert Wise), with Paul Newman, Pier Angeli, and Everett Sloane.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Jan. 6: "Black Sunday" (1977; John Frankenheimer), with Bruce Dern, Robert Shaw, and Marthe Keller; and "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" (1974; Joseph Sargent), with Walter Matthau, Robert Shaw, and Martin Balsam.
Jan. 7-8: "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, and John Vernon; and "The Blues Brothers" (1980; John Landis), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.
Jan. 9: "Raintree County" (1957; Edward Dmytryk), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Eva Marie Saint.
Jan. 10-11: "Julius Caesar" (1953; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Marlon Brando; and "Caesar and Cleopatra" (†).
Jan. 12-13: "The Wild Bunch" (†); and "The Dirty Dozen" (1967; Robert Aldrich), with Lee Marvin.
Jan. 14-15: "Life of Brian" (†); and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972; Ian Macnaughton), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Jan. 5: "Easter Parade" (1948; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Peter Lawford; and "Ziegfeld Follies" (1946; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Gene Kelly.
Jan. 6: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman and Marlene Dietrich; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.
Jan. 7: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.
Jan. 8: "The Cocoanuts" (1929; Joseph Stanley and Robert Florey), with the Marx Brothers; and "It's a Gift" (1934; Norman Z. McLeod), with W. C. Fields.
Jan. 9: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Cluny Brown" (†).
Jan. 10: "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "The Paper Chase" (†).
Jan. 11: "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "I Vitelloni" (1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi.
Jan. 12: "Bye Bye Birdie" (1963; George Sidney), with Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke, and Ann-Margret; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (†).
Jan. 13: "Cries and Whispers" (†); and "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Mary Beth Hurt, Sam Waterston, and E. G. Marshall.
Jan. 14: "The Aviator's Wife" (1981; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (†).
Jan. 15: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Key Largo" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 8: "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney; and "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.
Jan. 9-11: "Les Misérables" (1935; Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Laughton and Fredric March; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.
Jan. 12-15: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm



McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 5: "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942; Rouben Mamoulian), with Gene Tierney, Henry Fonda, Laird Cregar, and Spring Byington; "Wild Geese Calling" (1941; John Brahm), with Joan Bennett and Henry Fonda; and "Immortal Sergeant" (1943; John Stahl), with Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara.

Jan. 6: "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick), with Bosco Hogan.

Jan. 7-8: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert film with Bob Marley, Third World Band, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear.

Jan. 9: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, Leopoldo Trieste, and Giulietta Masina.

Jan. 10: "The Little Foxes" (†) and "Another Part of the Forest" (†).

Jan. 11: "The Conversation" (†); and "The Parallax View" (1974; Alan J. Pakula), with Warren Beatty, Paula Prentiss, and Hume Cronyn.

Jan. 12: "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936; John Ford), with Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart, and Claude Gillingwater; "Blood Money" (1933; Rowland Brown), with George Bancroft, Judith Anderson, and Frances Dee; and "The Undying Monster" (1942; John Brahm), with James Ellison, Heather Angel, and John Howard.

Jan. 13: "Tam Lin" (1971; Roddy McDowall), with Ava Gardner; and "A Little Night Music" (1978; Harold Prince), with Elizabeth Taylor, Diana Rigg, Len Cariou, Lesley-Anne Down, and Hermione Gingold.

Jan. 14-15: "Made in the U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 5: "That Certain Woman" (1937; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, Ian Hunter, and Anita Louise; and "It's Love I'm After" (1937; Archie Mayo), with Bette Davis and Leslie Howard.

Jan. 6: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (Mervyn LeRoy), with Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers; and "Dames" (1934; Ray Enright), with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Hugh Herbert, and Guy Kibbee.

Jan. 7-8: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

Jan. 9: "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney as Poirot.

Jan. 10: "Le Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Jan. 11: "The Painted Veil" (1934; Richard Boleslavsky), with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, and George Brent; and "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore.

Jan. 12: "The Sun Also Rises" (†); and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

Jan. 13: "No Man of Her Own" (†) and "Made for Each Other" (†).

Jan. 14: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (†).

Jan. 15: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Jan. 6 at 2:30: "L'Homme du Large" (1920; directed by Marcel L'Herbier; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Jaque Catelain and Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6: "Le Petit Café" (1919; Raymond Bernard; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Max Linder. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2:30: "L'Enfant de Paris" (1913; Léonce Perret; a French silent film, with no inter-titles). . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 6: A program of early French films. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at noon: "Band of Angels" (1957; Raoul Walsh), with Clark Gable, Yvonne de Carlo, and Sidney Poitier. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30: "L'Enfant de Paris." . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 5: "L'Homme du Large." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at noon: "Band of Angels." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "Le Petit Café." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 5: "L'Affaire de la Rue de Lourcine" (1920, Henri Diamant-Berger; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Maurice Chevalier; and "Le Roman d'un Mousse" (1913; Léone Perret; a French silent film, with French and Flemish inter-titles). . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at noon: "Le Premier Age du Cinéma Français: 1895-1914" (Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "L'Affaire de la Rue de Lourcine" and "Le Roman d'un Mousse." . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6: A second program of early French films. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at noon: "Le Premier Age du Cinéma Français." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2:30: "La Folie du Docteur Tube" (1915; Abel Gance; a French silent film, with English inter-titles); and "Mater Dolorosa" (1917; Abel Gance; a French silent film, with English inter-titles), with Emmy Lynn and Gaston Modot. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6: "A Village in Baltimore: Images of Greek American Women" (1981; Doreen Moses); and "Becoming an American" (1982; Ken Levine). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at noon: "Le Premier Age du Cinéma Français." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2:30: "La Sultane de l'Amour" (1917; René Le Somptier and Charles Burguet; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Gaston Modot. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 6: A third program of early French films. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at noon: "Le Premier Age du Cinéma Français." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Fantômas: Chapter II" (1913; Louis Feuillade; a French silent film, with English inter-titles). . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 6: "La Sultane de l'Amour." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at noon: "The Sundowners" (1960; Fred Zinnemann), with Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and Peter Ustinov. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "L'Histoire d'un Petite Fille Qui Voulait Etre Princesse" (1926; Ladislas Starevitch; a French silent film, with French inter-titles); and "Dans les Griffes de l'Araignée" (1924; Ladislas Starevitch; a French silent film, with French inter-titles). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5: "La Folie du Docteur Tube" and "Mater Dolorosa." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Jan. 16: "Passes" (1982; Ed Emshwiller), a multichannel video and sound work. Showings every half hour from noon to 6 (Tuesdays until 8). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

L'AGE D'OR (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Film Forum; Jan. 13-14.)

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST (1948)—Apparently, Lillian Hellman couldn't shake off the predatory Hubbards after "The Little Foxes" (see below); she wrote this play about the same family, setting it back thirty years earlier in their dark history. The Hubbards, who are supposed to be rising Southern capitalists, are the greatest collection of ghouls since "The Old Dark House," of 1932. Hellman must combine witchcraft with stagecraft—who else could keep a plot in motion with lost documents, wills, poisonings, and pistols, and still be considered a social thinker? Fredric March is the profiteer paterfamilias (he betrayed twenty-seven local soldiers during the Civil War); son Ben (Edmond O'Brien) robs and blackmails Papa; son Oscar (Dan Duryea) organizes Ku Klux Klan raids—need we go on with this? The others are Ann Blyth, Florence Eldridge, John Dall, Betsy Blair, Dona Drake, etc. Mostly, they act as if they were warming up for an American version of "Ivan the Terrible." Michael Gordon directed. (Thalia; Jan. 10.)

LE BEAU MARIAGE—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/4/82.) (Cinema Studio.)

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal from Shaw's script. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while Claude Rains—as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar—displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. When Rains played a small part, he sometimes gave the impression that he was carrying a movie, but here his equanimity and his impish grin aren't enough. It's lucky that Leigh has such an amusing ding-a-ling quality—she lightens portions of this over-staged production. With an entertaining celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, Jean Simmons, Esmé Percy, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric; cinematography by Freddie Young, Robert Krasker, Jack Hildyard, and Jack Cardiff; décor and costumes by Oliver Messel and sets by John Bryan. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 10-11.)

CHLOÉ IN THE AFTERNOON (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 14.)

CLUNY BROWN (1946)—A girl with a passion for plumbing is terribly repugnant to stuffy people who don't want to admit that they have drains. This wonderfully suggestive idea is at the center of Ernst Lubitsch's mischievous satire on English propriety, set in contemporary rural England. Jennifer Jones is Cluny (it's her lightest, funniest performance, rivalled only by her dippy blonde in "Beat the Devil") and Charles Boyer is a debonair scrounger—a displaced European sophisticate who encourages her to flout social conventions. These two are surrounded by a prime collection of English class and mass types—the wheezy Richard Haydn, Una O'Connor as his mother, and Reginald Owen, Margaret Bannerman, Peter Lawford, Helen Walker, Ernest Cossart, Sara Allgood, Florence Bates, Reginald Gardiner, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, Billy Bevan, Whit Bissell, and many others. It's a lovely, easygoing comedy, full of small surprising touches. Based on Margery Sharp's novel, adapted by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 9.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (Thalia; Jan. 11.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, and with blood-red backgrounds, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. With Erland Josephson as the doctor, and Anders Ek as Isak. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 13.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (D. W. Griffith; through Jan. 13.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Film Forum; starting Jan. 15.)

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Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Eating Raoul—The director, Paul Bartel, and his five-foot-eleven star, the innately kinky Mary Woronov, play a couple of prissy squares—the Blands, of Los Angeles—who consider sex disgusting and want to open a nice, clean country restaurant. They raise the money they need by murdering swinging singles; in their eyes these swingers deserve to be punished. This spoofy black comedy is thin-textured and it's sedated; it doesn't have enough going on in it—not even enough to look at. The nothingness of the movie is supposed to be its droll point, but viewers may experience sensory deprivation. With Richard Beltran, who brings some energy to the role of Raoul, Garry Goodrow, and Buck Henry. Written by Richard Blackburn and Bartel. (11/29/82) (68th St. Playhouse, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ New Yorker; Jan. 7-13.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Movieland.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Guild.)

Fitzcarraldo—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. In German. (10/18/82) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 7, tentative.)

48 Hrs.—With Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy, directed by Walter Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. And Kingsley can't give his role a core, because it has been written completely from the outside. A viewer's reaction: "I felt as if I had attended the funeral of someone I didn't know." From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

The Girl with the Hatbox (1927)—Anna Sten in a little-known satirical comedy about a milliner who wins a lottery. Directed by Boris V. Barnet. (Film Forum; Jan. 11-12.)

Key Largo (1948)—The soporific Maxwell Anderson play is an unlikely subject for John Huston, but he steers a shrewd course, bailing Anderson out in order to stay afloat. What

the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is even more obscure in the script that Huston and Richard Brooks (then a screenwriter) prepared, but the movie is so confidently and entertainingly directed that nobody is likely to complain. Huston fills the rancid atmosphere of the setting—a hotel in the Florida Keys—with suspense, ambiguous motives, and some hilariously hammy bits, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart plays a Second World War veteran—a major who goes to the hotel, which is run by the widow (Lauren Bacall) and father (Lionel Barrymore) of one of his men. The major has become disillusioned about the value of fighting, but when gangsters (who are symbols of reaction, corruption, Hitlerism) take over the hotel and start killing people, he is forced into action. Bogart wins Bacall, who looks wonderful but gives a stiff, amateurish performance. The most memorable image is that of Edward G. Robinson, as the head racketeer, wearing his hat and chomping on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; he has, as Huston said, "the look of a crustacean with its shell off." For diversion, this home-grown Hitler humiliates his aging, drunken mistress, played by Claire Trevor, who packed such a load of pathos into her role that she won the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress. Thomas Gomez, as one of the hoods, and Barrymore do their usual overacting. With Marc Lawrence, Dan Seymour, Monte Blue, Jay Silverheels, Harry Lewis, John Rodney, and Rodric Redwing. The handsome, airy cinematography is by Karl Freund; the music is by Max Steiner. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 15.)

Leap Into the Void (1979)—The Italian director Marco Bellocchio ("Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near") has a feral sense of the ridiculous and a snake charmer's style. This film is poised between farce and tragedy, and he keeps it in slippery chiaroscuro—it all might be taking place in a dark dream. Michel Piccoli gives a mesmerizing performance as an Italian judge who's a craven fraud, a distant cousin to the characters W. C. Fields used to play. Anouk Aimée is the judge's older sister, a menopausal virgin who has begun to rebel. This film about family entanglements and the functions of madness is perverse, horrifying, and funny. With Michele Placido, as a dashing, bearded outlaw (and sociopath), and the director's small son, Piergiorgio. Written by Bellocchio, Piero Natoli, and Vincenzo Cerami. In Italian. (11/29/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Life of Brian (1979)—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the People's Liberation Front of Judea, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will seem a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 14-15.)

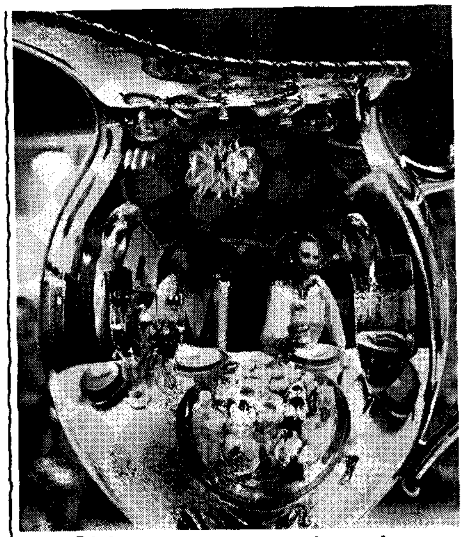
The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Thalia; Jan. 10.)

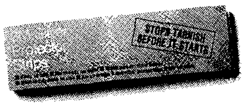
Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, written by Jo Swerling and directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when the couple's baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. With Charles Coburn, Lucile Watson, Harry Davenport, Eddie Quillan, Esther Dale, and Louise Beavers. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 13.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg has a talent for eerily soft, ambiguous sex—for the sexiness of passivity. In this movie, the forlorn, limp hero (David Bowie), a stranger on Earth, doesn't have a human sex drive. He isn't even equipped for it: naked, he's as devoid of sex differentiation as a child in sleepers. When he splashes down in a lake in the Southwest and drinks water like a vampire gulping down lifeblood, one is drawn in, fascinated by the obliqueness and by the promise of an erotic sci-fi story. It is and it isn't. The stranger has come to Earth to obtain the water that will save his people, who are dying from drought, but he is corrupted, and then is so damaged that he can't return. Although Roeg and his screenwriter, Paul Mayersberg, pack in layers of tragic political allegory, none of the layers is very strong, or even very clear. The plot, about big-business machinations, is so uninvolving that one watches Bowie traipsing around—looking like Katharine Hepburn in her transvestite role in "Sylvia Scarlett"—and either tunes out or allows the film, with its perverse pathos, to become a sci-fi framework for a sex-role-confusion fantasy. The wilted stranger can be said to represent everyone who feels misunderstood, everyone who feels sexually immature or "different," everyone who has lost his way, and so the film is a gigantic launching pad for anything that viewers want to drift to. Roeg can charge a desolate landscape so that it seems ominously alive, and he photographs skyscrapers with such lyric glitter that the U.S. (where the movie was shot) seems to be showing off for him. And his cutting can create a magical feeling of waste and evil. But the unease and the sense of disconnectedness between characters also disconnect *us*. Roeg's effects become off-puttingly abstract, and his lyricism goes sentimental—as most other Christ movies do. With Buck Henry, Candy Clark, Bernie Casey, and Rip Torn as a scientist—perhaps his least convincing role. Based on the novel by Walter Tevis. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 9-10.)

Missing—Making his first American movie, Costa-Gavras uses the same approach that American directors have often used when they wanted to teach us something: he has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile during the days after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of the role that Jane Fonda has been playing in films such as "Coming Home" and "The China Syndrome": he's the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. And Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he looks on a serious role as a chance for redemption; Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law—the sirens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of abnormal silences and of random terror. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (D. W. Griffith; starting Jan. 14.)

My Favorite Year—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy,





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Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne De Salvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Beneditto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse, and Olympia Quad; through Jan. 13.)

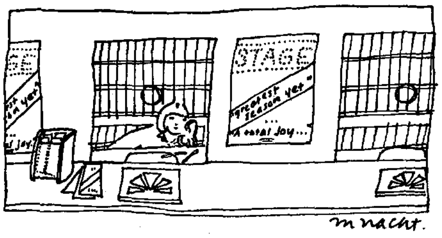
The Night of the Hunter (1955)—Despite its peculiar overtones of humor, this is one of the most frightening movies ever made (and truly frightening movies become classics of a kind). Robert Mitchum is the murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing soul-saver with hypnotic powers, and his terrified new wife (Shelley Winters), who has a boy and a little girl from an earlier marriage, becomes his fervent disciple. He is something of a Pied Piper in reverse: adults trust him, children try to escape. The two kids' flight from the madman is a mysterious, dreamlike episode—a deliberately "artistic" suspense fantasy, broken by the appearance of a Christian variety of fairy godmother (Lillian Gish). The adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work, and this shadowy horror fable was the first and only movie directed by Charles Laughton; it was a total financial disaster, and he never got a chance to direct again. With Evelyn Varden, James Gleason, Don Beddoe, and Peter Graves. Cinematography by Stanley Cortez. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

No Man of Her Own (1932)—Carole Lombard and Clark Gable: O.K. together, but they don't exactly ignite the screen (though they were married some years later). It's a comedy, but Lombard hadn't yet discovered the no-holds-barred daffy personality that made her irresistibly likable in the mid-thirties. Wesley Ruggles directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 13.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 6.)

The Paper Chase (1973)—Blurry Timothy Bottoms, who looks like a romantic anarchist who has lost his bombs, as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, written and directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. Houseman shines because he's the only one who suggests that he was formed by experience. He brings the film his air of eminence, and it led to a TV series featuring him. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; music by John Williams; based on a novel by John Jay Osborn, Jr. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 10.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (U.A. 85th St. East, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Jan. 13.)



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The Postman Always Rings Twice (1981)—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. The impulsiveness and raw flamboyance that make the book exciting are missing, and the cool, elegant visuals (Sven Nykvist is the cinematographer) outclass the characters right from the start. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a run-through of his overdeliberate, sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" while still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) As Cora, who does the cooking at her husband's roadside café, Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. She looks good-sized—muscular but rounded—and with her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. The film needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in the sex scenes, but the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest. So things go downhill. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 6.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max" and known as "Mad Max 2" in other countries, is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. George Miller, who directed, may have been content to make an openly sophomoric bash in "Mad Max"—it was a revenge fantasy turned into a futuristic cartoon—but this time he's in the mythmaking business. The film is one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. There are perhaps ten minutes of spectacular imagery, and if you think of George Miller as one of the kinetic moviemakers, such as John Carpenter and George A. Romero, he's a giant, but he's pushing for more, and he apparently doesn't see the limitations of the kind of material he's working with. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence as the stork-legged aviator and Vernon Wells as Wez; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 14-15.)

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big, highly praised musical, set in Oregon in 1850, and adapted from Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Sobbin' Women" (based on Plutarch's "The Rape of the Sabine Women"). It's marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness—the M-G-M back-lot Americana gets rather thick. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him. The picture is ambitious in its use of dance, and was unusual in that it features male dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, Marc Platt, Matt Mattox, Jeff Richards, and Russ Tamblyn), who are most memorable in the "Lonesome Polecat" ballet in the snow. The most prominent among the women is Julie Newmar (then Newmeyer). The choreography is by Michael Kidd; the script is by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett; the score is by Gene dePaul and Johnny Mercer. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 12.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. (For a period in the fifties, it circulated in a much shorter version under the title "The Magnificent Seven," but in 1960 that title was appropriated by an American version of the story, with the samurai changed to gunmen.) In Japanese. (Cinema Studio.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—Luis Buñuel made this short satirical feature (forty-five minutes) in Mexico, just before he did "Belle de Jour." It's a jovial comedy about the temptations of St. Simeon Stylites, the fifth-century desert anchorite who spent thirty-seven years preaching to pilgrims from his perch on top of a column; in both a literal and figurative sense it's a shaggy-saint story. Simon (Claudio Brook) performs his miracles, and the crowds evaluate them like a bunch of New York cabdrivers discussing a parade: whatever it was, it wasn't much. He restores hands to a thief whose hands have been chopped off; the crowds rate the miracle "not bad," and the thief's first act with his new hands is to slap his own child. The Devil, in the female form of Silvia Pinal (much more amusing as the Devil than she is in her guises in other Buñuel films), tempts Simon and at one point frames him in front of the local priests, who are more than willing to believe the worst of him. He falls, of course, because of the animal instincts he has tried to deny. Buñuel couldn't raise the money to finish the film, and he resorted to a bummer of a jokey ending in which the foolish saint is transported to the modern world and left, a lost soul, in a Greenwich Village discothèque full of dancing teen-agers. Up to then, this little film ranks with Buñuel's finest; his technique here is so simple and direct that the movie is an aesthetic assault on bourgeois taste. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Jan. 13-14.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it, and the film tells us that (1) survivors of the death camps carry deathly guilt within them and (2) William Styron is right up there on Parnassus with Thomas Wolfe, Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, and Hart Crane. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. Styron got these three central characters so gummed up with his idea of history that it's hard for us to find them even imaginable, and Pakula can't get all the crazed romanticism in motion. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. As Sophie, Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes when, red-lipped and with bright-golden curls, she dimples flirtatiously and rattles on in Polish-accented broken English; she does amusing, nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

STILL OF THE NIGHT—The writer-director Robert Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy hot woman suspected of murder, a femme fatale who is meant to be guileful and slinky, but she seems pale and gaunt, and more zombified than anything else. And, as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless. In the early part we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house. Sommer and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (Loews New York Twin, Waverly, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin.)

THE SUN ALSO RISES (1957)—Perhaps more fiestas and bullfights than are quite necessary, but Tyrone Power (Jake Barnes), Errol Flynn (Mike Campbell), Ava Gardner (Lady Brett Ashley), Eddie Albert (Bill Gorton), and many others contrive to turn the Hemingway book into a reasonably literate film. Directed by Henry King. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 12.)

THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE (1977)—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." In this fifth movie version of "La Femme et le Pantin," Pierre Louÿs' short novel about a femme fatale, the role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, poker-faced except for a squint of amusement and a foxy, crooked smear of a smile, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's physically impulsive, and sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning; perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. Buñuel sets up the Louÿs story, then treats it glancingly—as a joke to hang other jokes on—and his jokes now don't have the violence underneath to make connections for us. His style is too serene for his subject. In French. (Film Forum; starting Jan. 15.)

TOOTSIE—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman is both the hero and the target of this satirical farce about actors. He plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—not because he has any secret desire to be a woman but because when he's Dorothy he's acting. He's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role—you can see it in his intense, glittering eyes. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him; she says her lines in such a mild, natural way that it makes perfect sense for Michael to stop in his tracks and stare at her in wonder. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 13.)

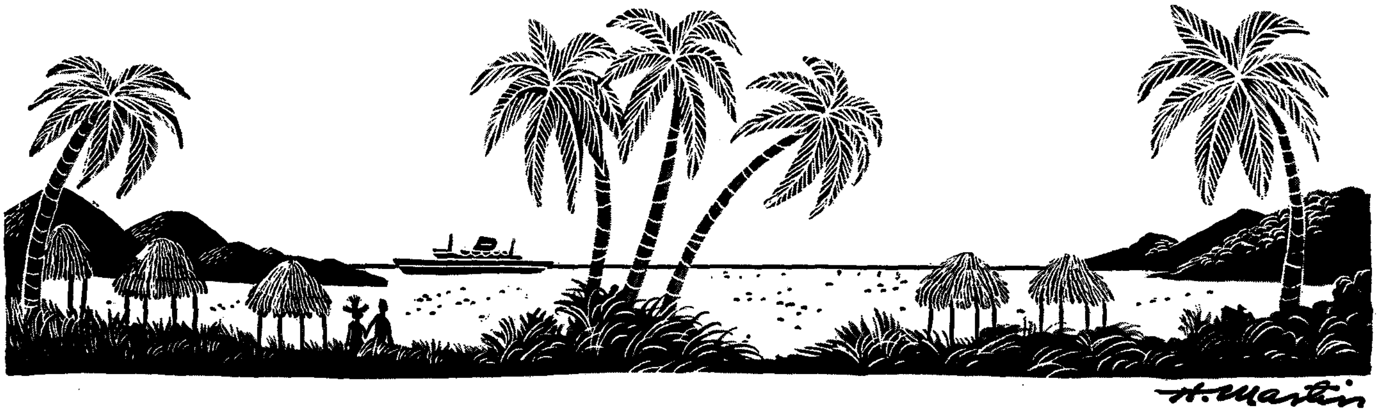
THE VERDICT—With Paul Newman and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

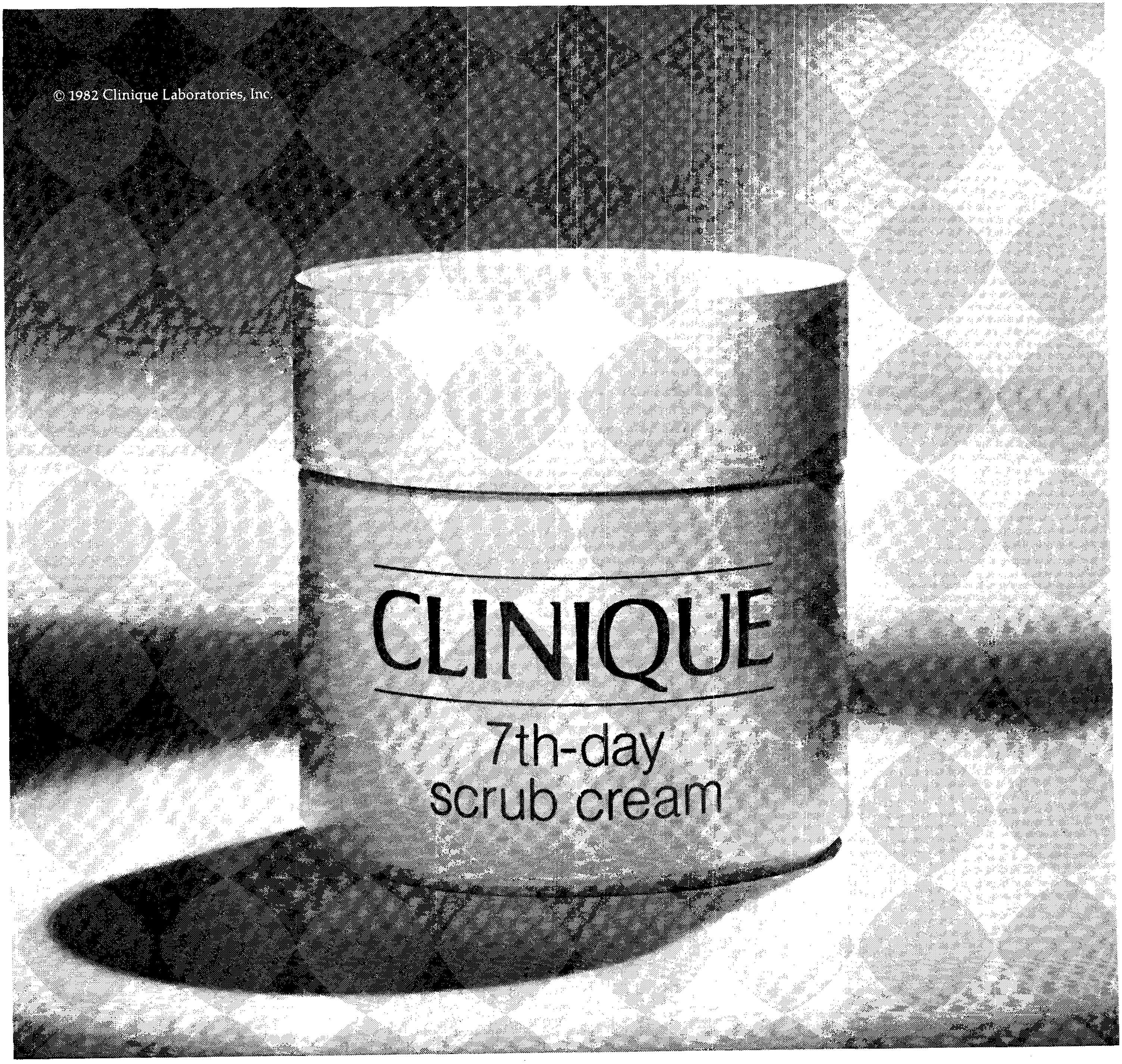
VIRIDIANA (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Jan. 13-14.)

THE WARRIORS (1979)—Walter Hill's spectacle takes its story from Xenophon's Anabasis and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids off them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. With Michael Beck, Deborah Van Valkenburgh, David Patrick Kelly, David Harris, Dorsey Wright, James Remar, Thomas Waites, Roger Hill, and Marcelino Sanchez. Cinematography by Andrew Laszlo; art direction by Don Swanagan and Bob Wightman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 14-15.)

THE WILD BUNCH (1969)—It's a traumatic poem of violence, with imagery as ambivalent as Goya's. By a supreme burst of filmmaking energy, Sam Peckinpah is able to convert chaotic romanticism into exaltation; the film is perched right on the edge of incoherence, yet it's comparable in scale and sheer poetic force to Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai." There are images of great subtlety and emotional sophistication: a blown-up bridge, with horses and riders falling to the water in an instant extended (by slow motion) to eternity; a vulture sitting on a dead man's chest and turning his squalid, naked head to stare at the camera. The movie is set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, and, in Peckinpah's words, "I was trying to tell a simple story about bad men in changing times. 'The Wild Bunch' is simply what happens when killers go to Mexico. The strange thing is that you feel a great sense of loss when these killers reach the end of the line." That's accurate, as far as it goes. But Peckinpah has very intricate, contradictory feelings, and he got so wound up in the aesthetics of violence that what had begun as a realistic treatment—a deglamorization of warfare that would show how horribly gruesome killing really is—became instead an almost abstract fantasy about violence. The bloody deaths are voluptuous, frightening, beautiful. Pouring new wine into the bottle of the Western, Peckinpah explodes the bottle; his story is too simple for this imagist epic. And it's no accident that you feel a sense of loss for each killer of the Bunch: Peckinpah has made them seem heroically, mythically alive on the screen. With William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, Ben Johnson, Edmond O'Brien, Warren Oates, Bo Hopkins, L. Q. Jones, Strother Martin, Jaime Sanchez, Emilio Fernandez, Albert Dekker, and Dub Taylor. With cinematography by Lucien Ballard, editing by Lou Lombardo, and music by Jerry Fielding. The script is by Walon Green and Peckinpah, based on story material by Green and Roy N. Sickner; the film was possibly influenced by Clouzot's 1953 "The Wages of Fear." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 12-13.)

THE WILD ONE (1954)—Based on the 1947 events in Hollister, California, when a convention of four thousand motorcyclists took over the town, this film offers a nightmare image: the Black Rebels, an outlaw motorcycle gang—a leather-jacketed pack who resemble Storm Troopers—terrorize a town. Their emblem is a death's-head and crossed pistons and rods, and Marlon Brando, in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth, is their moody leader. The picture seemed to be frightened of its subject—the young nihilists who said no to American blandness and conformity—and reduced it as quickly as possible to the trivial meaninglessness of misunderstood boy meets understanding girl (Mary Murphy), but the audience savored the potentialities, and this clumsy, naïve film was banned and argued about in so many countries that it developed a near-legendary status. In this country, young men were saying "It's the story of my life" for several years afterward. Some of the scenes, such as the one in which the cyclists circle around the frightened heroine, have considerable power. And the film has that memorable moment when a woman asks Brando, "What are you rebelling against?" and he answers, "What have you got?" With Lee Marvin as Brando's rival for control of the pack, Robert Keith, Jay C. Flippen, and Ray Teal. Directed by Laslo Benedek, from a screenplay by John Paxton, based on the story "The Cyclists' Raid," by Frank Rooney. Cinematography by Hal Mohr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 14.)





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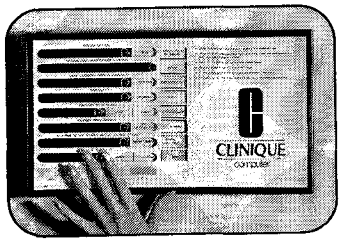

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG stockbroker friend writes:

I am leaving Wall Street soon after the first of the year for the West Coast. Now, the thing is how to adapt without quite leaving my comfy Northeast self behind and what to do with all the presents from my East Coast Christmas. I know I need a plan of action—the old self loves plans of action—so here's one I'm still knocking the kinks out of:

First week—Wear all white clothes together. Cut buttons off button-down shirts. Detach chain from pocket watch and fling casually around bared neck. Use one Argyle sock as bootie for new Ping putter, saving other sock for wiping down as yet unacquired red sports car.

Second week—Paint a line down each side of boxer shorts and wear for jogging on beach. Give amulet of N.Y.C. subway tokens to beautiful girl on beach. Place lock of her hair in pocket watch. Wrap tie around head warrior style and begin shopping for Porsche.

Third week—Plant sprouts in attaché case and invite beach girl to lunch. Make chili pie in striking tartan design by crisscrossing lettuce leaves and beans and filling in the little squares with guacamole. Use handkerchiefs from Brooks Brothers for napkins.

Fourth week—Buy a cockatoo and a guitar. Cut up flannel shirts, sheets, and longies for wiping down new red Porsche. Braid hair à la Willie Nelson and top off with bow tie.

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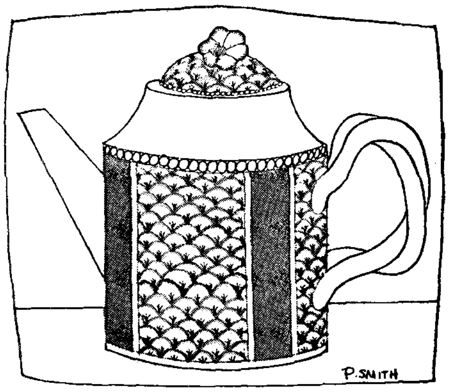
The Ride

FIFTY-ONE horses, each carrying a rider in full foxhunting attire, headed up Amsterdam Avenue on a recent Sunday morning to begin the Fourth Annual Christmas Ride of the Claremont Riding Academy, which is on Eighty-ninth Street between Amsterdam and Columbus. The riders, wearing black boots, ivory-colored breeches, white shirts, white ties, black hunting jackets, and black velvet riding caps or, in some cases, bowlers or silk top hats, kept their horses to a walk, single file, past Sammy's Grocery; Eva, Alteración Shop; B. I. Rosenhaus & Sons, Inc., Decorator Styled Floors; La Castilla de la Salsa San Miguel Record Shop; and Bus Stop Meat Market. They turned right on Ninetieth Street, nudged their steeds uphill toward Arthur's Stationery/Luncheonette, crossing Columbus Avenue with the light, and continued east on Ninetieth Street. At Central Park West, outriders held back two aggressive taxis and a No. 10 bus, and they entered the Park.

At a slow posting trot, the Ride proceeded north, rounded the Reservoir, moved south past the Guggenheim Museum, and headed north again, into the upper reaches of the Park. As horses and riders warmed up, the horses' gaits lengthened. Margot Jacqz, a free-lance architectural writer, who was hatless, rode Birchbark, an Appaloosa; Tom Delaney, the director of operations planning and strategy for Merrill Lynch International, rode Mr. Right; and Lou Accurso, the manager of forecasting for Con Ed, rode Goliath. Several dozen other riders bounced pleasantly along on, among other horses, Atticus, Beausox, Calypso, Drifter, Eeyore, Grand Central, Ja, Legacy, Manchego, Nelson, Popeye, Mr. Left, Ramses, Sun Tan, and Venetian. As the riders passed the starting line of a New York Road Runners Club race, several hundred runners stared with the stoical look of the conclusively one-upped. A poodle bayed. And a jogger chugging through the trees in a pastel sweatsuit shouted, "God save the Queen!"



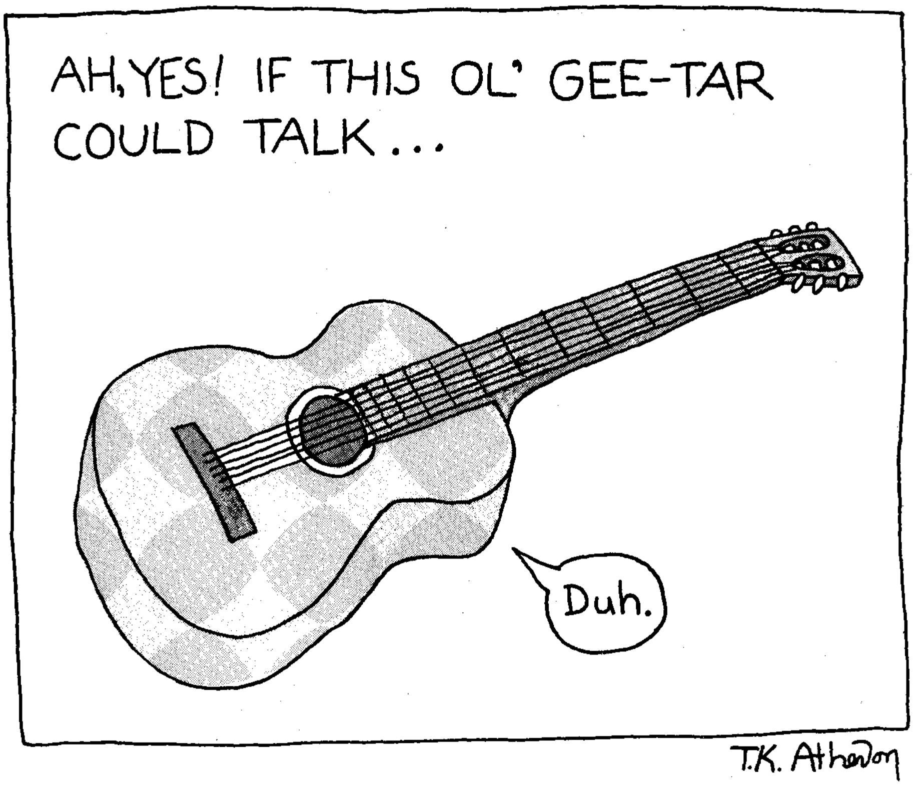
At the head of the column, in huntsmen's knee-length scarlet "pinks" adorned with brass buttons and a green felt collar, rode Paul Novograd, Claremont's proprietor and the Master of the Ride, on Willow. Beside him rode his bride of one week, the former Nancy Cohen, on Mardi Gras. "The idea of the Christmas Ride is to celebrate the New Year in a splendid way," he told us. (We had ventured to join them, on a Claremont horse named Warrior.) "The idea came to me one summer evening a few years ago, when, after the hire horses had come back from the Park, I rode down to the Tavern-on-the-Green garden to unwind with a drink. Just before that, I'd been to Ireland hunting, and I thought it would be a fine idea to get a group of riders together in formal dress once a year and charge around the Park. The green collar"—here he touched his neck—"is the same green as the Parks Department green, to indicate my standing as the founding and only member of the Central Park Hounds. The Christmas group that has evolved is a complete mixture, and it changes every year. We have riders here who are waitresses, and psychiatrists—and over there, in the top hat and shadbelly coat, is Chrystine Jones, who directs the show-jumping activities of the United States Equestrian Team."

At the crest of a small rise near 106th Street, the horses rested in a group, and the riders took in the prospect of several baseball diamonds below. Then Mr. Novograd led them in a thundering canter, which continued for a mile and a half—all the way from Mount Sinai Hospital to a point opposite the Museum of Natural History. From there the Ride meandered down the bridle path—past the windows of Central Park West coöperatives, beneath the gables of the Dakota, alongside the Sheep Meadow, under several scenic stone bridges, and through trees—to a sylvan spot equidistant from the Gulf & Western Building and Rumpelmayer's ice-cream parlor, on Central Park South: the spot where, confronted by midtown, the bridle path suddenly disappears. Faced with this impasse, Mr. Novograd called a retreat and began an irregular uphill charge toward the Tavern-on-the-Green.

"Claremont is the only stable for riding horses left in Manhattan," Mr. Novograd informed us. "It was built in 1892. My father started there as a bookkeeper in 1927. He was neither a bookkeeper nor an accountant but represented himself as both to get a job when he got out of the Army; luckily, Claremont needed a bookkeeper. He learned the business, learned about horses, learned to ride, and then, when the owner decided to sell out, during the Depression, bought the stable. As a child, I had an on-again, off-again affair with the place. I studied dressage in high school. Then, as an undergraduate at Columbia, I did show jumping and gave lessons at Claremont part time. But I enjoyed that mostly for the attention it got me going past the Barnard campus in my boots and breeches. In my third year at Columbia, I became entranced with Oriental languages, history, and culture. I got a master's, then began a Ph.D.—my dissertation, not yet completed, is on Japanese *karesansui* gardens—and, on a Fulbright grant, moved to Japan. Several years ago, I returned from the Far East, and as I was strolling up Fifth Avenue on my first day back I encountered a parade—the Steuben Day Parade. There was a whole German mounted band riding down the street, playing marching music, the horses looking very fine. I asked one of the bandsmen where they had got the horses, and when he said something to me in German and pointed across the Park I became quite proud. Those were *my* horses, I thought, and horses in the city were a magnificent thing. Anyway, not to be too dramatic about it, I ran all the way across the Park, told my father that I'd be back, and—well, here I am."

Horses and riders cantered up the steep embankment in front of the Society for Ethical Culture and, breathing clouds of steam, passed into the walled garden of the Tavern-on-the-Green. Holiday diners left their seats to watch as the mounted troop rode up to the restaurant's plate-glass windows. Young children were brought outside by accommodating parents to examine the horses. And a group of waiters circulated among the horses with trays of hot mulled wine for the riders and long-stemmed carrots for the beasts while another group of waiters looked on in amusement from behind the glass. When the terrace was filled with all fifty-one horses, Mr. Novograd proposed a toast to his new wife. There followed a twenty-five-minute mounted cocktail party, complete with quadruped milling and horsy chat. We spoke with George Tauber, who is the president of Miller's, the manufacturer of riding equipment and apparel, and with Miss Jones, of the shadbelly coat and top hat. "Look out!" Miss Jones suddenly shouted to Mr. Tauber. "Your horse is eating the Christmas lights!"

"The one-drink group and the two-drink group are now separating," Mr. Novograd announced. "The conservative riders may head back to the stable, and anyone who wishes to canter back later should stay." We stayed, and so did Tom Delaney, who said that *he* was in the three-drink group. In due course, though, the last riders edged out of the enclosure under the appreciative gaze of the Tavern diners, walked their horses toward the bridle path, and began a long, steady canter up the West Side.


AH, YES! IF THIS OL' GEE-TAR COULD TALK...
Duh.
T.K. Atherton

A Working Brain

WE enjoy hanging around with scientists, because they strike us as being a bunch of optimists, and last week we hung around for a couple of hours with Dr. Gerald Edelman, the director of the just one-year-old Neurosciences Institute, or N.S.I., who told us a lot of optimistic things about the human brain. To understand the human brain is the official purpose of the Institute. "Without question, the next decade will be extraordinary in what we're going to learn about the brain," Dr. Edelman told us. And more.

But first, in the scientific manner, some basic identifications:

Dr. Gerald Edelman, molecular biologist, Vincent Astor Professor and head of the Laboratory of Molecular and Developmental Biology at the Rockefeller University, at Sixty-sixth

"Whither goeth literature, Emily, there also must I go."

• •

Street and York Avenue, and scientific chairman of the Neurosciences Research Program as well as director of the N. S. I. Fifty-three years old, tall, slim; graying black hair, sharp eyes behind dark-tortoiseshell-rimmed eyeglasses; fast-walking, fast-talking, articulate; master raconteur. One look at his face and you can be sure that *nothing* is going to get past him. In 1972, he won the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine, for determining the chemical structure of the key molecule of immunity, the antibody molecule. What DNA is to genetics, antibodies are to immunology. His accomplishment rationalized the science of immunology and brought order into the field; with the knowledge of that molecule's structure, the mechanism for the defense of the human body against foreign invasion became clear. Today, in his Rockefeller lab, Dr. Edelman is working, with his close friend and colleague Professor Bruce Cunningham and a group of molecular embryologists, toward an understanding of the molecular mechanisms by which higher organisms are constructed during the period of embryonic development. Just outside Dr. Edelman's lab, in the hall, are two glass cases, containing a model of the Nobel Prize antibody molecule and a model of another molecule, from the jack bean, which binds to sugar on the surface of cells and is called Concanavalin A. "One billion *billion* of that molecule would fill an average-size thimble," Dr. Edelman told us. "We throw it on cells, and it makes cells divide."

Unless he is out of town giving a lecture or attending a conference, Dr. Edelman, who is married and has three grown children, works in his lab every day and a good part of every night, weekends and holidays included. Once in a while, he takes a few hours off to play the violin in chamber-music groups of professional musicians. He had trained to become a concert violinist until 1950, when he decided to go to medical school.

The Laboratory of Molecular and Developmental Biology. In it are Dr. Edelman's book-lined study, with three picture windows looking out on the East River; a conference room; a cold room (four degrees Celsius), for dealing with molecules that lose their shape at room temperature; a colder room (minus twenty degrees Celsius), for even more sensitive materials; a tissue-culture room, for growing embryos in eggs and cancer cells in bottles; a special room for mice who are protected from germs of any kind; and, in the main lab, a digital computer (it's programmed to do a refinement of electron-density maps from X-ray crystallographic analysis), a microtome (for cutting tissue specimens a couple of molecules thick), laser microscopes, an automated amino-acid sequencer, which, Dr. Edelman said, is "a kind of molecular salami slicer," and a lot of other equipment used in biochemistry and virology.

"We just had a fantastic look at a molecule from the brain that we've been working on for the last eight years," Dr. Edelman told us, with a combination of enthusiasm, reverence, and passion which we hadn't seen in a long time in anybody over the age of seven. "A colleague at another university took a picture of the molecule. It's so thrilling to actually see it—to see what I've been imagining. What's most exciting and most revealing is the shape of things. That's what counts. Seeing it clarifies your thinking. This molecule is called the neural-cell-adhesion molecule. It's present, we discovered, in all nerves. It changes during embryonic development. When it changes, the other major forces guiding neural development are modified. If such a mechanism turns out to be universal, then no two brains are alike. And diversity and individuality are the keys to the brain and its functions. That individuality is what Darwin realized was the essential issue in biology."

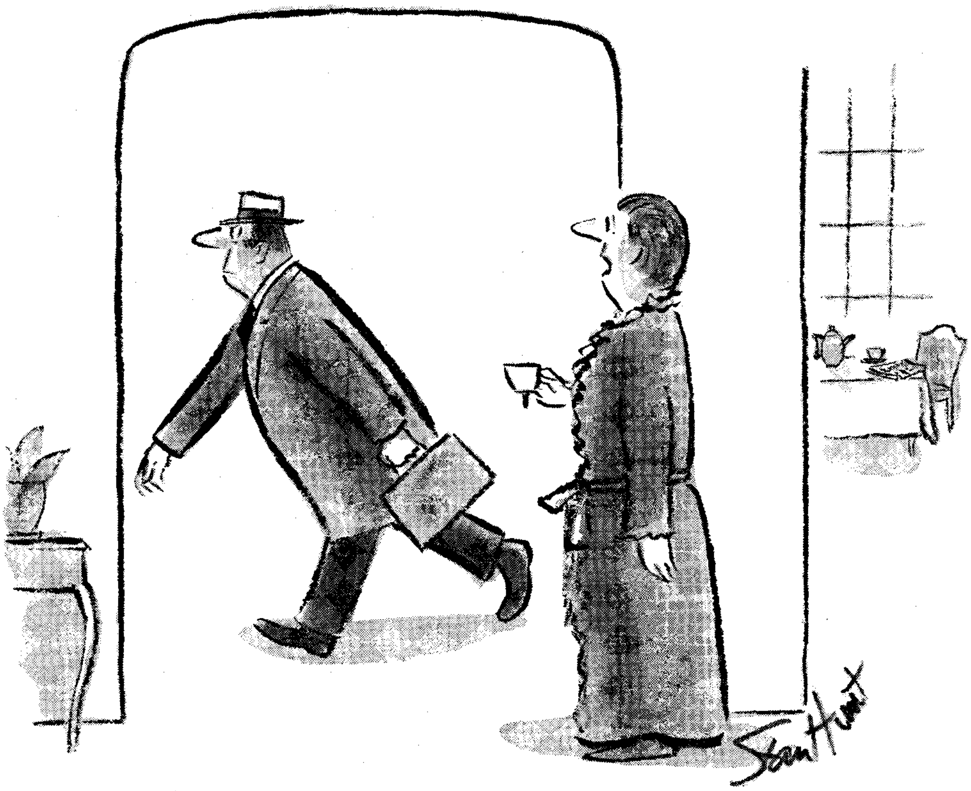
On being pressed for more information about the shape of his molecule, Dr. Edelman explained that he couldn't say any more, because it is the custom of scientists to wait for an independent and objective review by other scientists before revealing their discoveries to the general public. "I do my research here in my own lab," Dr. Edelman went on. "It's my life function. And now, like all those who come to the Neurosciences Institute, which is totally separate from the lab and independent of the Rockefeller but just a minute's walk away, I go there to discuss my ideas and projects with other scientists. The Institute couldn't be in a better place."

The Neurosciences Institute. This is the baby of the Neurosciences Research Program, or N.R.P., founded in 1962 by Professor Francis Schmitt, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as an association of thirty-six scientists from many disciplines, all dedicated to understanding the nervous system, with particular emphasis on the human brain. The N.S.I., since its creation, a year ago, has been housed in temporary quarters at the Rockefeller University, but this week it is moving into the newly renovated first floor of a building at the university which used to house experimental animals. With Dr. Edelman in charge of the plans, and with half a million dollars spent on the renovations, the Institute, it turns out, will have fifteen rooms built around a glass-enclosed atrium with a curved glass roof. The scientists coming there will have the use of a terraced garden—which is named for an N.S.I. patron, Lita Annenberg Hazen, and has tropical fig trees, Indian laurel, and several rocky springs—and of wall-to-wall-beige-carpeted offices; conference rooms (one with screening facilities); study carrels; a stacks room; a library; and a central computer. Everybody will have either a river view or a view of the terraced garden.

"I'm excited by the aesthetics of the physical area," Dr. Edelman said. "There's enough deprivation in the research itself, so we might as well give our scientists a nice place in which to think. To study the brain, you need many of the scientific disciplines. Even the vocabulary that scientists studying the brain use to describe their various techniques is a Tower of Babel among the disciplines. I felt that it was extremely important to encourage theory. To do science without theory is a disaster. You don't know what to look for unless you have some idea of what it might be. When the N.R.P. agreed to the establishment of the Institute, about two years ago, I said to Professor Schmitt, 'Let's have a small, practical institute where people are invited to get together with other people of their own choosing. We'll invite them to come in the theoretical quest for their own selfish creative purposes, and we won't ask anything back. No papers. No reports.' We agreed that it had to be at a university, and that we, as scientists, had to maintain our independence and our international status. So it came to pass." Dr. Edelman looked almost as delighted as he might look if he had discovered a new molecule. "I got the Rockefeller to agree to give us the space. My goodness—I mean, goddammit, we're in operation!" he said.

"It's in the tradition of the N.S.I. to get people together from different fields—people who wouldn't otherwise get together," Dr. Edelman went on. "The scientists who come to us are not the ones who want more than anything else to own a Chris-Craft. We know why they want to come here, and we leave them alone. Our research director is Einar Gall, who first came to me eighteen years ago as a student, to work on the antibody molecule. The chairman of our board is William T. Golden, a noted lay adviser to scientific institutions. Our purpose is to focus on what we need to know for the future. We've had fifty-one scientists here during the past year, with as many as four of them in residence at the same time, in apartments we give them in the Sutton Place area. Some people want to get together for a few days. Others may spend six months here. We pay their expenses, and they can stay as long as they like. We're unlike any other institute in that we don't have a fixed scheme. The N.S.I. is a kind of intellectual brokerage house. It's a place to work and to think without the formal restrictions of the usual research grant. The *questions* are what count in science. When you finish posing your questions or formulating your problem, you go back to your lab or to your university. We won't have more than six scientists here at one time. Here you're not a professor of anything. You're a creative personality. You come to the Institute to do your own work."

Now we can get on to what the Institute has done so far. The participants have included molecular biologists (Dr. Edelman among them), neurophysiologists, physiologists, neuroscientists, neurologists, neurosurgeons, biologists, mathematicians, biophysicists, psychologists, biochemists, anatomists, medical professors, physicists, otolaryngologists, zoologists, computer scientists, neuroanatomists, biomedical engineers, and electronic engineers, from the United States and nine other countries. They have thought about and conferred on such subjects as "Control of Voluntary Movement by the Cerebral Cortex" (translation: what it is that the brain does when you decide to move your finger up rather than down), "Multielectrode Recording in the Central Nervous System" (cell sociology in groups: keeping track of events in hundreds of neurons simultaneously), "Determinants of Neuronal Connectivity" (how the nervous system assembles itself, and what the rules are), "Modularity of Behavior" (whether you hear consonants and syllables with one part of the brain and lawnmowers with another), "Perceptual Maps in the Somatosensory Cortex" (every in-



"Sometimes, Ogden, I wish you wouldn't spearhead so many drives."

dividual has a different brain map, which is dynamic and is established by competitive principles), and "Theoretical Aspects of Developmental Biology" (primary processes of development, like cell division, cell adhesion, and cell death; the space between our fingers, e.g., is a memorial to cells that die, for otherwise we would have webbed fingers).

When we asked Dr. Edelman to tell us his ideas about the brain and how to study it, he looked as though his enthusiasm might not be contained. "The structure of the human brain for thought is as challenging as the ultimate structure of matter," he told us. "Of all the organs in the human body, the brain is the most complicated, consisting of more than ten billion nerve cells. I believe that the uniqueness of each human brain proves that our nature is born in freedom and individuality. In other words, it pays to be *you*. Many people, including some scientists, look on the brain as a kind of computer. If that is so, who is telling whom what to do? Who is writing the program?" Dr. Edelman laughed. "The brain, in its workings, is a selective system, more like evolution itself than like computation," he went on. "That is *my* basis for understanding brain function, and it forms a seamless web with our understanding of how life developed on earth. The structure of the nervous system, that is, is not strictly determined by genes. Like the theory of evolution, this theory—which I call neuronal group selection—puts an enormous emphasis on the importance of individual variation. The most complicated material object in the world as we know it is the human brain. The brain is not a clockwork machine. It is not a digital computer. We are part of that complex web of natural selection which has itself evolved a selection machinery called our brain. In each one of us there lies the richness of a second evolutionary path during a lifetime: it unites culture with a marvellous tissue in which the hope of our survival lies. So"—Dr. Edelman smiled—"we need to add something besides molecular analyses to our description of the structure of the mental world."

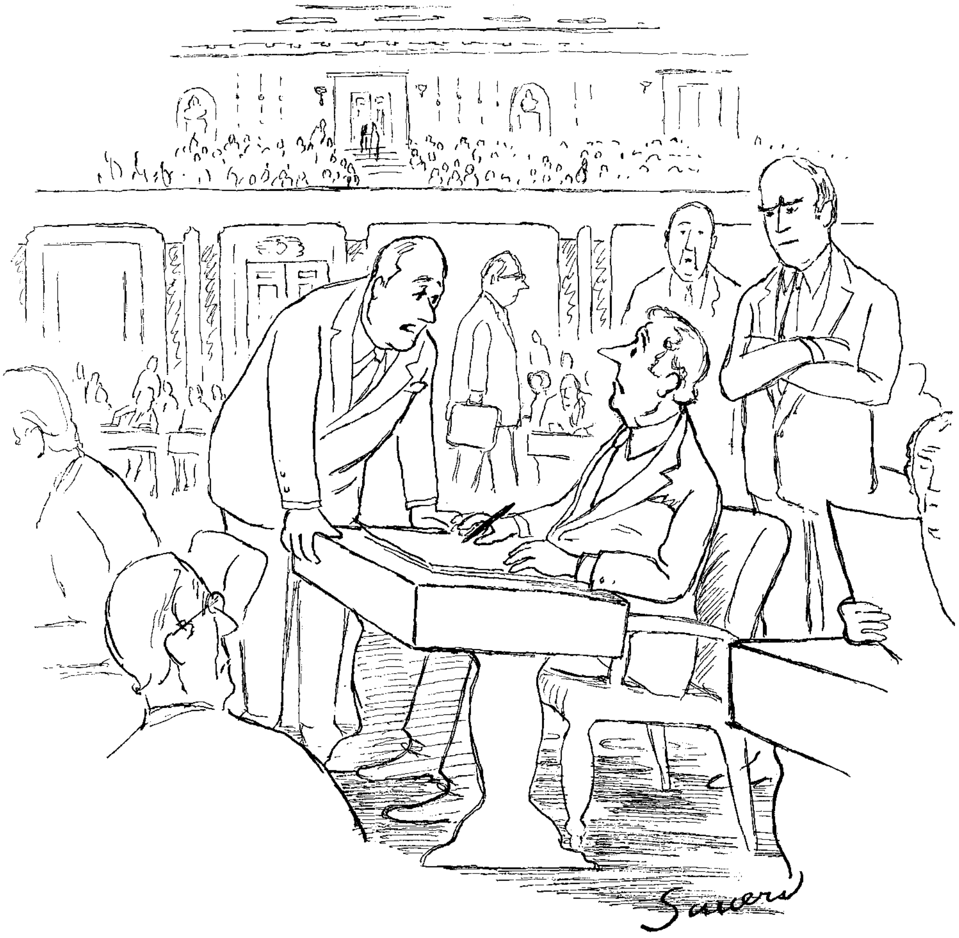
"What's the something?" we asked.

"An adequate theory of selection," Dr. Edelman said. "What that requires is a mixture of chance and necessity, and a kind of remembered program from the successes of the past. That's what we call adaptation." He smiled again. "I'll tell you my favorite old story about adaptive motives, chance, and necessity," he said. "A gentleman jealously suspected that his girl was seeing another suitor. One hot summer night, he came home early to their apartment, furiously searched everywhere for the hypothetical suitor, but couldn't find anyone. Then he looked out the window, and on the fire escape below he saw a man loosening his collar and wiping his brow. In a great rage, he lifted a very large refrigerator, got it through the window, aimed it carefully, and dropped it on the man's head. Then he fell dead of exertion. The scene switches to Heaven. Three people are being admitted. St. Peter tells them they have fulfilled all the requirements but the last, which is to describe the nature of their deaths. The first man said, 'Well, I thought there was some hanky-panky going on, so I came home early, looked all over the place, and finally saw this fellow on the fire escape below. I must have had an adrenaline fit. I lifted this refrigerator—something way beyond my powers—and dropped it on his head and then must have had a heart attack.' The second man said, 'I don't know. It was a hot summer night, so I stepped out onto the fire escape, loosened my collar, and wiped my brow, and a refrigerator fell on my head.' The third man said, 'I don't know. I was just sitting in this refrigerator minding my own business.' "

Dr. Edelman laughed as though he were hearing the joke from someone else and for the first time. "Chance and necessity," he said. "The brain is *not* a computer. It's more like a garden. Every time the brain does something, it's different. As Keats wrote, in 'Ode to Psyche':

And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same.

"You know, science and poetry begin in the same place. But the poets really *do* see things first."



"Please, Senator Fairchild, you have to leave. You lost."

• •

CATASTROPHE

(FOR VÁCLAV HAVEL)

Director (D)
His Female Assistant (A)
Protagonist (P)
Luke, in Charge of the
Lighting, Offstage (L)

Rehearsal. Final touches to the last scene. Bare stage. A and L have just set the lighting. D has just arrived.

D in an armchair downstage audience left. Fur coat. Fur toque to match. Age and physique unimportant.

A standing beside him. White coverall. Bare head. Pencil on ear. Age and physique unimportant.

P midstage standing on a black block 18" high. Black wide-brimmed hat. Black dressing gown to ankles. Barefoot. Head bowed. Hands in pockets. Age and physique unimportant.

D and A contemplate P.

Long pause.

A (*finally*): Like the look of him?

D: So-so. (*Pause.*) Why the plinth?

A: To let the stalls see the feet.

(*Pause.*)

D: Why the hat?

A: To help hide the face.

(*Pause.*)

D: Why the gown?

A: To have him all black.

(*Pause.*)

D: What has he on underneath? (*A moves toward P.*) Say it.

(*A halts.*)

A: His night attire.

D: Color?

A: Ash.

(*D takes out a cigar.*)

D: Light.

(*A returns, lights the cigar, stands still. D smokes.*)

D: How's the skull?

A: You've seen it.

D: I forget. (*A moves toward P.*) Say it.

(*A halts.*)

A: Molting. A few tufts.

D: Color?

A: Ash.

(*Pause.*)

D: Why hands in pockets?

A: To help have him all black.

D: They mustn't.

A: I make a note. (*She takes out a pad, takes pencil, notes.*) Hands exposed. (*She puts back pad and pencil.*)

D: How are they?

(*A at a loss.*)

D (*irritably*): The hands, how are the hands?

A: You've seen them.

D: I forget.

A: Crippled. Fibrous degeneration.

D: Clawlike?

A: If you like.

D: Two claws?

A: Unless he clench his fists.

D: He mustn't.

A: I make a note. (*She takes out pad, takes pencil, notes.*) Hands limp. (*She puts back pad and pencil.*)

D: Light.

(*A returns, relights the cigar, stands still. D smokes.*)

D: Good. Now let's have a look.

(*A at a loss.*)

D (*irritably*): Get going. Lose that gown. (*He consults his chronometer.*) Step on it. I have a caucus.

(*A goes to P, takes off the gown. P submits, inert. A steps back, the gown over her arm. P in old gray pajamas, head bowed, fists clenched. Pause.*)

A: Like him better without? (*Pause.*) He's shivering.

D: Not all that. Hat.

(*A advances, takes off hat, steps back, hat in hand. Pause.*)

A: Like that cranium?

D: Needs whitening.

A: I make a note. (*She drops hat and gown, takes out pad, takes pencil, notes.*) Whiten cranium. (*She puts back pad and pencil.*)

D: The hands.

(*A at a loss.*)

D (*irritably*): The fists. Get going.

(*A advances, unclenches fists, steps back.*)

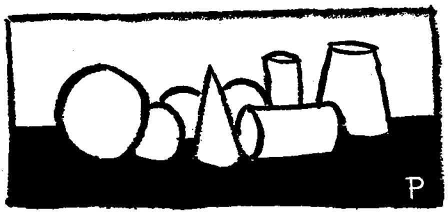
D: And whiten.

A: I make a note. (*She takes out pad, takes pencil, notes.*) Whiten hands. (*She puts back pad and pencil. They contemplate P.*)

D (*finally*): Something wrong. (*Distraught*) What is it?

A (*timidly*): What if we were to . . . were to . . . join them?

D: No harm trying. (*A advances, joins the hands, steps back.*) Higher. (*A advances, raises waist-high the joined hands, steps back.*) A touch more. (*A advances, raises breast-high the joined hands.*) Stop! (*A steps back.*) Better. It's coming. Light.



(*A returns, relights the cigar, stands still. D smokes.*)

A: He's shivering.

D: Bless his heart.

(*Pause.*)

A (*timidly*): What about a little . . . a little . . . gag?

D: For God's sake! This craze for explicitation! Every *i* dotted to death! Little gag! For God's sake!

A: Sure he won't utter?

D: Not a squeak. (*He consults his chronometer.*) Just time. I'll go and see how it looks from the house.

(*Exit D, not to appear again. A subsides in the armchair, springs to her feet no sooner seated, takes out a rag, wipes vigorously back and seat of chair, discards rag, sits again. Pause.*)

D (*off, plaintive*): I can't see the toes. (*Irritably*) I'm sitting in the front row of the stalls and can't see the toes.

A (*rising*): I make a note. (*She takes out pad, takes pencil, notes.*) Raise pedestal.

D: There's a trace of face.

A: I make a note. (*She takes out pad, takes pencil, makes to note.*)

D: Down the head.

(*A at a loss.*)

D (*irritably*): Get going. Down his head. (*A puts back pad and pencil, goes to P, bows his head further, steps back.*) A shade more. (*A advances, bows the head further.*) Stop! (*A steps back.*) Fine. It's coming. (*Pause.*) Could do with more nudity.

A: I make a note. (*She takes out pad, makes to take pencil.*)

D: Get going! Get going! (*A puts back the pad, goes to P, stands irresolute.*) Bare the neck. (*A undoes top buttons, parts the flaps, steps back.*) The legs. The shins. (*A advances, rolls up to below knee one trouser leg, steps back.*) The other. (*Same for other leg, steps back.*) Higher. The knees. (*A advances, rolls up to above knees both trouser legs, steps back.*) And whiten.

A: I make a note. (*She takes out pad, takes pencil, notes.*) Whiten all flesh.

D: It's coming. Is Luke around?

A (*calling*): Luke! (*Pause. Louder*) Luke!

L (*off, distant*): I hear you. (*Pause. Nearer*) What's the trouble now?

A: Luke's around.

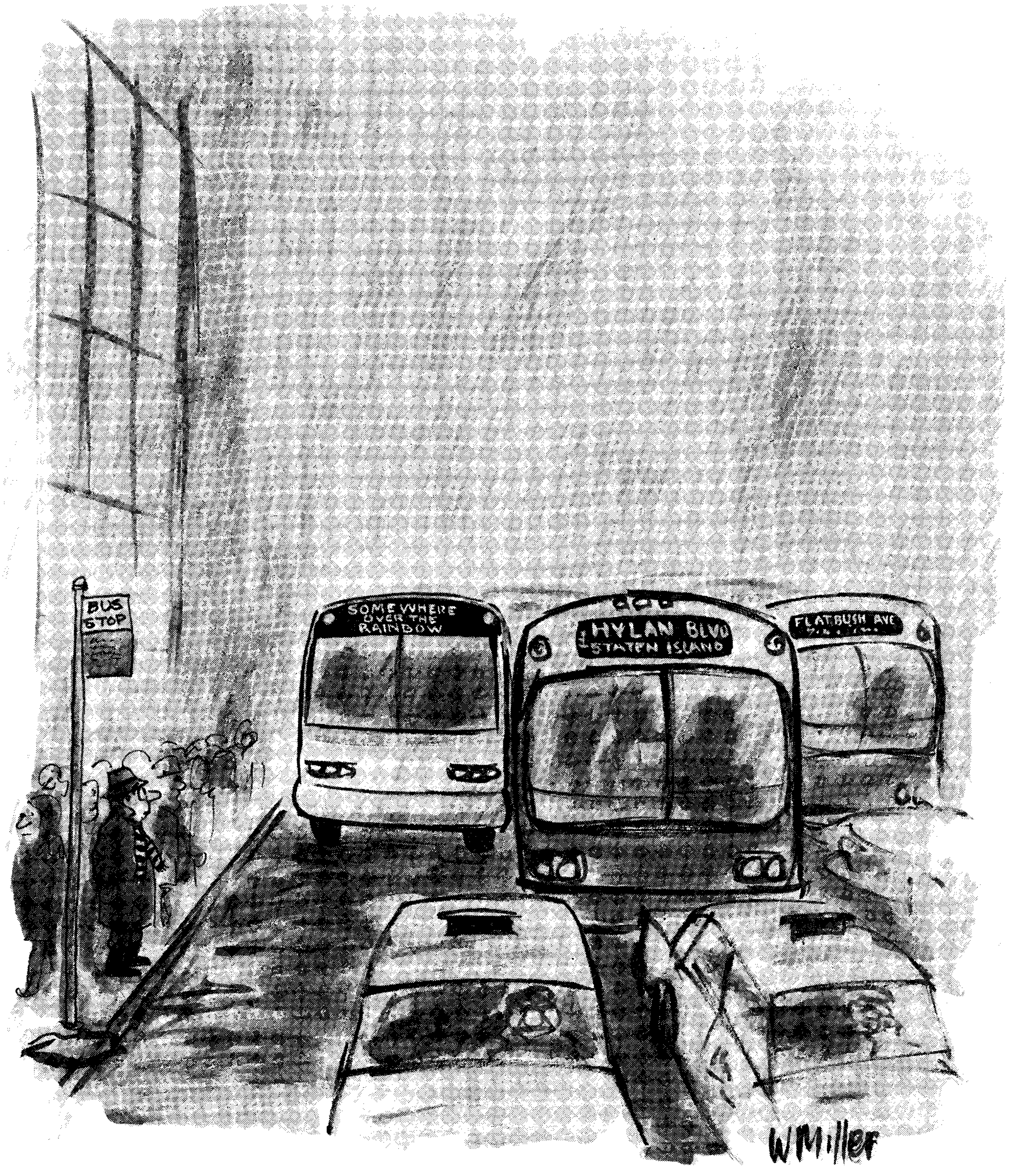
D: Black out stage.

L: What?

(*A transmits in technical terms. Fadeout of general light. Light on P alone. A in shadow.*)

D: Just the head.

L: What?



(*A transmits in technical terms. Fadeout of light on P's body. Light on head alone. Long pause.*)

D: Lovely.

(*Pause.*)

A (*timidly*): What if he were to . . . were to . . . raise his head . . . an instant . . . show his face . . . just an instant?

D: For God's sake! What next? Raise his head! Where do you think we are? In Patagonia? Raise his head! For God's sake! (*Pause.*) Good. There's our catastrophe. In the bag. Once more and I'm off.

A (*to L*): Once more and he's off.

(*Fadeup of light on P's body. Pause. Fadeup of general light.*)

D: Stop! (*Pause.*) Now . . . let 'em have it. (*Fadeout of general light. Pause. Fadeout of light on body. Light on head alone. Long pause.*) Terrific! He'll have them on their feet. I can hear it from here.

(*Pause. Distant storm of applause. P raises his head, fixes the audience. The applause falters, dies.*

Long pause.

Fadeout of light on face.)

—SAMUEL BECKETT

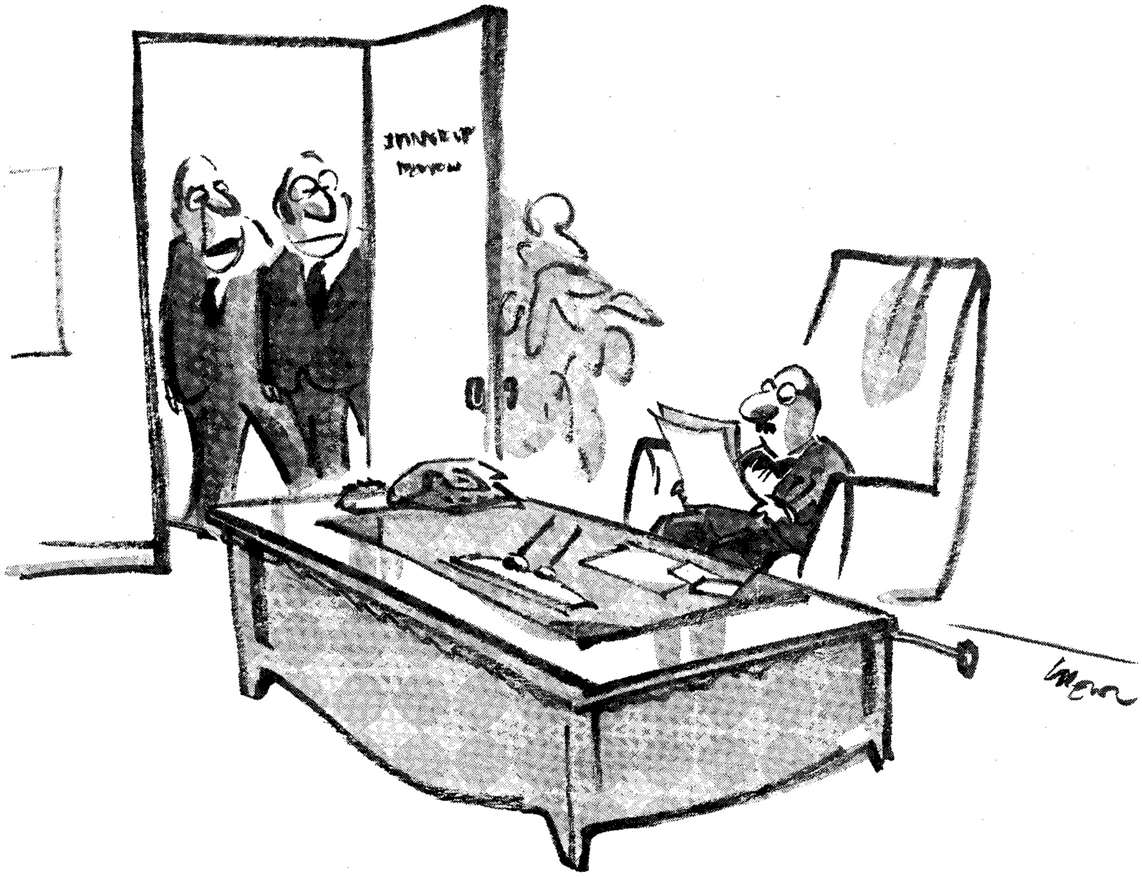
(*Translated, from the French, by the author.*)

HEARING FROM WAYNE

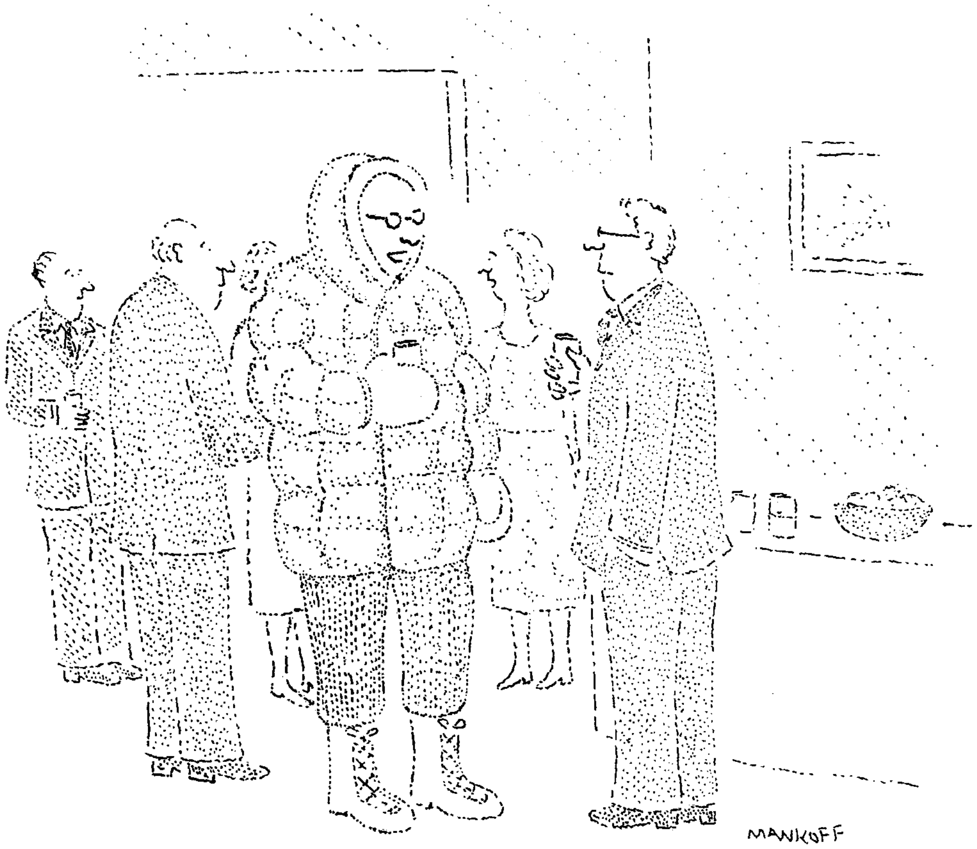
WHILE I was flipping through the day's mail after a real yawn fest of a workday at the Stereo Shack, I came across something that knocked me over like a good brushback pitch. It was a postcard from Wayne, and I've really got to hand it to him, but before I get going on Wayne's postcard and on Wayne and on how Wayne was my best friend and just the whole incredible Wayne Story, I'd like to say right up front that my *real* fear of any kind of hereafter is that instead of being sort of reunited with my family and friends and everyone I've ever felt close to, I'll get there and find myself in the middle of just casual acquaintances—people I recognize, people I always said hi-how-you-doing to, but *nobody* I ever felt close to. Like the guy from the luncheonette, kitty-corner from the Stereo Shack, who makes the great two-story ham sandwiches, plenty of mustard, but who I can't exactly say I'm attached to. He's a nice guy and all, and I even gave him ten per cent on some speakers once, but if he's the first person I see in the afterlife it'll be some letdown. And if I reach life's nineteenth hole *before* him, and I'm the first one *he* sees, I can understand how it'll sour the whole experience for him, too. I'd probably try to duck before he saw me, but if he saw me ducking, that would be pretty awful. I mean, imagine yourself popping through into extra innings, only to see one of your regular sandwich customers, who suddenly ducks, pretends he doesn't know you, pretends you never made maybe two hundred and ninety-seven ham sandwiches for him during his lifetime, plenty of mustard. Now, I can't tell from Wayne's postcard if the afterlife ever starts out that creepy for anyone, but if it does, it's just like Wayne not to go into it. That's the way Wayne was, and one reason why he was my best friend and one reason why he'll stay my best friend, especially if he can keep up this great second effort through the mail. He did slip in a few comments about the afterlife on his card, but nothing that would scare any of us still playing life's back nine.

On a snowy night one year ago, Wayne and I were sitting and watering our faces in that Wild West bar called the Sitting Bull. Above the bar, there's this giant painting of four Sioux Indians in big, flowing headdresses riding in a gondola in Venice that Wayne was so crazy about, and right in front of us those upside-down cowboy hats with the barbecue-flavored party mix that we both liked. Wayne and I were swapping stories about Harold, the Stereo Shack's only TV salesman and a buddy from the Stereo Shack's softball team. Harold had recently left the team and every other earthly organization after plowing smack into an oak tree. He wasn't even supposed to be driving. This guy was a narcoleptic, which means permission denied as far as getting your hands on a wheel in this state goes. So anyway, old Wayne and I get to wondering what Harold's .450 batting average is doing for him wherever he is now, and soon we're speculating as to what that wherever actually is and if it would be possible for a guy exiting to that place to smuggle in a room equalizer. I explain to Wayne my fear of seeing just people I kind of recognize there, but take-it-as-it-comes Wayne, of course, says he's not worried, and laughs through a mouthful of party mix. He says he's expecting something more like the best room they have at the Ramada Inn in Fort Lauderdale, with telepathic models bringing you and your best deceased pals frothy turquoise drinks just as soon as you've all drained your clear orange ones.

Eventually, I get around to telling Wayne about Houdini and his wife. I took this book out from the bookmobile once that was all about the Houdinis conducting their own afterlife experiment. They went and promised each other that the first one of them to die would do everything possible to reach the one still alive. Well, Harry Houdini died in 1926. And, according to the book, before Beatrice Houdini died, in 1943, she admitted that she'd never heard from Harry and called their experiment a failure. But Wayne, who I guess was feeling his



"*We were hoping L.R. would grow in office, but he hasn't.*"



"I don't care what the revised forecast for the winter is. The wasps have built their nests higher up in the trees than usual, and that's proof enough for me."

• •

boilermakers pretty well by then, says he loves the idea anyway, and he gets me to say "What the heck" and shake hands and then sign and date a Sitting Bull Bar cocktail napkin with him to cement our own pact, and a man next to us who's been muttering something about his sister making a thousand dollars a second seems glad to sign it, too.

WELL, that was a year ago. Then, a half year later, Wayne and I are locking up the Stereo Shack after a real gutterball of a business day when Wayne turns to me and says, "Let's call 'em." So we take turns calling our wives from a phone booth in the parking lot, and twenty cents later we're loose. There's some all-you-can-stand fish fry at the Sitting Bull, but it sounds a little too bush league to us. Instead, we drive out to Long Lake and smack two large buckets of balls each at Denny's Driving Range. Wayne uses a 3-wood, and after every swipe says—loud enough for everybody there including Denny to hear—"*That's* on the green." Then we go nearby for some Italian and a couple of pitchers of draught beer. Later, when we're cruising back in my Toronado with all the windows down, Wayne finds the head of a green toy soldier in my glove compartment. It's just this tiny little rubbery soldier head without a body that my kid, Timmy, probably left around, and it made us sort of laugh. Then Wayne puts it in his left nostril—just a little ways—so that the little army man could sort of look out, and then turns so they're both looking at me. And that really cracks me up. Next, Wayne says something like "Eyes on the road!" and snaps his head straight ahead, so that the soldier watches the road, and it's stupid, but we're giggling like high schoolers and tears are coming down. But then Wayne—gasping for air—sort of snorts inwards and the little head vanished and we had to drive right to Long Lake Hospital and it wasn't funny anymore. And the way it turned out, the inside of that hospital was the last thing on earth poor Wayne ever saw—at least in this life.

ANYWAY, Wayne's postcard is a miniature version of the big painting above the bar at the Sitting Bull—the one with the four Sioux Indians in headdresses riding in a gondola in Venice. Except that on Wayne's postcard there's a fifth passenger squeezed in between two of the Indians, and it's Wayne in his Stereo Shack softball uniform, smiling and with his cap on backwards. There wasn't a stamp or a postage mark anywhere on the card, but there was a decent-sized message in Wayne's usual slanty brand of printing. Wayne began by saying hi and saying he bet I was surprised he'd got ahold of me like we'd talked about and that he missed hanging out together, but that at least this was some kind of way to reach me. Then he asked if my Timmy was still playing Battle of the Bulge in the car, and wrote "ha ha" afterwards. He said that his notion of the hereafter being something like a room at the Ramada Inn in Fort Lauderdale was way off, except for the turquoise drinks. He said that the stereo systems there aren't nearly as impressive as you might expect, but added, "The acoustics in our modules are choice." He plays a lot of what he calls Cluster Ball there—"a potent blend of golf, bowling, and softball for large numbers," in his words. Then he advised me to get out in life and shake my tail feathers all I can, and said if I wanted to perform one especially decent act, I should tell the police that seventy-nine cats and eleven dogs are being kept inside a home at 281 South Brook Lane, about half a mile from Denny's Driving Range.

Finally, Wayne said it's really not so bad after your third strike and not to worry about it but just to stay loose and go with it and that everything will make a lot more sense to me when we meet up again—"more than you could ever imagine right now," Wayne wrote. Which was nice of Wayne to say, and another reason why he was my best friend and why he'll stay my best friend—regardless of whether or not he can keep up this great second effort through the mail.

—BILL FRANZEN

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CALLS WE DOUBT EVER GOT CALLED OUT

[*From MacLean's*]

George IV, whose marital problems were to cause the Duke of Wellington much secret anxiety, was greeted on his early outings in Hyde Park by crowds who called out, "God bless him, he is a lusty, jolly young dog, truly."

FEEDERS

IRIS shares a two-bedroom town house in Meadowdale with Polly, a nursing student. Iris hates it way out there, so when I mention on the telephone that Mrs. Jaymar has moved out of my duplex, Iris says she wants it. It's the second floor of my house, and since we used to live together, I say I'm not sure this is a great idea. She says maybe we could meet at Coleman's, a restaurant we used to go to, and discuss it.

"Her son got a condominium in Lakeland," I say. "The last day, she asked if she could leave her plastic bird feeders, which are all over the trees like party lights, and I said O.K., so she gave me a bag of seed."

"She's wonderful," Iris says. "I remember. So how about six-thirty?" When I don't answer, she says, "I know, I know. You aren't promising anything."

Coleman's is a storefront in a thirty-year-old strip shopping center not far from my house. When the neighborhood was revitalized, Coleman's was revitalized too—now it's all palm trees and captain's chairs and Varathaned tabletops. At first I don't recognize Iris, who's sitting off in the corner of the porchlike front of the restaurant with her back to me. Then she waves, and I squint and wave back. It's the first time I've met Polly, and it's a little awkward; she doesn't say anything, just looks at me and gives me a short nod. At the next table there's an almost bald man in a short-sleeved shirt, who's bent backward over his chair, telling her what to do about ordering. "This steak-and-seafood might be good. But it depends what kind of steak it is. If it's some junk cut, round or even porterhouse, you shouldn't get it."

"Right," Polly says. "O.K."

"We know him," Iris whispers.

Except for the hair—Iris's is black, Polly's red—the women look surprisingly alike. Both have dark circles under the eyes, chiselled faces, pale hands. Iris is older and more delicate, but her eyes are hard, like colored rocks. Polly is wearing a scoop-neck black pullover and worn khakis, Iris a pin-stripe dress shirt I think I remember, and a thin silver tie knotted off the neck.

The guy at the next table is staring at Polly's back. "But if it's a petite filet, then it might be good."

"A what?" Polly says, craning to look at him.

"Petite filet. Like this up here, only smaller." He reaches over and bops on her menu with his knuckle. "Sometimes they try to nick you on the platters."

"Oh. Thanks," Polly says.

Iris leans close to me. "We don't want any trouble, Eddie."

"Who is this guy?" I say.

"Never mind," she says. "Don't worry about it." She gives Polly a stern look, and Polly shrugs helplessly.

I make a joke about inviting the guy to join us, and Iris smiles dryly and says, "It's a little late for that, don't you think?" She writes a check for the rent.

"Shouldn't we discuss this?" I say.

"Don't be silly, Eddie," Iris says. "That's all over. It's O.K. I mean, unless you feel funny about it." She presses the kinky hair back off her forehead and then tears the check out of a red checkbook. "Polly's at the university, and I'm still with the telephone company. Putting 'em in, I mean." She waves a hand toward Polly, who brightens theatrically as if she's been hit with a spotlight. "She's going to be a nurse, maybe. Or a doctor."

Polly shakes her head, then looks out the large window at the street in front of Coleman's. There's a Quik Stop drive-in grocery across the street, and in the parking lot two police cars are parked side by side, nose to tail, the drivers talking to each other out the windows. "I think you two ought to discuss it," she says.

"We're quiet, no pets, regular hours," Iris says. "Ideal tenants." She pushes her check across the glossy wood tabletop. "Well, is it a deal or what?"

Iris was always too direct, too demanding. Now it's as if she's challenging me to take her on as a tenant. But even though I haven't seen her very often in the last eight months, when I have seen her we've gotten along all right; the separation was a success. "I guess I can stand it if you can," I say. "When do you want to move?"

"Soon," Polly says, glancing over her shoulder at the guy at the next table. She turns to Iris. "Are we going to eat?"

Not Speaking

"No. We're going to finish and go. Take it easy."

"It's four seventy-five—can you afford that? I pay water."

"I remember. See? It's here." She picks up the check and waves it casually. I take it and she stands up. "That's a deal. We'll be coming tomorrow. I'll knock for the key, all right?"

"I don't want to be squeamish, Iris, but you're sure this is what you want to do?"

She smiles and says, "You look good, Eddie." She pats my cheek in an unpleasant way—three short, light slaps—and then she and Polly leave. The guy at the next table waves and watches them go. When they're out the door, he turns to look at me. I nod and glance over my shoulder, as if to be sure he's not looking at something behind me, but the only thing there is a wall covered with snowy paper and pink flocked birds—cranes or flamingos. When I turn back, he's pushing his chair out. He almost knocks over his tea glass. He comes straight to my table and points to Iris's chair. "Do you mind?"

"Excuse me?"

He sits, pulling up close to the table. "I didn't want to barge in like this. My name's Putnam. Cecil Putnam. I'm over here waiting for my daughter." He jerks his head toward his table. "She didn't show yet, so I thought I'd come over a minute." He reaches across the table to shake my hand.

"How are you?" His hand is small and covered with soft black hair.

He frowns, then bends closer and whispers, "You know these women?" He points at the chairs. "I don't want to pry. You can tell me to go to hell."

"They're renting an apartment from me. Why?"

"Oh." He nods gravely. "Tenants. I thought you might know them more personally."

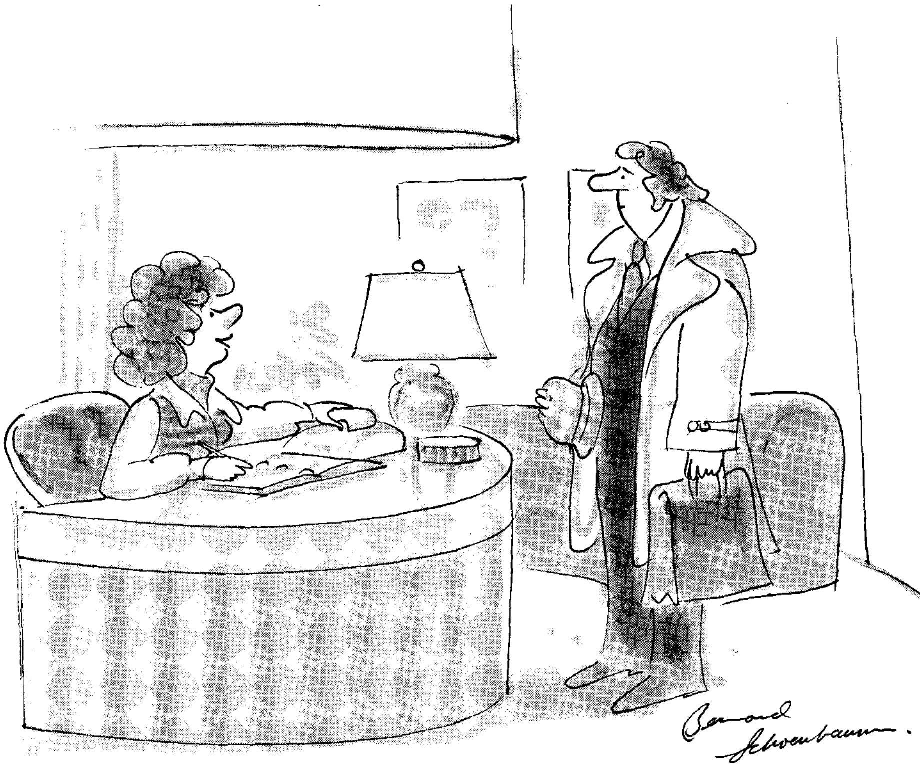
"No."

"See, I know the one with the red hair, that's all. She's a body builder, right? She has arms, you know what I'm saying? This one does." He points at Polly's chair again. "I mean, is she Portuguese or something? The arms are real good."

"Student. That's what she told me. She didn't say anything about weight lifting."

"It's not weight lifting."

"She told me student."



"Mr. Silvers will be unable to see you, but his apologist will be with you in a moment."

"She'd look swell with that oil they slop on, you know? Glistening, wearing one of those tiny pouch bikinis—you know the kind I'm talking about? You ever watch 'em?"

He's hunched over my table, drawing greasy circles with his finger on the tabletop. Because he's bent forward, I'm staring at the top of his head, where the hair is brushed forward in queer spikes that stand out from his scalp. He looks as if he might be fifty years old. "I think you've got the wrong girl," I say.

He seems displeased, but he doesn't want to leave. He glances over his shoulder at his table, then back to me. "My girl's a body builder, that's how come I know about this stuff. I watch 'em on television. This girl here is a pal of my girl's, I think. I wanted to check it out. They kill me," he says. "The oily business kills me every time. I'm a sucker for it."

The waiter has come up and is giving me signals with his pad and pencil, asking if I'm ready to order.

"Excuse me," I say, pointing over Putnam's shoulder to the waiter.

"Oh, hell yes," he says. "Lemme get out of your way here." He pushes his chair back and stands, then steps around the waiter. "Sorry to bust in. Listen, you try that combo platter, hear? But check the meat."

IRIS and Polly show up on bicycles at nine the next morning. I answer the door in my checked robe. Iris is in jeans and a plaid flannel shirt; she has a tool holster slung low off a leather belt around her hips. She keeps pushing the holster back as she shifts from foot to foot on the front step. "Welcome home," I say.

"We'll go around to the upstairs entrance," Iris says. "O.K.? You bring the key?"

I show them the apartment, and Polly thinks it's perfect except for the ochre carpet.

"I hate it too," I say.

"It's good and thick," Polly says. "Anyway, we won't see it when we get the pads down." She drops cross-legged to the floor and rocks back and forth a few times.

"Pads?" I say.

Iris pats my shoulder. "Don't get worried. No furniture, so we put quilts on the floor. Kind of Japanese, you know?"

"Yeah," Polly says. "We've got different colors for each room. And plants, of course. How many rooms are there, anyway?”

I try to imagine the apartment with wall-to-wall quilts. “What about the kitchen? What do you do in there?”

“She makes a Key lime pie that'll rip skin off your tongue,” Polly says, getting off the floor and going to the window. “But you probably know that.” She bends to look at the control panel of the air-conditioning unit. “This old or something?”

“Of course it is,” Iris says. She tugs on Polly's work shirt.

I point out the windows at the trees in the front yard. “The feeders disappear when the leaves come.”

“We like it,” Iris says. “You give me the seed and I'll take care of the birds.”

“It's a deal,” Polly says.

That afternoon they bring clothes and some boxes in the back of a dark-blue Volvo station wagon. I prop open the screen door of the upstairs entrance with half of a concrete block and then offer to help with the boxes, but Iris says it isn't necessary, so I go back to my apartment and put on a Bob Marley record. Then I remember it's a record Iris sometimes put on when we made love, so I take it off the turntable and put on something else, a New Wave band that I don't like at all. I stay up late, sitting in my dark living room listening to Iris and Polly walk around upstairs.

PUTNAM knocks on my door at six in the morning. He hasn't shaved, and he looks as if he's been beaten up. There are small abrasions all over his face and hands. “Remember me?” he says. “I met you at Coleman's. I asked about the girls.”

It's barely light outside; the grass is shining. I'm cold. “It's early, isn't it?” I rub my eyes and squint at him in what I hope is a discouraging way.

He sticks a boot in the door. “Let me talk to you a minute, Ed.”

I look at him and he looks back, and that tells me he's not going to leave, so I lead him into the kitchen.

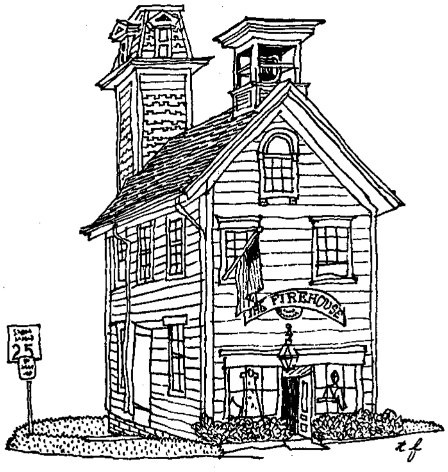
“Ed,” he says when we're sitting at the table, “I'm an educator. Been an educator twenty years and I never did anything like this before. But there's a good reason, and it's not what you think. Bear with me a minute here, will you?”

“I don't think a thing. You want coffee?”

“I'll do it. You took tired.”

“Up late.”

He's a small man with a too large upper body; when he goes across the kitchen, he moves in fits and starts, like a gorilla going around a cage. “Me too. All night in the van.” He points at the ceiling. “I'm in radio, TV, and film,” he says, opening and closing a couple of my cabinets. He's wearing an olive-green cardigan sweater, khaki pants, big work shoes with rawhide laces. “Where's the coffee, anyway?” He picks up a can of Final Net from the counter and points the nozzle at me. “What's this about?”



“Roaches. The coffee's there with the red top.”

He puts the Final Net back where he found it. “I guess that slows 'em down pretty good, huh?” He spoons coffee into the percolator and plugs it in. “I know you got a clean place, Ed, but just let me help you out here.” He wets a paper towel and comes across the room to wipe the table. When he finishes one pass, he leans on the table with his elbows, looks straight at me, and says, “That's my baby girl you got upstairs, Ed. I know it's peculiar, me coming in here like this and everything, but I'm checking to be sure you're O.K., you see what I mean? That's the way I have to do things.”

He stands alongside the table and pours me a shallow cup of coffee. I look at his free hand, which is opening and closing very fast. Then it straightens out and the fingers wiggle jerkily.

When both coffees are poured, he takes the chair opposite me, pulls the

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BALLAD OF LOVE THROUGH THE AGES

From the beginning of time,
I liked you, you liked me.
I was Greek, you were Trojan—
Trojan but not Helen.
I sprang from a wooden horse
to kill your brother.
I killed, we quarrelled, we died.

I became a Roman soldier,
persecutor of Christians.
At the catacomb door
I met you again.
But when I saw you fall
naked in the Colosseum
and the lion coming toward you,
I made a desperate leap
and the lion ate us both.

Next I was a Moorish pirate,
the scourge of Tripoli.
I set fire to the frigate
where you were hiding from
the fury of my brigantine.
But when I went to grab you
and take you as my slave,
you crossed yourself and drove
a dagger through your heart.
I killed myself as well.

Later on, in happier days,
I was a courtier at Versailles,
clever and debauched.
You dreamed of being a nun . . .
I vaulted over the convent wall,
but difficult politics
led us to the guillotine.

These days I'm totally modern:
dancing, jogging, working out.
And I have money in the bank.
And you're a fabulous blonde:
dancing, jogging, working out.
None of it pleases your father.
But after a thousand reversals
I, one of Paramount's heroes,
give you a hug, a kiss, and we marry.

—CARLOS DRUMMOND DE ANDRADE

(*Translated, from the Portuguese, by Mark Strand.*)

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"For reasons I need not go into just now, Marjorie, I have decided to wear a button-down collar all the rest of the way."

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thick-lipped mug to his mouth, blows on his coffee.

There's a yellow fleck that looks like a pencil shaving floating on the surface of my coffee, so I stick the tip of my finger into the mug.

He watches me for a minute, then relaxes and surveys the kitchen. "How long you had this place, Ed? You got a pretty good mortgage on her?"

We chat for half an hour, and at quarter of seven he abruptly has to go. "Let me rinse these first." He sweeps our mugs off the table and takes them to the sink. "I hope you understand, Ed. I'm an educator and I know what I have to do—you follow me? It's not my first choice. I got to look after these women, see what I mean?"

"Sure," I say. "Gotcha."

Then I follow him to the front door and watch through the mini-blinds as he cuts across the front lawn toward a bronze van with a couple of bubble sunroofs, parked next door.

Iris comes out about two that afternoon, wearing an aqua leotard, leg warmers, a down-filled flight vest, and French canvas hiking shoes. I'm on the porch painting the doorframe blue. She walks like a clown, rubbing the small of her back with both hands. "Good morning," she says vaguely. She crosses the small yard to the Japanese rain tree and studies the bark on the trunk.

"Your friend Putnam came for breakfast," I say, balancing the brush on the lip of the paint can. Her back is to me, about ten feet away. I wipe my hands, then jump the two steps off the porch and come up behind her.

"I'm sorry," she says, picking at the tree trunk with her nails.

I look up and down the street. No van. There are birds on the telephone wires but none in the trees. There's a dull, even light everywhere—it reminds me of the "cloudy-bright" on Kodak film directions. "What's the story on the guy, anyway? I mean, Jesus, Iris."

She turns to face me. Her hair is pulled straight away from her face and there's a washed-out red in her cheeks from the cold. Her eyes are a little bit blue. "I can't stop him." She shuts her eyes, then opens them and looks past me at the house. "I don't know why he can't just leave us alone."

She looks beaten and pretty, so I smile and say, "None of us can," reaching to brush a bit of hair away from her forehead.

She ducks and jerks her hand to her face, knocking my fingers aside. "That's not what it's about, Eddie." She looks down at her hands and rubs the fleshy part of one thumb over the other's nail. "I can't take care of everything. Polly works for him, and he's around. If you can't handle it, we can go somewhere else."

She's thin—thinner than I remember, in spite of the thick jacket and the leg wraps, or because of them—and she looks frail.

I pull some blackened berries off a branch. "What about the college? He said he was at the college."

"He says whatever he wants to say. I thought since you're a man, he'd back off."

I follow her to the Volvo parked at the curb and watch as she writes her name in the dirt on the fender. "I don't want to deal with him, Iris. It's your business, not mine. But what is it? He going to be around all the time or what?"

"I don't know. Probably. He won't hurt you or anything."

"That's terrific."

"He's not a terrible guy, Eddie. He's friendly."

"So I see. But he's your friend, Iris. I mean, I'm just renting an apartment here, right?"

She starts to write something else on the fender, then quits and faces me. "So what—you'd rather I was alone?" She pushes past me and walks off, following the line down the middle of the street.

Two nights later Iris calls. "We're ready for the dinner," she says. "Can you come tonight?" I haven't talked to her or Polly since the day Putnam came, although I've seen them carrying things up the drive, and I've heard them at night, arranging things, padding around on my ceiling.

"Sure. Want me to bring the wine?"

"Wine? Nobody up here likes wine. Just bring yourself. Eight o'clock."

She hangs up without saying goodbye. I look across the kitchen at the clock on the stove, but I can't read it from where I'm sitting, so I have to get up and go across the room. It's five-fifteen. I wrap the rest of my sandwich in aluminum foil and put it on the top shelf in the refrigerator. Then I see some brown stains on the wall of the refrigerator, so I get the sponge from the sink and wipe them off. While I'm doing that, I notice a hair stuck to the bottom of the milk carton. The refrigerator is a mess. I start to clean it, taking everything off one shelf at a time, then removing the shelves and washing down the inside walls. I throw away a sack of carrots I find in the crisper, but the three apples look O.K., so I save those. The lettuce is bad, so I toss it, and I toss the mushrooms, celery, and peppers, and the soft black banana. By the time I get everything back together, the refrigerator looks clean and empty. It's almost seven. I take the bag of old food out to the cans by the garage.

At eight Iris calls and tells me Polly needs a lemon, so I get one I saved, rinse it in cold water, and go around the house to their entrance.

The apartment doesn't have any furniture in it, just the way they said. There's a square white Formica coffee table in the center of the living room. The ochre carpet has been covered with bright solid-red quilts. In the corners and along the wall where the windows are, they have plants, and a large Monet garden poster is push-pinned to one wall. The coffee table is set for four.

"This is the only room we've finished," Iris says. She points to a pile of cardboard boxes covered with a clear plastic drop cloth in the next room. "We like to do one at a time. That's all our stuff there."

I follow her through the apartment. There's a mattress on the floor in one of the bedrooms, but otherwise the place looks the way it did after Mrs. Jaymar left. Polly is in the kitchen staring into the glass plate in the oven door.

"Oh, hi. You bring my lemon?" When I give it to her, she says, "I don't know how I could have forgotten this."

Iris takes me back into the living room and points to the coffee table. "You want a Coke?"

"Fine." I sit clumsily on the floor, facing one of the placemats. In the center of the table there are two square red plastic flashlights and a small box wrapped in burlap, made to look like a cotton bale. "What's this?" I ask, pointing at the box.

"Music." Iris slides to her knees and tips open the top of the cotton bale, and a soft tinkling version of "Dixie" comes out.

The dinner is chicken wings and rice. The wings are served with a brown sauce, and the rice is full of vegetables and nuts. Polly tells a story about finding the wing recipe in the New York *Times*. "I always liked wings, but nobody would believe me. So it was great finding this recipe."

"They're very good," I say.

"Try the sauce on the rice," she says, passing a coffee creamer with about an inch of sauce in it. "Not too much."

My back starts hurting after I've been on the floor twenty minutes. Both women are careful not to disturb the fourth place at the table, and when the setting gets cleared with the rest of the dinner dishes, Iris says, "We were expecting somebody else."

"We invited Cecil," Polly says. "Iris saw him at the Spa." Polly pours two-thirds of a cup of coffee for me, then offers a creamer just like the one used at dinner; I wonder if they have two or if she quickly washed it after the meal. "She's trying to get herself back into shape."

"You don't seem out of shape to me. Maybe thin."

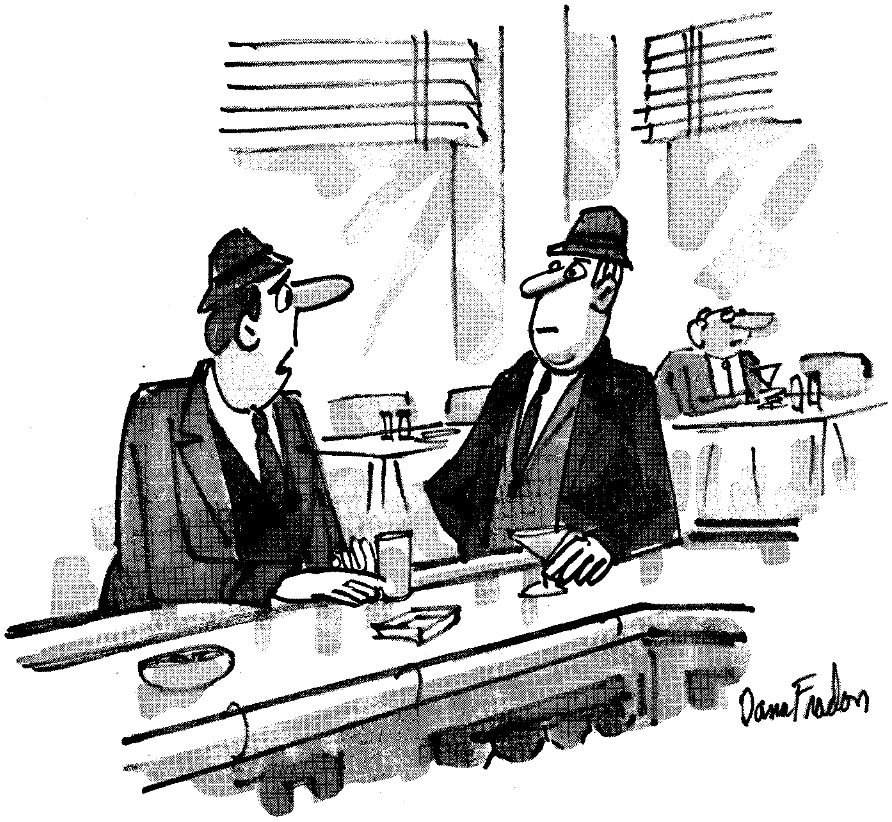
Polly looks at Iris. "You think she's too thin?"

"I've got small bones. Take a look at these wrists." Iris pulls up her sweatshirt sleeves and thrusts both arms out over the table. "Didn't you like the sauce? It's Cecil's. He copied it from somewhere."

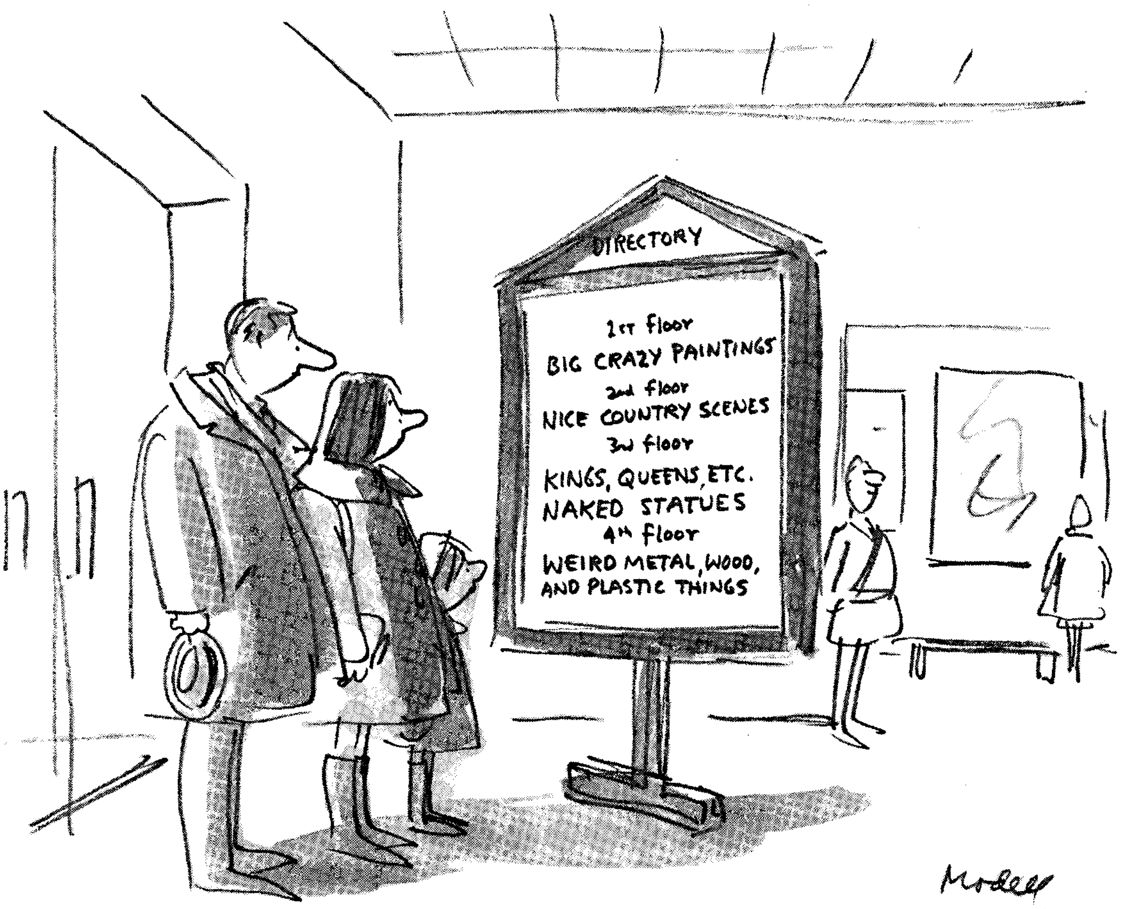
"According to Iris," Polly says, "everything is copied from somewhere. Do you believe that? I think it takes something away."

"I guess he made part of it up," Iris says.

"Cecil's a caution," Polly says, folding her napkin into a flower shape and pressing it down on the table.



"Remember the good old days when all the economy needed was a little fine-tuning?"



"So, Polly, how's the nursing business?" I say.

"I'm looking for something else in my field."

"Gore," Iris says. "She's in gore, primarily. The stuff she knows about would curl your hair. Tell him about that printer at the hospital."

Polly looks at me out of the corners of her eyes. "It wasn't anything. They put these hands on the wrong guys one night. Sewed 'em on."

"One was a printer's hand," Iris says. "This guy had an accident."

"A mixup," Polly says. "They had to act fast. So they switched these hands. The printer got another guy's hand, one the surgeon had to take off. The other guy got the printer's hand, because when the surgeon found the printer's hand it looked O.K. and he thought he'd made a mistake. Neither hand worked. Cosmetically it worked, though."

"Cosmetically it was great," Iris says. "The printer was Italian and very dark, and the other guy was a poet or something."

"After a while they looked O.K.," Polly says. "The hospital did follow-up—color photographs and stuff. After a while you could hardly tell. Iris went out with the poet."

"Just twice, and he wasn't a poet. He was something else. But he could type real fast one-handed."

"Cecil was going to do this documentary about it," Polly says. "That's how we met him. But he was so messed up he couldn't carry it off. Then he got in on this Spa deal with some A.A. guys."

"He didn't want to do it anyway," Iris says. "That was just an excuse."

Polly rolls her eyes. "After the poet, it was Cecil. She's hittin' 'em hard, this one, since you guys quit."

"That's crap and you know it," Iris says. "Besides, we never really saw each other, not that way."

"Picking 'em up and putting 'em down." Polly grins at me. "He's like a father to her."

"Oh, Polly." Iris takes her coffee into the kitchen, leaving me and Polly staring at each other.

After a couple of minutes I point at the flashlights. "What's with these?" I say, taking one of them off the table.

"Lanterns," Polly says. "They were great when Hurricane Monica came through last year—or was that the year before?"

" '79, I think."

"They float. I took one of them—that one, not the one you've got—to the bathtub to test it. They really do."

I snap on the light and shine it around the room, making twisty shadows out of the plants.

"Sometimes we have wars," Polly says. "In the dark. It's pretty much fun." She takes the second lantern and clicks it on and off several times, hitting me in the face with its beam. "I shouldn't tease her, should I?" She holds the lantern with both hands and shines the light up into her face. She looks very sexy and mysterious with the light on her that way. "I really shouldn't nag her," Polly says. "But it's so easy." She turns off the light and puts it back in the middle of the table, then struggles to her feet and goes into the kitchen.

I hear her talking to Iris, whispering, but I can't make out what's being said. I wonder if I should just go ahead and leave without saying goodbye, but I decide that would be worse than staying, so I sit and drink my coffee. I shoot the lantern beam around the room, then out the window, where it hits one of Mrs. Jaymar's feeders. I play the light out there for a few minutes, thinking about Iris and me, how we used to roughhouse together and how we used to do certain things—like wear heavy coats inside in the winter. That's when I spot Cecil, wrapped up in a lime-green parka, hugging the trunk of the willow.

—FREDERICK BARTHELME

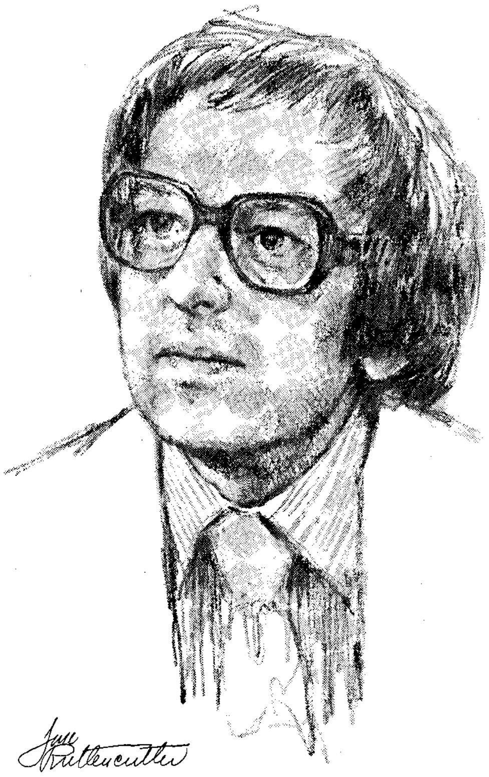
•

The Harrises also visited Lenin's birthplace, Ulyanov. Lenin is Russia's favorite son, the Harrises learned.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Daily Pantagraph.*

You have to get up pretty early in the morning to put one over on the Harrises.

PROFILES

A WAY OF MAKING THINGS HAPPEN—I



TO André Previn, one of the most pleasing sounds in the world is that of an orchestra tuning, and when the orchestra is the Pittsburgh Symphony, of which he is the music director, the pleasure is enhanced. Previn, like other music directors of major symphony orchestras in America, spends comparatively little time with his orchestra—fourteen weeks, September through May, at three-week or four-week intervals, plus two or three weeks on domestic or European tour, with carefully chosen guest conductors filling in the gaps of a fifty-two-week season. The rest of the year, using a twenty-acre country home in Surrey as his base, he is the conductor emeritus of the London Symphony Orchestra and a guest conductor of all the major symphonies in the Western world. (In 1985, he expects to continue with the Pittsburgh, sever his ties with the L.S.O., and become the music director of the Royal Philharmonic, in London.)

Previn likes to get to Pittsburgh forty-eight hours before the first rehearsal for a concert. He takes the Concorde—it not only saves time, he says, but "cuts down on cowardice"—and one day late in April he went to Heathrow Airport only to be told that the flight had been cancelled and he should come back the following day. So he arrived in Pittsburgh late and irritated. Also, he had a cold. His first stop at Heinz Hall, the home of the Pittsburgh Symphony, at nine-thirty, on the morning of the first rehearsal, was Dinah Daniels' office. Miss Daniels, who was then the Pittsburgh Symphony's director of public relations, is a tall, attractive young woman with hazel eyes, short, wavy reddish-blond hair, and a trim figure, kept trim by half a dozen trips a day from her office, on the third floor in the front of the building, to the backstage, on the first floor at the rear. She is a cheerful, intelligent woman with uncommon common sense, and a sense of humor, too. Previn greeted her, as he does all women friends, with a kiss on each cheek. Miss Daniels' laugh has the sound of a Swiss bell, and when Previn, in duffel coat, jeans, fisherman's cap, and ankle-high black boots, told her about the delayed flight—elaborating on the inconvenience of trying to save three and a half hours and losing twenty-four—she laughed. It seemed to cheer him up, and he laughed, too. Previn's face is an interesting one: the nose prominent, the mouth sensuous, the planes of his face hardly visible, the eyes, behind wide-rimmed black-framed glasses, blue. His hair is black but turning gray, and it frames his face in a modified Beatles cut. In repose, his face is expressionless. His friends know him to be a witty man, but when he is told a joke or an anecdote he seems to be pondering the different levels, anticipating the destination, the punch line. He may nod approval. But when he is surprised his face goes into action—eyes crinkle shut, mouth turns up, opens, head goes back, and he gasps with laughter. His friend Adolph Green says, "André's sense of nonsense is as great as that of anyone I know. His is a Perelman-Benchley world. He's constantly amused at the absurdity of life, the foolishness of people's behavior. It's not easy to make him actually laugh, but it's a pleasure. He becomes absolutely *crippled* with laughter."

Miss Daniels' office, in addition to a desk, a typewriter, and a few chairs, had a deep-blue Oriental rug; a five-foot-two papier-mâché musician in white tie and tails in one corner; framed posters stamped "Sold Out" of Pittsburgh Symphony concerts at Avery Fisher Hall; a framed Carnegie Hall Ninetieth Anniversary poster; and a big food stamp with Previn's picture in the middle, which someone in the office had printed (a hint that salaries weren't what they should be). That day, her desk held a pile of letters, requests, appeals—matters that required a decision from Previn. He glanced at the stack and said, "I should do what Lenny does—A and C, accept and cancel." (Lenny is, of course, Leonard Bernstein.) Two matters demanded immediate attention. The following week, auditions would be held to fill the principal-second-violin chair—the current occupant was retiring—and someone from the *Times* wanted to observe. Previn said, "No, no, no! These things are tough enough as it is." The second request was an invitation to the Pittsburgh to play at Resorts International Hotel, in Atlantic City. As a matter of fact, an account in the *Times* said that Previn and the Pittsburgh, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Seiji Ozawa, and the New York Philharmonic, with Zubin Mehta, were all going to give concerts there. Previn said, "Absolutely not." (Ozawa also refused, but Mehta accepted.) Miss Daniels told Previn that the morning and afternoon rehearsals would be held in Heinz Hall's big practice room, on the fourth floor; Gulf Oil had taken over the auditorium for its annual shareholders' meeting. Previn said, "I *hate* that big phone booth. The acoustics are *atrocious*." Previn's career spans two venues (four, if you include Hollywood and jazz), and his speech reflects this. With total inconsistency, he says "concertos" and "concerti," "tempos" and "tempi," "interval" and "intermission." "Tune," for theme or melody, is English, and he bites his tongue to keep from saying "semiquaver" for sixteenth note when he's in America. A soft-spoken man whose voice has the timbre of an oboe, Previn often speaks in italics to get his message across. Nevertheless, he's a pro at bowing to the inevitable, like

Gulf Oil, and, saying "I'll see you later," he headed for the rehearsal.

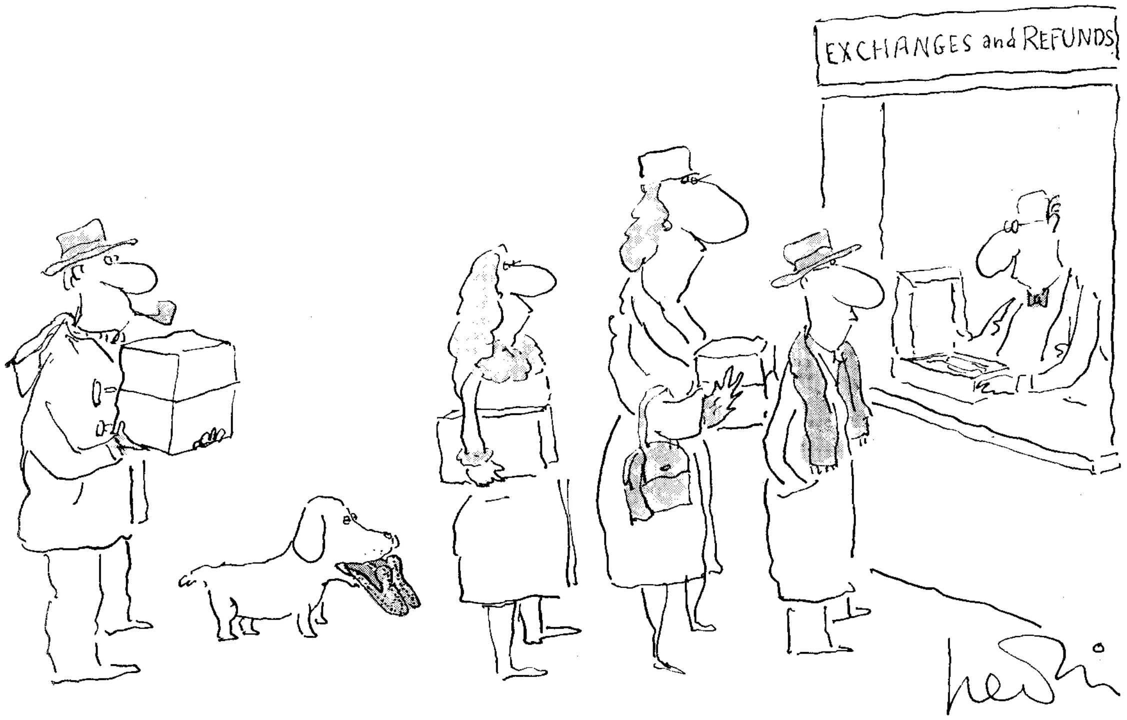
WHENEVER Previn returns to Pittsburgh, he deliberately schedules a program that is tough for the orchestra. He feels they're never in quite the same shape they were in when he left them, and that a difficult piece will force them to play better immediately. On one occasion, it was Berlioz' Requiem, which he calls "World War III." This time, it would be the Rachmaninoff Symphony No. 3—every bit as difficult as the same composer's legendary Third Piano Concerto—and the Brahms Second Piano Concerto, with one of Previn's favorite pianists, the Cuban-born Horacio Gutiérrez. Gutiérrez would not arrive until Thursday morning, the day of the first concert, so Previn had Tuesday and Wednesday to work with the orchestra. He decided on a string rehearsal in the morning, and brass, woodwind, and percussion in the afternoon. In Rachmaninoff, brass and woodwinds can cover a multitude of sins in the string section, and there would be no hiding this morning.

The big practice room has an eighteen-foot ceiling, and the white walls are covered with inverted-shield-shaped white panels that could certainly cause sound to ricochet. The violins, violas, cellos, and basses were there, practicing and chattering, when Previn came in, at ten. He threaded his way through them, pausing to say hello to several players, and then, seated on a high stool on the podium, he said to everyone, "Nice to see you again." Orchestra members applaud one another by shuffling their feet, and they did this now for Previn.

Previn smiled acknowledgment, and said, "Before we start the Rachmaninoff, whatever markings you have, they're not mine." He said to Fritz Siegal, his concertmaster, who, in the absence of an oboe, had just given an A for the others to tune to, "In Vienna, they tune to *four fifty*." Most American orchestras prefer the lower-pitched 440 A. Siegal, a slight man with brown hair, a trim mustache and beard, and blue eyes, looked amused. (New music directors usually choose their own concertmaster, but Siegal was with the Pittsburgh when Previn arrived, and Previn counts it a blessing that Siegal is there. He says that in addition to being an excellent concertmaster and a supreme soloist Siegal is "very funny, *witty*, sometimes a rake, but he doesn't show that to strangers," and he adds, "Sometimes visiting conductors don't find out.")

The rehearsal was nerve-racking. The players all sounded terrible—ragged and insecure. Many were sight-reading a work that was unfamiliar to them. It isn't programmed often, and it hadn't been played in Pittsburgh in over forty years. Previn said, "You're not watching the hairpins." "Hairpins" is a musicians' term for crescendo and diminuendo markings. "If you don't, the winds, who follow, will be in trouble." Previn works up quite a head of steam when he conducts, and his usually pale face was flushed. As the strings played, he said, "Watch what comes at Forty-seven. It's pretty funny." And then "Stay *ironclad* in your rhythm. Once we get everyone cooking on that, it's really vicious." The clarinettist Gervase de Peyer, who was in the London Symphony Orchestra for a number of years, has offered an explanation of why Previn lasted so long with that independent, self-governed orchestra—an unprecedented eleven and a half years: "He's got a way with him, André. With all orchestras, there are difficult moments, and he's very good at using the moment for a witty, amusing remark that puts things in perspective." Now there was a terrible tangle, and Previn said, "Was anyone hurt in that wreck?" He laughed at a messy pizzicato passage in the cello section, and said, "Stay out of this. You're only confusing us." There were groans and gripes from all directions. During a pause, a violinist muttered, "I feel like I'm walking on eggshells." Previn heard it, and said, "I picked this with malice aforethought." He zeroed in on a theme that started with the firsts, was picked up by the seconds, passed to the violas, and then to the cellos and basses—fast and delicate and completely exposed. Previn said, "I've only done this piece once before—years ago. That spot is trouble. The critics will blast us for that passage alone. When more awkward string parts are written, I don't want to see them." It's atypical of him to be negative, and now he smiled and said, "Nevertheless, we're stuck with it, so let's do it right." He called a tricky cello passage "the musicians'-union entrance test," and told the cellos, "You don't get any help from *anybody* on those four bars, so it has to be *exactly* right. After that, we're back in Rach land, and it's not so bad."

As the rehearsal progressed, the sound improved, and Previn looked relieved. At twelve-thirty on the dot, Aaron Chaifetz, watch in hand, viola under arm, rose and approached the podium. A huge, jolly man, he seems



to loom as he walks. He is the personnel manager, and the watch is the signal that time's up—union rules. Previn always keeps the left cuff of any shirt he's wearing—red-and-white checked cotton today—unbuttoned, for easy access to *his* watch, and he has usually finished what he'd planned to do by the time Chaifetz looms. Previn thanked the musicians and said he would see them the following morning.

Previn's quarters, an office with dressing room, closet, and bathroom, are off the street stage-door entrance, past the greenroom, and down a long corridor, behind the stage proper. His office is furnished with a large black-leather-topped desk, a sofa covered in a tan-and-brown print, and an assortment of chairs. Previn made only a few changes in his quarters when he took over from his predecessor, William Steinberg: he added a small refrigerator in a corner, and he removed two etchings of Bruckner. Bruckner is a composer Previn has yet to conduct. He says, "I like religious music, but I can't stand his piety. I wish he would get up off his knees." In place of the etchings are two framed crayon drawings done by his son Matthew, now twelve: one is of a brown-suited conductor wearing a black bow tie and holding his baton pointed skyward, and is signed, with many "X"s, "Matthew, 1978;" the other is made up of black figures representing a symphony orchestra, with all the players in the proper places, and is signed "To Papa, with love. Matthew, October 27, 1978." Also on the walls are score pages that Previn has had mounted and framed in black: a page from the Schubert C-Major Quintet; a page from Britten's "War Requiem."

Waiting in Previn's office after the rehearsal was Sid Kaplan. A handsome man of medium height, with gray hair and an open, pleasant manner, Kaplan was for many years a French-horn player in the Pittsburgh Symphony. Then he quit, moved to Ohio, and went into business. But he missed the music world, and when the business failed he returned to the orchestra, and eventually became its manager. He is a good friend of Previn's, and is almost paternally protective of him. His staff keeps the refrigerator in Previn's office stocked with fruit juice and yogurt, and he also makes sure that there is food in Previn's apartment when he returns to Pittsburgh. In addition, Kaplan sometimes drives Previn to and from engagements. Dinah Daniels was there, too.

Previn calls Kaplan Kap or Kappy, and now he said, "Kap, I promised Gary Graffman I would listen to his star pupil today. I can hear her practicing on that god-awful piano in the greenroom. Can you find something better for her?" Previn paused, and added, "It's so terrible she'd be better off with an accordion." Another pause, and then he laughed. "Maybe she sings." Previn was skipping his lunch hour to hear the pupil, Lydia Artymiw. Previn likes to encourage young musicians, but he finds it hard to pass judgment on them. Once, he and Vladimir Ashkenazy,

WALKING BY THE CLIFFSIDE DYEWORKS

Even the dark end of Belmont Avenue
is floodlit today as though for postcards—
as though a tire, a rusted-out camshaft,
rings that trash cans left in the snow
henceforth belonged to history.

Shadows fall from the brick facets
to the windows of run-down houses,
but now they land on different faces—
not those paesanos
who manned the second and third shifts
through the fat forties and lean fifties
and, as you did, into the sixties.
Mostly spent now, the bankrolls they shaved
against a death out of sight of their olive groves.

One was Frank Strangelo,
who came, like you, from Sambiase.
Nine years for stabbing a cardshark
made Frank a celebrity.
Some of the women wouldn't visit,
some tried to keep their husbands away.
But you never singled him out,
even when you covered your glass
to keep him from pouring another.

I climbed the stairs of his three-family,
standing clear of the missing railings.
I could see the infield in Hinchcliffe Stadium
or halfway down the cleft of the falls,
could overhear through the screen
the women agree it was too much wine.

I could have stood there all day,
I could be standing there now
and still never have learned
if it was months or if it hit Frank
right then, knife in hand,
that the cardshark understood nothing
of Calabrese chivalry.

Once when I was out of work
one of the mechanics informed me
that I could show your union card
and get a job in a place like this.
Lie down, father.
Those bootprints in the old snow
leading to the Employee Entrance
are becoming shapeless as men.
And in one of the rusty rooms
the burnished axle of a warping jig
rises from a welter of sumac
to tell them it's ten after two.

—ROBERT CARNEVALE

• •

who are good friends, were in the same city. Musicians' paths cross in odd places, like the routes on airline maps, and on this occasion Previn and Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman were all in Daytona Beach, Florida. Ashkenazy had agreed to listen to a young pianist there and advise her honestly about whether she had any chance of a career as a concert pianist. He invited Previn to come along and listen. Previn went, though he hated to do so, and chose an inconspicuous seat at the back of the room. Ashkenazy had to discourage her. She pleaded with him. If she practiced eight hours a day, got a different teacher . . . And he had to tell her, "Not in a million years. You can play for your own pleasure, for your friends, chamber music. But a career—no." I hoped Miss Artymiw would be good.

"That's settled, then. We'll all go back to our respective divisions and act busy."

• •

Miss Daniels brought a sandwich and a Coke to Previn's office, and he returned from the audition looking pleased. Miss Artymiw had, it turned out, decided to stick with the piano she'd been practicing on, and Previn said, "That girl is *fabulous!* What a technique! Even on that terrible piano. There isn't *anything* she can't play. Fantastic!" Concerts are planned and soloists booked well in advance. Miss Artymiw was booked to play with the Pittsburgh three seasons later.

The brass, woodwind, and percussion rehearsal was handled almost with dispatch. Often, given the sheer number of notes the strings play, and the numbers in each section—seventeen first violins, fifteen seconds, twelve violas, eleven cellos, and nine basses in the Pittsburgh—it seems that getting them to sound good together is more than half the battle with any orchestra. Previn did single out the first oboe, Elden Gatwood. He said, "Elden, I think it's absolutely wonderful that you *never* have to breathe, but in that long solo you could sneak a breath in, just before F, if you want to."

And then Previn met with management, on the fifth floor—something he looks forward to every bit as much as a visit to the dentist. Programs, personnel problems, recording sessions, whether or not to buy a new piano must all be "talked into the ground," and there's always a certain amount of bureaucratic red tape involved. Previn sighs with relief when the session is over.

SEVERAL years ago, Previn formed a piano trio with Herbert Greenberg, the associate concertmaster, and Anne Martindale Williams, the principal cellist. At first, they played just for their own pleasure, but in 1979 they gave a concert at the local Y, as part of the Y's chamber-music series. According to Stephen Dick, who produced the "Previn and the Pittsburgh" broadcasts for public television, "the audience applauded and stamped their feet, and if they'd had flowers they would have thrown them." This season, the trio was scheduled to play at the Y Music Society the following Tuesday, and again a week later. Formidable programs: Beethoven's monumental "Archduke" and the Ravel Trio the first Tuesday, and the Beethoven "Ghost" Trio and the Brahms B-Major the following week. In this busy time, Previn fitted trio rehearsals in whenever he could. Also, in two weeks, when Itzhak Perlman would be the soloist in two concertos—the Korngold and the Conus, both of which would also be recorded after the concerts were over—a jazz recording session was planned. Previn and Perlman had recorded some Scott Joplin, at Perlman's request. Previn felt the peak of the Joplin craze had passed, but he did it nevertheless. The record turned out to be one of Perlman's best-sellers, and now he wanted to record some jazz. This week, Previn planned to write eight original tunes for his friend, so that Perlman would not be compared by critics with legitimate jazz violinists, and, in order to make the record as good as it could possibly

"To another thirty-five years of la comédie humaine."

• •

be, he was flying in to Pittsburgh Shelly Manne, from Los Angeles, on drums; Jim Hall, from New York ("an absolute *genius*"), on guitar; and Red Mitchell, from Stockholm, on bass. Previn had worked with all of them in the fifties, when he was active—and acclaimed—as a jazz pianist. One of the best-selling jazz records of all time was a 1956 recording of "My Fair Lady" by Shelly Manne and Friends, one of whom was Previn. Also in the fifties, Manne played drums in the André Previn Trio.

This afternoon, after the meeting with management, Previn, Greenberg, and Mrs. Williams got together in the big practice room and tore into the Ravel. Before they started, Mrs. Williams asked Previn if he had practiced.

Previn said, "Are you kidding? With this piece? You're damned right I did."

Mrs. Williams is a petite young woman with blue eyes, golden hair, and a ready tendency to blush. Greenberg is of medium height and has a mop of curly brown hair that almost hides his features. He is given to wearing jeans and running shoes and a Pittsburgh Pirates T-shirt. He and Previn are friends, and Previn often goes to the Greenbergs' for dinner and games of Scrabble. Greenberg was currently giving serious thought to moving to a lesser orchestra, where he could be concertmaster rather than just associate. Siegal was a youthful sixty-two, and Previn hoped he would stay on well beyond the optional retirement age of sixty-five. Even though Previn let Greenberg play concertos frequently with the symphony, partly in the hope of keeping him there, too, for Greenberg it was still not the same as being No. 1.

Many musicians consider the Ravel to be the composer's finest chamber work. Filled with elastic give-and-take rubatos, it is also an extremely difficult piece to play. Previn's edition of the score was French, and included explanations of an occasional mystery that the others' Kalmus edition was vague about. Nevertheless, Previn sometimes deferred to Mrs. Williams on matters of interpretation—she had studied the work at Curtis with Isidore Cohen, the violinist with the Beaux Arts Trio. They made their way through the first movement, pausing to discuss certain points, and then played it through without stopping. After they'd finished, Previn said, "All the things we didn't talk about were fine. All the things we talked about were *terrible*." He laughed, and added, "A depressing thought—we'll be better off if we rely on instinct." Although they were working hard, he paused to say, "Have you seen Gretchen's metronome?" Gretchen Van Hoesen is the orchestra's principal harp. "Is that fun! You can set five counter rhythms at the same time, at different volumes and different accents. I had fun with that! I can't tell you."

Before they began the second movement, Previn played a theme from it and said, "For me, it's like 'La Valse.' Any faster than that, and the terror goes, and it becomes a scherzo." Glancing at Mrs. Williams, he said, "Annie, I can tell by your smile you want it faster."

Mrs. Williams blushed a bit and said, "No, not really."

Previn has been accused of favoring young players. In 1978, when Nathaniel Rosen, then the principal cellist, won the Tchaikovsky Competition and left the Pittsburgh, a flock of cellists from all over the country auditioned for his chair. So did Mrs. Williams, who had been Rosen's assistant section leader for a couple of years. Previn was criticized for choosing her because of her youth, but his judgment has proved to be wise. She's a strong section leader, and in all the solos that come up in the orchestral literature her sound is warm and lush and her playing eloquent. She said of a theme in the second movement of the Ravel, "Every time I hear that, I think of cocktail music."

Previn said, "Absolutely!" He played it in his best cocktail-music style, and as he played he said, "Yeah. . . . Yeah. . . . Sure. . . . It's even *harmonized* that way. But he saves it by having all those eighth notes in the cello and violin against it."

Previn said after they'd played the third movement, at a slow tempo, "We have to make sure this thing doesn't turn into Delius. I can't believe this tempo, but you're the one who studied it. Incidentally, at Eight, it's not a brand-new thought at all. It's not a paragraph."

After they'd finished the fourth movement, Greenberg said to Previn, "What you did before Five was a great idea—it really sets it."

Previn said, "Well, it was partly an

"Well, to make a long story long..."

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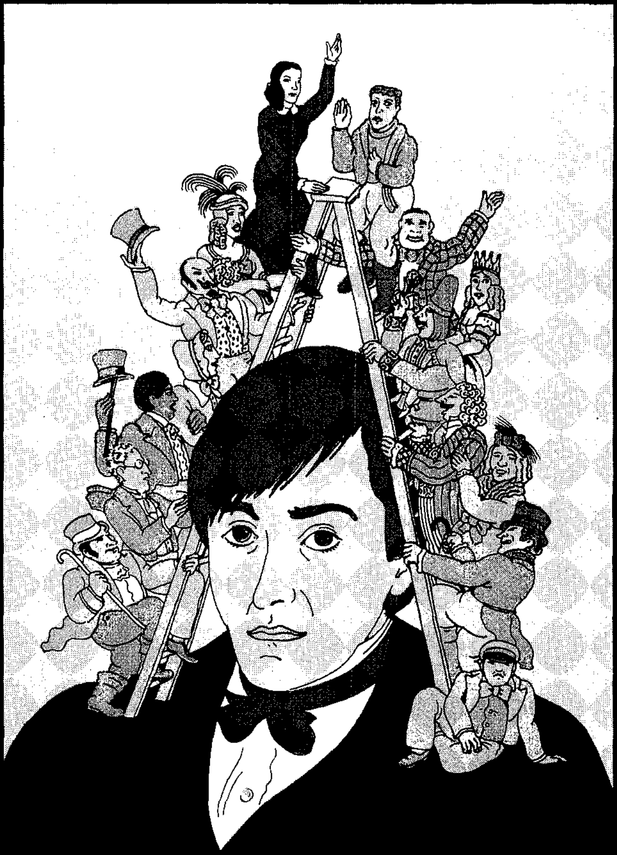

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CLOSED CAPTIONED FOR THE HEARING IMPAIRED

AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK FROM PENGUIN BOOKS idea and partly panic. I'm so proud of playing that run—I'm never going to do *that* again." He glanced at his watch; it was six-thirty. He closed his music and stood up, and the others did the same. Previn said, "I think we sound terrific. I'd like us to play on one of my BBC shows—maybe next year." Then he remembered that Greenberg might be leaving Pittsburgh, and he said, "I'm sorry, Herbie. That was insensitive of me. Look, you can still be in the trio." He started to laugh, and added, "But not on camera." (The trio has not yet played on the BBC, but in February of 1983 they will give a concert in Baltimore's new Joseph Meyerhoff Hall, home of the Baltimore Symphony, of which Greenberg is now the concertmaster.)

Previn lives in a neighborhood with sparse conveniences, and after saying goodbye to Greenberg and Mrs. Williams he walked half a block to a takeout delicatessen and bought a roast chicken and "coleslaw for one." He took the food back to Heinz Hall, where Kaplan was waiting to drive him home.

ON Thursday morning, Previn, who has said he never feels he's really in Pittsburgh until he is in the hall, on the podium, and facing the full orchestra, arrived early for the ten-o'clock rehearsal. The hall, which was renovated in 1970, is a confection of concert-hall colors—red plush seats, red carpets, gold-flecked white wallpaper. The box seats and the grand tier are edged in gold, and have decorative lacy gold medallions along the sides, through which light flickers when the house lights are dimmed. While Previn was backstage talking to Miss Van Hoesen—"one of *the* greatest in the country," he says—who looked too young to be the greatest anything just yet, Miss Daniels came down from her office to tell him that the rehearsal would be "open."

Previn looked startled, and asked, "The ladies?"

Miss Daniels nodded, and added, "And children, too."

"*Children*? How *old*? Oh, God."

At ten, with the entire orchestra onstage, Previn, seated on a high stool on the podium, had a few words to say to the musicians. With a glance at Chaifetz, he said, "I don't know if I'm allowed to say this. Tell me, those maroon ties you wear for the Sunday-afternoon concerts—is that a management rule? You look like Roxy ushers." Applause from the orchestra members. They didn't like them, either. "Well, get something different—but no jokes." Previn isn't accustomed to management or union rules, because of all the conducting he does in Europe. In Pittsburgh, according to Previn, someone is forever saying, "Yes, but in Section 3, Paragraph B . . ." He said now, "And something else bothers me. You ought to be sitting on risers. I can't see some of the woodwinds and brass, and I suspect they can't see me, either." There were dissenting murmurs. Some of the players in the rear had long sections of rests in certain pieces—enough time to read before they had to come in. Previn said, "Well, I'm sorry. Rules or no rules, you're going to have risers. Makeshift ones for this concert and the rest of the season. During the summer, I'll have some nice ones specially built."

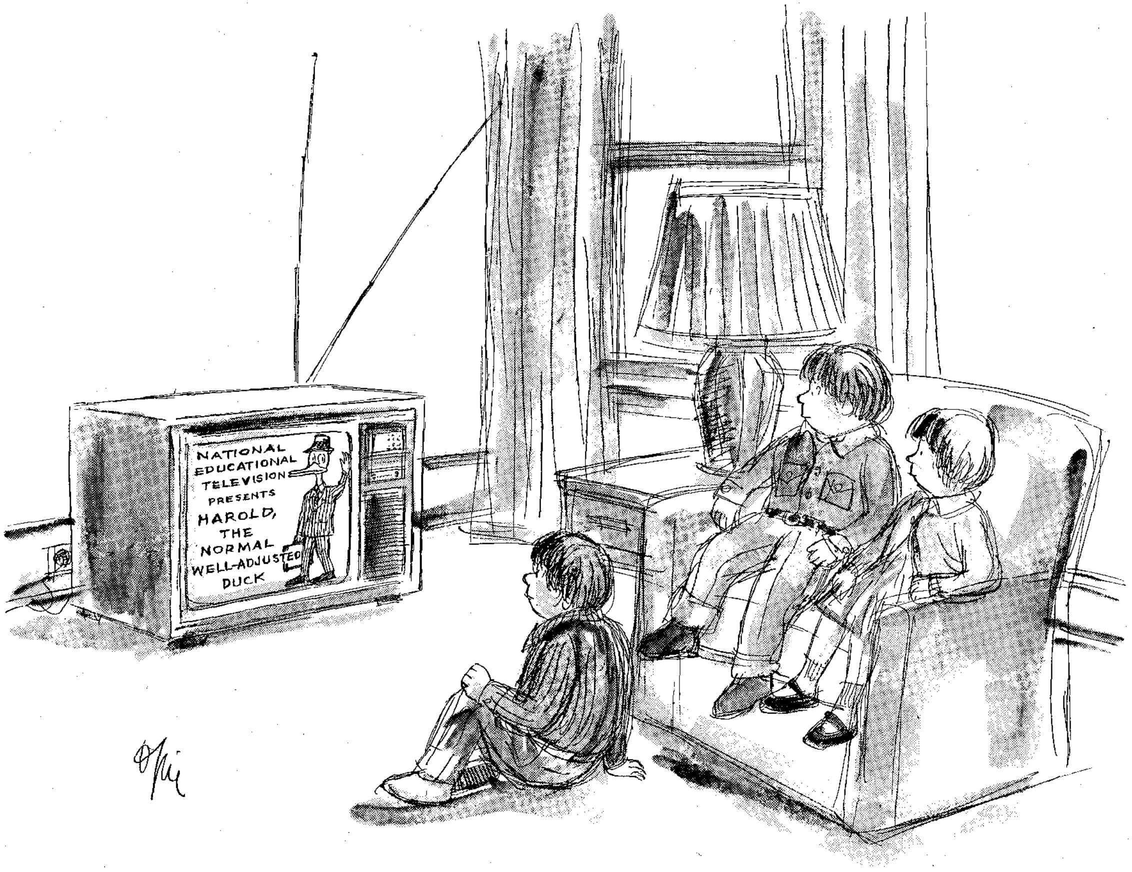
The piano was in place onstage, to Previn's left. As the hall was filling up, Gutiérrez arrived to rehearse the Brahms. The orchestra members applauded when he came onstage, and Previn hopped down to shake hands and greet him. Gutiérrez, a tall, heavyset, sandy-haired young man, in a gray business suit, acknowledged the applause with a nod and exchanged a few words with Previn. Then he sat down at the piano and, twirling the stool's knobs, adjusted the seat to a height that suited him. He is shy, almost humble, in demeanor, but is in awesome command once he starts to play. Previn enjoys accompanying soloists, and it is a rare program that does not include one. He often uses soloists when the orchestra is on tour—something that most music directors tend not to do, since the whole point of a tour is to show off the orchestra itself. Perhaps his rapport with soloists is a result of the fact that when he was in his teens and early twenties he was often the piano soloist himself. His sensitive ear counts, too. Once, Vladimir Ashkenazy rehearsed the Brahms First Concerto with the London Symphony Orchestra. At the end of the rehearsal, Ashkenazy remained onstage, playing the slow movement. When Previn was almost out of earshot, he heard a slight sweetness that had not been there during the rehearsal. He spun around. Ashkenazy was looking at him and grinning. He said, "I *thought* I could get your attention without shouting at you."

PIZZ
SU
d. ehrenberg

Before returning to the podium, Previn turned and made an announcement to the audience. "Today, we don't have time to even be *aware* of you. This is not a dress rehearsal. It's a *first* rehearsal. So, please, no applause." Then Previn began the Brahms. He can have flu and fever, jet lag and no sleep, but when he conducts he comes to life, radiates energy, wills what he wants. With his left hand he demands, beseeches, cajoles, soothes, quiets; with the hand doubled into a fist, pulled toward him, he is saying, "More, *more*." He also cues with his left hand, and Harold Smoliar, the English horn, who in some pieces has lots of time to read, says, almost in wonderment, "He never lets me down." Smoliar adds, "We feed off his adrenaline," to which Previn says, "That's what I'm here for." At times, the baton, in Previn's right hand, is pointed toward the ceiling in preparation for a downbeat. Sometimes both arms are raised high, hands curved down: an eagle in flight.

At rehearsal, Previn abandons the stool the moment the music begins. When he stops to correct a spot, he clenches the baton between his teeth to free his hands for score-page turning. Orchestra musicians are compulsive talkers—a release from their tense task. While they're playing, it's almost as if they were thinking up a joke to pass along during the next pause. But Pittsburgh players are attentive enough to require only a "Sh-h-h, *sh-h-h*," instead of handclaps, from Previn to make them shut up and settle down. When he's not as severely pressed for time as he was today, he will stop and ask "What was that?" so he can enjoy the joke, too.

He stopped now and then to say something to the orchestra. "At Letter L, you get too excited. I'd appreciate it if you'd mark that crescendo just piano." He flipped pages. "Basses—that great big theme at Letter F. He's playing a brand-new piano. Give him a



chance." More page turnings and several "Sh-h-h"s. "Violas, cellos, at K. *Listen* to what's happening. Keep your eyes open—it's not necessarily metronomic." He watched Gutiérrez closely, smiled when he did something individualistic, or played what Previn knew to be an almost impossible passage flawlessly. During the slow movement, without stopping the orchestra, he left the podium to speak to Elden Gatwood, the oboe. There is a recurring, haunting cello solo in that movement, and on his way back to the podium Previn said to Siegal, "Isn't Annie *wonderful*?" With an occasional "More, *more*," at climaxes, or "Oh, that's lovely," of something softer, they completed the last movement.

Chaifetz had left the orchestra and was standing near the stage exit, watch in hand. Previn, baton on stand, hands in hip pockets, said to the orchestra, "There was some rhythmic carelessness, wasn't there? That's because it's just a rehearsal, right?" He was grinning. "*Somebody* nod."

PREVIN arrived at Heinz Hall early Thursday night for the eight-o'clock concert. He likes to relax a bit, talk to orchestra members, before going to his dressing room to change from jeans and shirt to white tie and tails. (Since my visit to Pittsburgh, Previn has abandoned this confining uniform, and he now conducts in a black sleeveless tunic and white shirt, open at the throat—acceptable in Europe and Boston, he claims, and comfortable, too.) At eight sharp, he made his way down the long corridor and a dogleg left and walked about twenty paces to the stage entrance. The program was a crowd pleaser, and a big success with the audience. The tricky string passage in the Rachmaninoff went so well that it was confident, even jubilant, and in the Brahms Gutiérrez was in great form. Previn has said of him, "I've never seen such a soloist. He's so intense, gets into the music so much, if you asked him what *country* he's in he couldn't tell you." At the last note, Previn faced the orchestra during the first burst of applause. When there is no soloist, Previn always signals to the orchestra to stand before he turns to acknowledge the applause. Now, in lieu of a handshake, he gave Gutiérrez a bear hug, and then signalled to the orchestra members to stand. He had removed his glasses, "not for reasons of vanity," he later told me. "They're *steamed*, I can't see." Pittsburgh audiences are sometimes said to be staid, but they called Gutiérrez and Previn back for a number of bows, and toward the end everyone in the audience was standing and applauding.

In the greenroom, Previn and Gutiérrez accepted congratulations from several dozen music lovers, and then Previn went to his room to change. He emerged wearing a dark suit, a pale-blue shirt, and, instead of a tie, a paisley silk scarf around his neck. Gutiérrez' wife, Patricia, was standing next to her husband in the greenroom when Previn returned. A slender, brown-haired young woman, a pianist herself—she met Gutiérrez at Aspen, and they both studied at Juilliard—she travels everywhere with her husband. He suffers from stagefright, and she said to Previn, "He came out smiling tonight. I've never seen that before. What happened?"

Previn said, "I told him a ribald joke—not for ladies' ears."

On another night, another concert, Previn approached the stage door with Itzhak Perlman. The two were whistling the theme from "The Andy Griffith Show" in thirds—at Perlman's challenge. When they reached the door, Previn said, "Itz, if you weren't such a bundle of nerves you could be a big star."

Most conductors in America today are more modest in demeanor than their predecessors were. Cloaks and entourages are out, and so is the long black limousine. Previn had invited the Gutiérrezes to dinner, and out on the street a car was waiting. The three got into the back seat of a pale-blue four-door Oldsmobile and, with a cluster of hangers-on watching, were driven off into the night.

MONDAY is a "dark" day at Heinz Hall—no rehearsals. On Tuesday, at ten, Previn began rehearsals for the coming weekend concerts. The program this time was the Piston Symphony No. 6; the Mozart Violin Concerto No. 3 in G Major, with Young-Uck Kim as the soloist; and the Bee-

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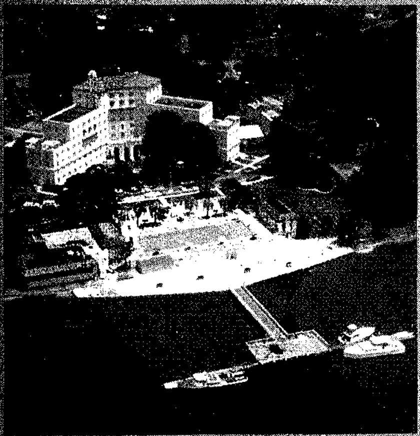

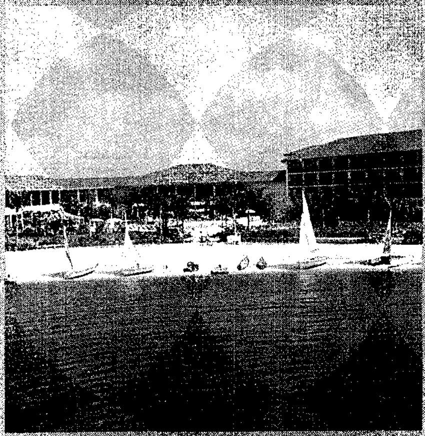

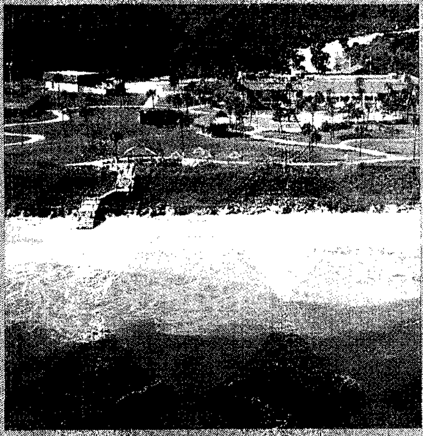

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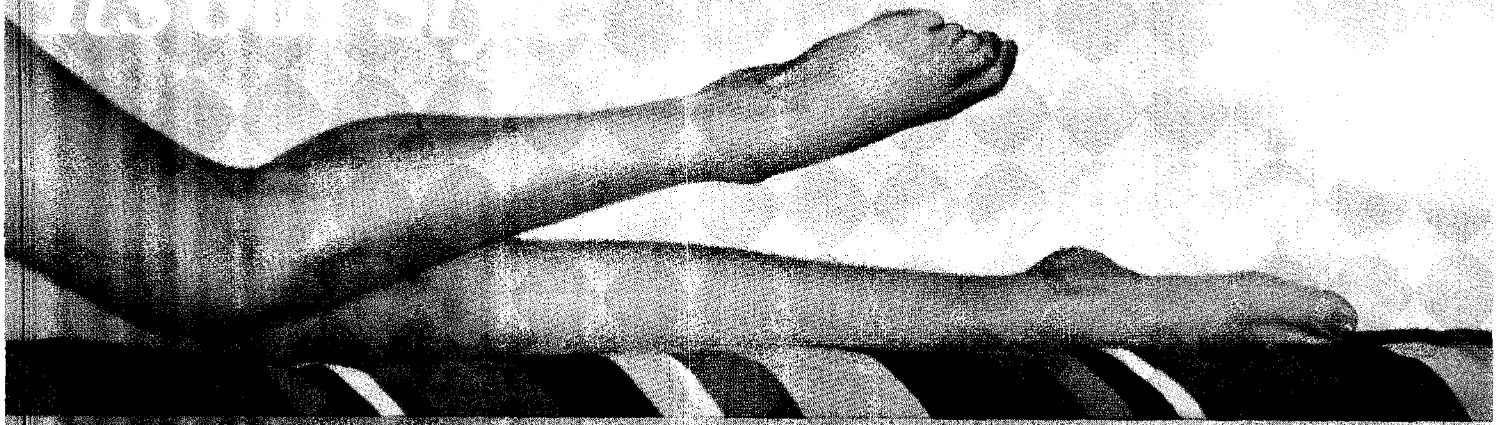

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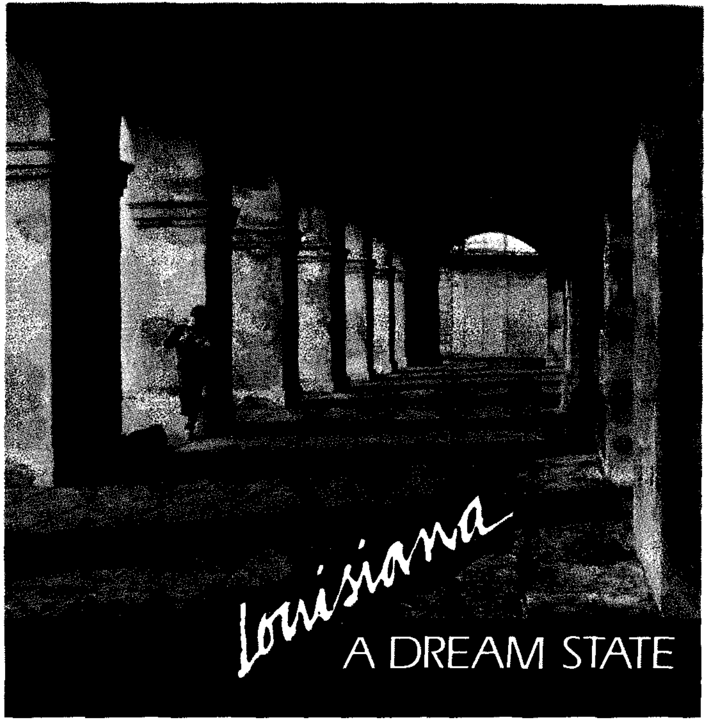

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thoven Symphony No. 5. A local critic had complained that Previn never scheduled Beethoven, and implied that he was afraid to, but Previn says that William Steinberg conducted all but one of the symphonies in his last few seasons with the orchestra, so it seemed better to wait awhile. Previn came in from the street lugging a card table. He said, "I look like a character in search of a Pinter play." He had been composing sitting on the floor in his apartment, legs extended under a coffee table, so he could use the table's surface for large score paper. He was beginning to complain of backaches, and hoped that the new table would give him a more comfortable work space.

Previn began the morning's rehearsal with the Beethoven Fifth. Of the famous first four notes, he said, "No accents. They are all absolutely even—hammered home every time." He had indicated a slow tempo, to the disgruntlement of many of the musicians. He said, "Now that you know it's slower than you expected, give it time." He concentrated on trouble spots in the Piston, and told the orchestra, which would be giving a free pops concert on Wednesday night in the sixteen-thousand-seat Civic Arena, "You can practice the Piston during the 1812 Overture." For the Mozart, the orchestra was reduced to chamber-music size. Previn thinks that Young-Uck Kim plays better Mozart than any violinist he knows. Kim, a trim, slim, wiry young man, does a certain amount of bobbing and weaving while he plays, but his Mozart is truly stunning—lilting and light at times, phrased beautifully always.

After the rehearsal, Previn stayed to hear six finalists audition for the principal-second-violin chair. An audition is the most painful thing an orchestra musician can go through, since an entire career may ride on the outcome, and ordinarily the demand for players is far exceeded by the supply. When the Pittsburgh Symphony has an opening, an ad is placed in the *International Musician*, a monthly magazine published by the American Federation of Musicians. A hundred and eight tuba players once applied for a single opening. At auditions, the aspirants will be asked to play snatches of standard orchestral repertoire chosen for their technical difficulties; to sight-read works, also difficult and usually modern (sometimes still in unpublished manuscript, to preclude a prior encounter with the work, for all too often a professional auditioner who has studied the tricky passages and been chosen can only flounder in an orchestra); and to play prepared selections from the instrument's solo repertoire. There is a shortage of string players now; high schools across America have abandoned orchestras and concentrated on bands, and only thirty-one violinists came to Pittsburgh for the audition—conservatory graduates and people from lesser orchestras who wanted to move up. Three Pittsburgh seconds also tried out. The Pittsburgh Symphony, which is backed by a rich community and has a strong union, is one of about a dozen orchestras in the United States that have a fifty-two-week contract. Equally important, the orchestra ranks high: sixth or seventh now, after the big five—Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York. The other sixth or seventh is the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

"Is that all you can contribute to any conversation—'Oh, come off it'?"

Feeling would run high at this audition. Of the six finalists, two were Pittsburgh players. Every orchestra has its caste system: all players are ranked, and within any section there's more honor in being in the front than in the back. Players in the rear of the sections sometimes feel they aren't heard or seen; there's always a certain amount of chair shifting to find an unobstructed view of the conductor; and if there's deadwood in an orchestra both audiences and colleagues assume that the scarcely visible players are the culprits. In addition, in works that call for a reduced orchestra—Mozart, Haydn, early Beethoven symphonies, for instance—the back half of a section doesn't play at all. The rear of a string section can be a purgatory for the restless—a situation that is somewhat alleviated by a recent practice of some music directors (Previn is one) of rotating string players from the third stand through the last, and listing the players' names in the program alphabetically rather than in cruel order of importance. There is honor and dignity in being seated at the first two stands—especially the principal seat—and usually more money, too.

In Heinz Hall to hear the auditions were members from all five string sections—including, of course, Siegal—who, as members of the audition committee, would choose the new principal second. Previn said to Siegal, "I just *hate* these things. They do more harm than good. Sometimes they seem to tear the orchestra apart." (Fortunately, there's not a lot of mobility in the Pittsburgh now. Only twenty-seven members have retired or moved to other orchestras and been replaced since Previn arrived, in 1976. During Fritz Reiner's reign—of terror—between 1937 and 1947, the attrition rate one year was forty-five per cent. One member of that forty-five per cent—a string bass—earned immortality during a concert by whipping out a long spyglass and training it on Reiner's minuscule beat. Though he was summarily fired, he's a hero, almost a folk figure, to orchestra members everywhere.)

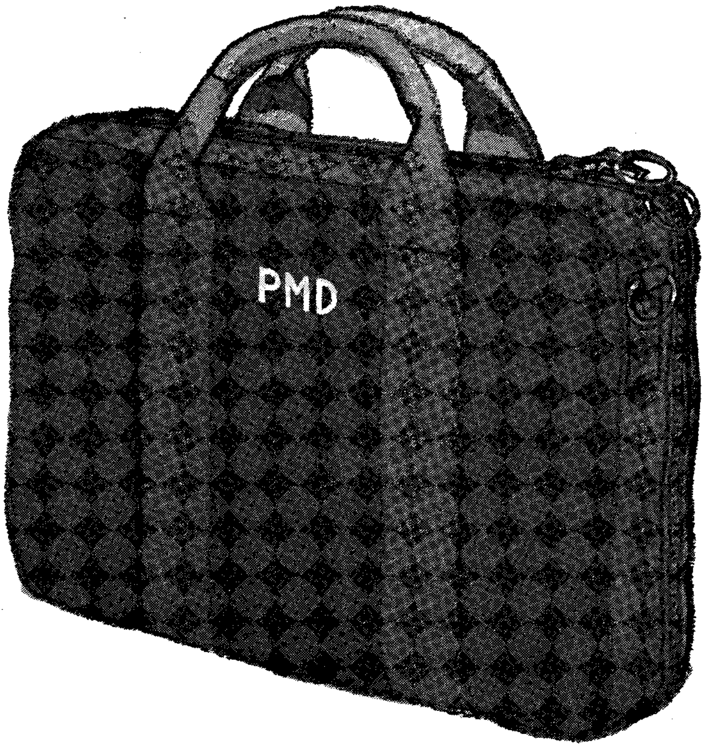
In the finals, it was almost a tossup between two Pittsburgh players—a young man, and an older woman with impressive orchestral credentials. The audition committee picked the young man, to the surprise of the woman, who was hurt and said to a friend, "I could *phone* in my part from the back of that section." Sometimes a younger player has yet to lose the conservatory bloom, the lovely soloist sound, and has more dazzling repertoire in his fingers than a longtime orchestra player. Previn thought both musicians were equally good, and after giving the matter some thought he exercised a music director's prerogative to overrule an orchestra-committee decision, and made the two violinists co-principals. In 1981, Previn prefaced a performance of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony with a Vivaldi concerto for four violins. He used as soloists three second violinists and one first, to show Pittsburgh audiences how good *all* his string players are, and to give the musicians a chance to be heard. The Vivaldi was such a success—impeccable technique and beautifully matched tone and phrasing, not to mention radiant pride—that Previn plans to do similar works in the future, so that everyone in the orchestra will have a chance to shine.

At the performance Friday night, the audience gave Previn and the orchestra a standing ovation after the Beethoven. Backstage, one of the slow-tempo dissidents admitted to me that he had been wrong—that the evening's Beethoven was a high point for him in many years of orchestra playing.

Among the concertgoers in the greenroom after the concert were Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Apt. Previn kissed Joan Apt on each cheek and, at arm's length, admired her blue fox jacket. After he had changed into street clothes—dark suit, no tie, scarf—he and Kim were driven by the Apts to their home for dinner. Jerome Apt is an engineer, and his wife makes a full-time career of supporting the arts. She is on more boards than she can name offhand, including the symphony's, and when Previn arrived in the city she invited him to dinner. He finds her gracious and generous and so respectful of his desire to avoid large groups that he has been back many times. The dinners are restricted to Previn and anyone he chooses to invite. At intermission, Mrs. Apt, talking with friends and drinking champagne in the grand-tier lobby, says that she's just going to "pop something in the oven," but dinner will be served by a maid and will consist of something like veal marsala, asparagus with hollandaise sauce, a crisp salad made of a variety of greens, and a very fine red wine. This evening would be filled with anecdotes. Kim and Previn are good friends (Previn calls Kim Korea's Warren Beatty because of his attraction to women), and Previn says that he and Kim—and everyone else he regularly engages for concerts, for that matter—pick up almost where they left off, in midsentence, a year or two before. They all have in common certain frames of reference—the mention of a name that will recall a wild incident and provoke explosions of laughter; something special that happened at a certain performance; a friend that one has seen more recently than the other; with Kim, in particular, things that happened in Korea: a family meal at which Previn ate a small carrot-size thing that was supposed to be lightly grated, as a hot spice. Previn tells the story on himself, and not just at the Apts': "I felt as if I'd put a grenade in my mouth and pulled the pin. I thought I would die. I didn't think it would be honorable to spit it out. They are such polite, *caring* people. They watched in amazement. I survived, obviously, but for *days* I drank gallons of water."

PREVIN can be diffident, introverted, quiet and cool, impassive, reclusive, and rejecting—to the shock of new acquaintances and the dismay of old friends—but on television he is a different, consistent man: informative, even brilliant, and warm and gracious. As a matter of fact, he appears to be more relaxed in front of the cameras than he is in a friend's living room. He is now in his fourteenth year of broadcasting a variety of programs for the BBC. These have included the "Omnibus" series, which was built around an idea and had prepared scripts. One such program was "Fidelio Finke, Where Are You?" Previn noticed ads for Finke's music on all the Breitkopf scores he bought. He'd never heard of the East German composer, so he looked up Finke's music and played some of it with the London Symphony Orchestra, and enjoyed speculating about composers who vanished without much of a trace, and why it happened to them. The other series, "André Previn's Music Night," also featured the L.S.O., playing familiar classical music—offering it to people who in their entire lives would never have a chance to go to a concert. Previn discussed the music and talked about the composers extemporaneously—"removed the upper-class, high-altar aspects from classical music," according to one friend. And the late Ian Englemann, who directed a great many of the programs until his death, in 1981, once said, "In England, André Previn *is* music."

In 1976, there were people in America who had never heard of Previn and some who had forgotten about him. And in that year "Pittsburgh" evoked the Pirates and the Steelers and just plain steel. In January of that year, John Goberman, the innovator and producer of the "Live from Lincoln Center" programs, chose Previn conducting the New York Philharmonic for the first broadcast. Goberman was familiar with Previn's BBC work, and the program included an intermission talk between Previn and the orchestra's president, Carlos Moseley. The following year, Previn began his own series, "Previn and the Pittsburgh," which consisted of eight taped broadcasts and was misnamed, since not all the programs featured the Pittsburgh. The orchestra concerts, which were preceded by Previn's talking about the music the audience was to hear, included works by Mozart, with Previn playing the Piano Concerto No. 20 in D Minor; Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky, with Gutiérrez as the soloist in the Tchaikovsky concerto; Debussy and Ravel, with Thomas Hoving and Previn discussing—arguing about, actually—the Impressionist movement in art and its influence on music; and an entire hour of Richard Strauss's "Alpine" Symphony, which Previn, off camera, affectionately called "a piece of strudel." Previn paid homage to the jazz world by inviting Oscar Peterson and Ella Fitzgerald for separate programs. Previn introduced Miss Fitzgerald by saying, "Orchestras tune to an A given by the oboe, because it is the purest sound. They could just as easily tune to an A given by Ella." He added, "Musicians enjoy naming whom they consider the best on different instruments—ranking them. Mention jazz singers, and the choice is unanimous—Ella." Previn can be scathing about Hollywood ("If I think about it, I can miss it for upward of two minutes"), yet he devoted two programs to movie music. Adolph Green once said that Previn used cue cards more gracefully than anyone else he'd seen on television, but when he and Betty Comden came to Pittsburgh to be on a program honoring them he discovered that Previn rarely used cue cards—or notes, or anything. He just talked, and proved the truth of what another friend, the playwright Tom Stoppard, said—that Previn automatically speaks in perfect syntax. There were several chamber-music programs, with Isaac Stern, Pinchas Zukerman, Nathaniel Rosen, and Yehudi Menuhin. Rosen also ap-



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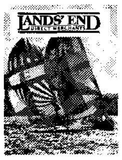

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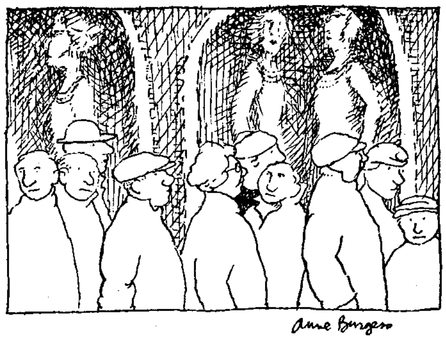
peared as the cello soloist in Strauss's "Don Quixote." A string on his cello broke during the concert, and the orchestra stayed on to retape the piece. Another string broke, and Previn remained calm while Rosen was changing them. No one had ever seen Previn lose his temper in front of an orchestra, but then the producer of the series, Stephen Dick, had to tell him, under the heat of the television lights, that a camera—the one trained on Rosen—was not working. Previn erupted into a histrionic rage, and said, "Well, buy a *new* one!" Sixty thousand dollars. He later apologized to Dick, and said he'd exploded in behalf of the orchestra—kept overtime, and undoubtedly hot and tired and frustrated. There was a ninety-minute special devoted to the Brahms Requiem. It is one of Previn's favorite pieces, and, though he is accustomed to shifting gears, preparing the next program ("I *can't* have a long affair with a certain piece; it's part of my profession to move on"), whenever he does the Requiem he consults his calendar to see when he will next have a chance to do it: London in 1982, Vienna in 1983. He is reassured.

In 1979, the money ran out, and there were no more programs. While I was in Pittsburgh, I went to WQED to talk to Stephen Dick. A man of medium height, with a brown beard and grayish-brown glasses, Dick has a casual, nonchalant manner that disguises a keen intelligence, and on the subject of Previn he's almost bursting with admiration. He said, "That guy is amazing. I'm a writer, for God's sake. I tell André I need two more minutes on, say, Beethoven. He'll light a cigarette, pace up and down once, and out comes a hundred and twenty *seconds* about Beethoven—clear and lucid and perfect. You can imagine how that makes me feel." He shrugged, and laughed at himself. "We put information on five-by-eight cards for André, and he'll glance at them and throw them away." Previn is not impressed by his own television expertise. He says, "I've been in and out of recording studios since I was a kid. I'm used to it."

Dick showed me a promotion tape he'd put together to attract sponsors for the programs. It begins with snatches of Carl Orff; continues with Previn telling Isaac Stern an amusing anecdote about floundering around in the Paris Conservatory when he was nine; Previn playing Scott Joplin with Itzhak Perlman; a voiceover listing all of Previn's talents; and, at the end, a few minutes of the Brahms Requiem. The camera is on the orchestra, and then it zooms in on Previn. On his face is a look of tenderness and love and joy. Dick said, "He's not doing that for the camera."

ONE sunny afternoon, I went to see Previn in his apartment high up on Mount Washington, a section of Pittsburgh known for its expensive restaurants and scenic views. Previn enjoys the unusual. He and Tom Stoppard exchange newspaper clippings about the bizarre but true: pigs escape from a pen in the English countryside and eat a private plane on the next estate. It pleases Previn that when the architect of his building was not permitted to build the high rise up, he built it down, instead, and to get to Previn's apartment from the lobby you take an elevator down to the ninth floor. I had buzzed his apartment on the intercom, and he was standing at the end of the hall, his door open. The hall was uncarpeted, the walls gray, with no windows or pictures, and he said, "Doesn't it look just like a women's prison?"

Immediately inside the door is a foyer, and to the left is a sizable modern kitchen, with a counter that opens into the living room, directly ahead. The far wall of the living room is floor-to-ceiling sliding glass doors, open on this sunny day. There is a small terrace, and a view of all of Pittsburgh from this apartment hanging on a mountainside. Clearly visible are the Hilton Hotel; Point State Park, with its towering fountain (the first thing that football fans see when they watch a televised Pittsburgh Steelers game); Three Rivers Stadium; and the confluence of the three rivers—the Ohio, the Allegheny, and the Monongahela. Inside, the walls and wall-to-wall carpeting are off-white, and the furnishings include a long beige suède sofa, with a coffee table in front; a black leather Eames chair, with matching footstool; and, filling the corner, a concert-grand Baldwin. The foyer wall holds stereo equipment and records. There are some touches of color in the room: on the piano, a three-foot-high Accorsi tree of letters—all the letters of the alphabet carved from wood and painted different bright colors—and on the walls several modern paintings, mostly in blues and greens, "an overflow from my Surrey collection."



In Previn's publicity pictures—glossies that Columbia Artists Management has been sending out for years—a wedding band is visible on his left hand. That ring was gone; he and his third wife, Mia Farrow, were divorced. On the piano were framed pictures of their children: non-identical twins, Sascha and Matthew, twelve; Fletcher, eight; and three little girls whom Previn and Miss Farrow adopted—Daisy, Lark, and Soon-Yi, aged eight, nine, and ten, respectively. Lark and Daisy are Vietnamese; Soon-Yi is Korean. Previn was married twice before, and there are two daughters, now adults, from his marriage to Betty Bennett, a jazz singer. There were no children from his marriage to the lyricist Dory Langdon, but there was an immense art collection, which went to her as part of the divorce agreement. Previn is pleased that a woman who loves the collection got it, rather than one who might have sold it for furs and diamonds. He thinks that a fondness for furs and diamonds is an indication of a character flaw. (Previn's eyes rounded in amazement when Alan Jay Lerner married for the eighth time; he thinks divorce is life's most painful experience. In 1982, after three years of self-scrutiny, Previn married Heather Hales, a thirty-three-year-old divorcée with two young sons.)

Previn said, "Matthew lives with me, in Surrey, and the others are with their mother, in New York." Previn's friends speak of him as a devoted father, patriarchal in a way—the children, at his request, call him Papa—but loving and wonderful with them. Previn said, "When the twins were young—before it was time for school—I often took them with me, wherever I was conducting. I see the others whenever I'm in New York, and we all get together summers and holidays. Fletcher has learned the long-distance dialling system, and he calls me night and day. That pleases me very much." He lingered at the piano, looking at the pictures. He said, "The separations are killing. Matthew loves his nanny and his school, and when I go away he knows I'll be back. But it tears me apart, in about fourteen directions." Matthew and Daisy have shown an interest in music. Matthew is taking piano and violin lessons, and to save him from the boredom of the beginner's repertoire Previn composed and had published ten piano pieces for the advanced beginner. On the cover is a photograph of Previn and Matthew, and the title is "Matthew's Piano Book."

I sat on the sofa, and Previn sank into the Eames chair. I asked him how many concerts he did in a year, and he said, "I do fewer than a hundred now—not counting recordings. I think this season I will have done ninety-three. I'm not sure of that figure. You see, I have the luxury of"—he searched for the right word—"permanence. I know all the people in this orchestra. I have friends in town, a place to store my stuff, to live when I'm here. Every year, I know that for four months I'm in Pittsburgh. Now, *soloists*. They travel sometimes forty-four weeks out of a year. They're never in any city more than a week at a time. I would find that killing. There are many evenings, though, when I come home and start talking to the furniture. I'm *offered* invitations, but usually I can't accept. I spend my evenings studying, working, preparing, and the times I have a casual evening off are very few. You know, sometimes I'm very cynical about my profession, but no matter how grim it gets you *do* get the reward of the music. You get it many days every week, and then it becomes worthwhile. I'm just stuck with that attitude. A career in music, when you get to a certain point, a certain success—it takes all your effort just to *stay* there. I don't deny that it's pleasant to make the fees that I make now, and it pleases me that I've got to the point where doing what I really adore doing pays me much more than I could ever have made in Hollywood. That's good to know. But the real point, the way I feel, is that I'm just *crazy* about music, and if a day goes by in which I don't have some involvement with it—be it practicing, studying a score, composing—it's a day lost forever, and I'm bereft. When I get tired of studying a score, and the silence gets to me, it's a real pleasure to go to the piano and really work on, say, the Ravel trio—straighten out all the snarls."

An article in the *Times* about conductors in America mentioned the importance of a conductor as a social

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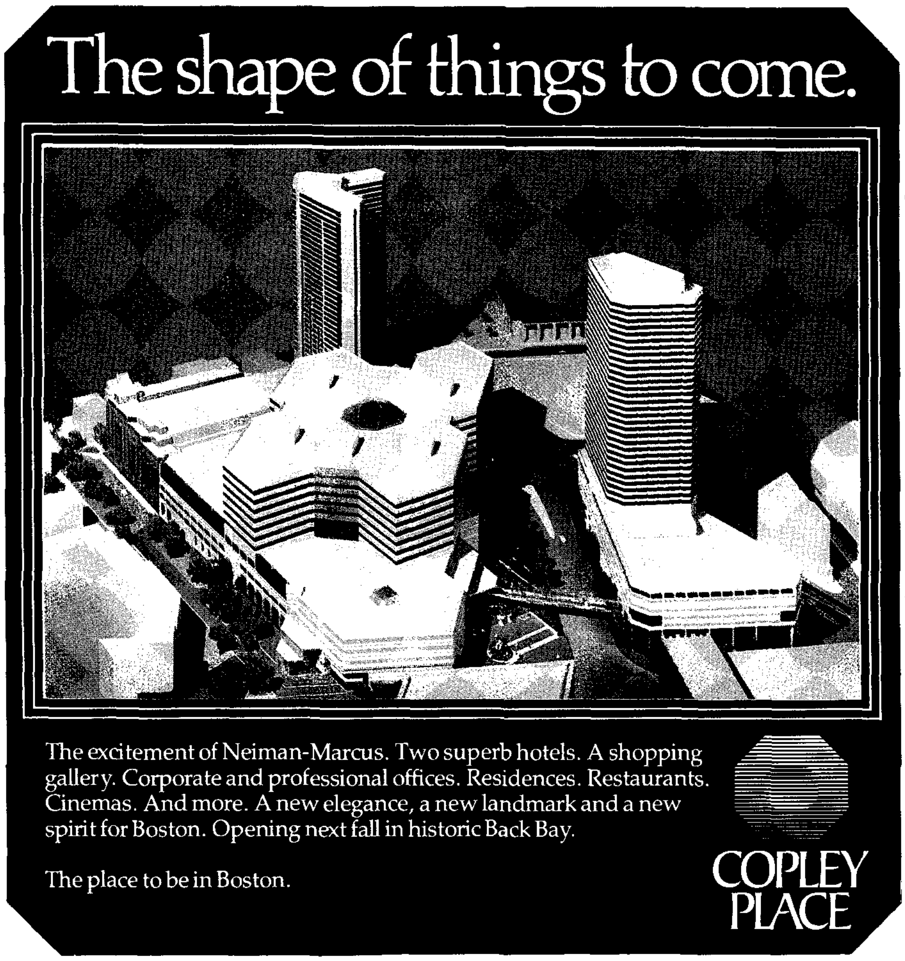

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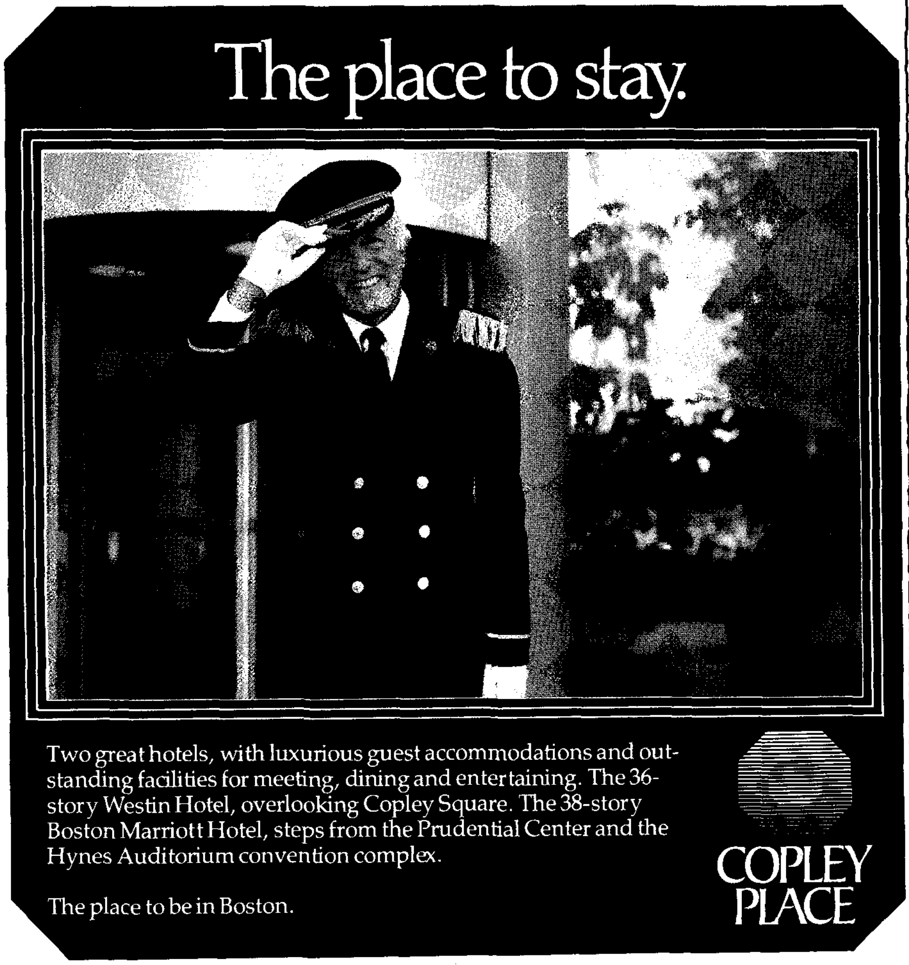

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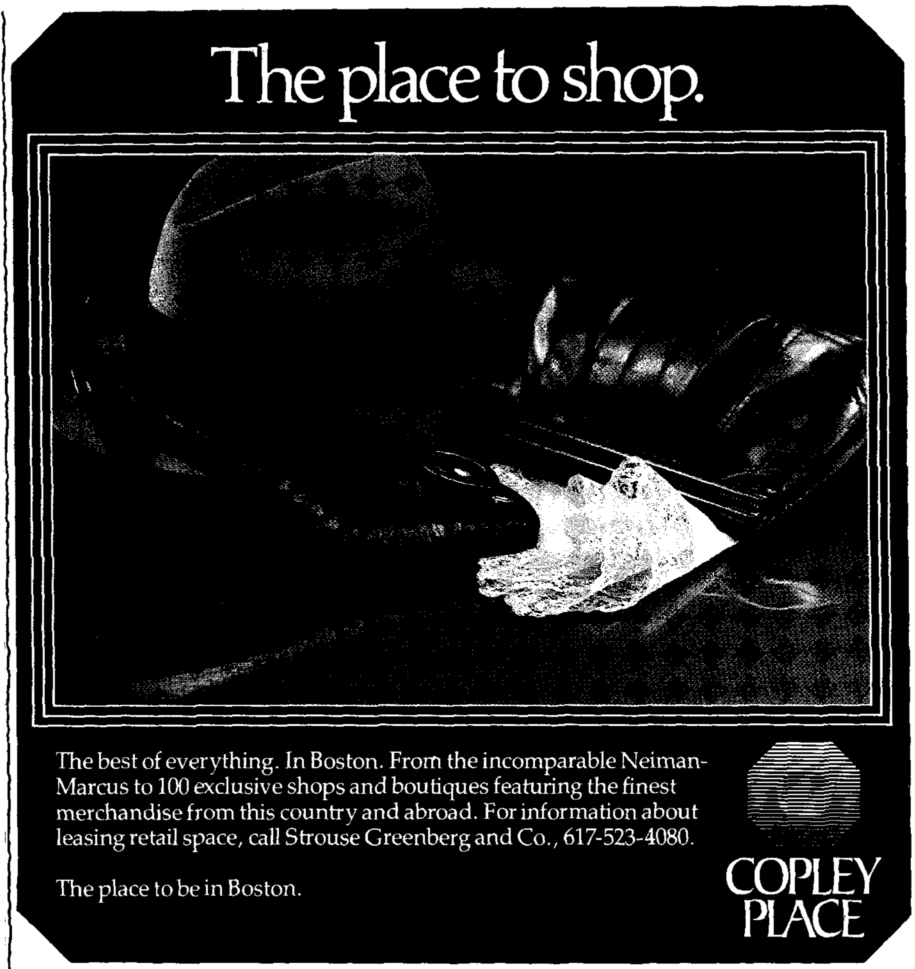
being. It helps if he's attractive, and the happiest ones have wives to help out. And parties are a must. The women who had come to the open rehearsal were contributors. Previn said, "I admire what they do. They're essential to the orchestra, and I try to help out, coöperate, whenever I can. But I don't like to go to big 'functions,' as they call them. It's not disdain on my part. When I walk into a room and there are more than a hundred people, all standing and talking, with drinks in hand, I genuinely panic, and I wind up in a corner—literally and figuratively—with my back against the wall, sweating like crazy, and wishing I were dead. After about forty-five minutes, I have to excuse myself and go into a bathroom. I splash cold water on my face, and sit on a cold tile floor, if possible, until I get my bearings. I go back once more into the breach—'Henry the Fifth'?—and it takes more out of me than the complete *Mahler cycle. I really*, genuinely suffer. It's so complex. People come up out of kindness, a desire to flatter—admirable things to be on the receiving end of. It's a physical thing. I feel that the walls are closing in. I really hate it. During the time I'm talking to people, I think I do it rather well, but there's that sudden moment of panic when I feel that if I don't get some air, some space around me, I'm going to fall down. It's given me a reputation here for being violently anti-social. Some people feel that a reception, a fund-raiser, is successful only if a hundred people come. And I just go to pieces. I like people. I just can't handle them in large numbers. I don't react well to what I call 'relentless hospitality.' If I go with a friend, or perhaps a soloist, it's half the terror. But it would have to be a very close friend, to inflict that on. I seem to have thousands of acquaintances but very few close friends." He defined a close friend as someone whom he could call at three in the morning and say, "Meet me at the airport. No questions asked."

Previn offered me some coffee—instant—and went into the kitchen to heat the water. He has said that if he changes a light bulb all of Surrey blacks out, and he approached the stove warily. (He once complained to Kaplan that he liked vanilla yogurt, but couldn't find it in Pittsburgh. Kaplan suggested that he buy plain yogurt and just add a drop of vanilla. Previn said, "Oh, Kap, you know I don't want to get into cooking.")

While the water was heating, Previn talked. "This period has been unbelievable. There have been more problems upstairs than you can imagine. Administration, auditions, tour replacements, schedules. Every day, some major or minor disaster occurs, and they all take so many discussions. So many people involved, and everybody talks and talks and talks. So much time that I would have enjoyed spending on studying, or practicing, or writing. And nothing's been solved. We're whittling away at it."

I had been to the trio concert, and I complimented him on the performance. I remarked that it was odd, though, that the group didn't have a name.

Previn said, "I don't want to use my name, and since management takes a dim view of us, I don't want to use 'Pittsburgh.' I don't know why they look askance at us. Lots of the people in the orchestra play outside jobs—chamber music. Management seems to feel that it diminishes my status with the orchestra, and I don't understand that. A few years ago, Annie and Herb and I just had some fun, and then when we decided to play a couple of concerts at the Y there was some hell raised. I said that if I were to conduct some other orchestra in Pittsburgh they would have a point, but I just like to play the piano, and I want that privilege. Chamber music is the ultimate thrill in music for a conductor. I went to management and, not as a challenge, said, 'I don't care *who* presents these concerts, nor do Annie and Herb. Pay us what the Y pays us and we'll give the concerts in Heinz, if you like, or wherever you like.' They asked me what the Y paid, and turned green when I told them. I've never missed a rehearsal, been unavailable when I should be doing something. They gave up, but it's been made clear to me that they view the whole endeavor like a parent watching a child walk a tightrope across the Grand Canyon. None of it makes sense. I've played chamber music all my life—in Hollywood and during the jazz years. Three years in a row, I played the complete Beethoven trios with members of the Roth Quartet, and I recorded two quartets with them. It's an essential part of my life. When I conduct in Vienna, I *always* play chamber music with people from the Vienna Philharmonic. I even make records with them. And I play in public with the quartet from the Chicago Symphony. There are very few times when



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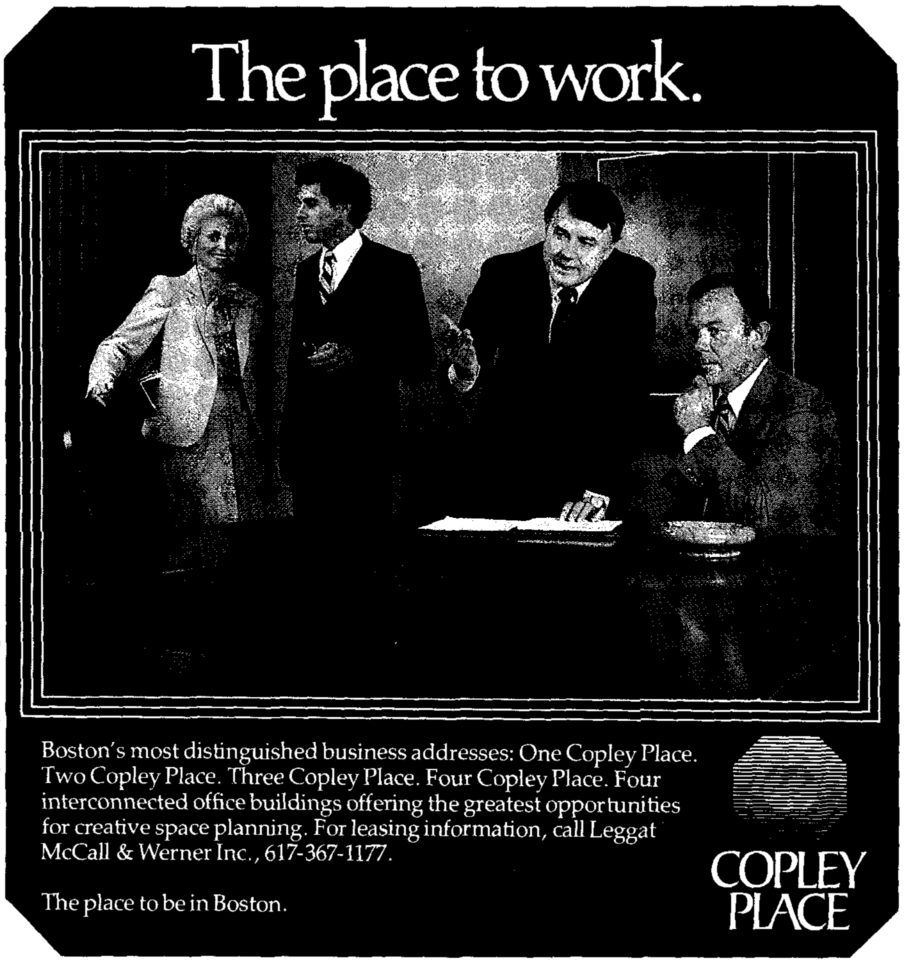

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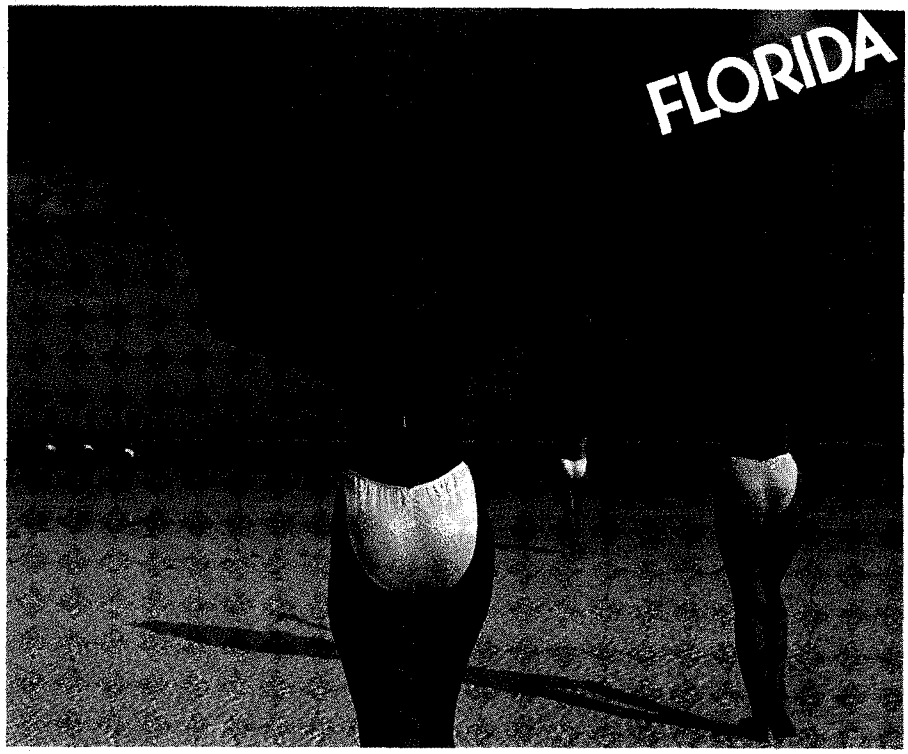
I just dig my heels in, but this time I did."

The kettle in the kitchen whistled, and Previn went in to make the coffee. He returned with two cups, put them on the coffee table, and stretched out on the rug, elbow on floor, head propped on hand, and talked.

PREVIN was born in Berlin in April of 1929, the second son and third and last child in the family. His parents were Jack and Charlotte Prewin—as the name was spelled in Germany. Jack Prewin was a successful lawyer, and was also an excellent amateur pianist and an almost feverish music lover. All three children were given piano lessons, but only André liked them from the start, and showed signs of genius. When he was six, he was enrolled in the Berlin conservatory, or Hochschule für Musik. His father took him to many concerts—some of them rather heavy going for a child. On one occasion, it was Richard Strauss's one-act opera, "Salome," and, after an intermission, the ballet "Coppélia." Previn likes to tell friends that for many years he thought John the Baptist was beheaded in a toyshop.

In 1938, Previn's father was told that André was no longer welcome at the conservatory—even though he'd been given a full scholarship in recognition of his promise—because he was Jewish. Jack Prewin, who had already applied for American visas and was waiting for their numbers to come up, took the family to Paris at once, ostensibly for the weekend. Previn said, "We took just one bag, and left everything we owned behind. I didn't understand why we were leaving, and was too young to be traumatized by the experience. For me, it was 'Oh, boy! Everybody off to the plane!' My parents handled it very well. It wasn't until years later that I understood what they'd been through."

It took nine months for the visas to arrive, and while the family was in Paris Previn's father enrolled André in the Paris conservatory. Previn said, "I remember the conservatory mostly because of a wonderful, wild theory professor I had. He taught not just theory but the beginnings of knowledge of instruments. He wore flowing robes, and on his way down the hall to the classroom he would stop one of us and say, '*Quick!* What's the lowest note on the oboe?' We would say, 'I beg your pardon, I didn't hear you,' and he would say, 'Too late, too late!' We were terrified. We hid in lockers



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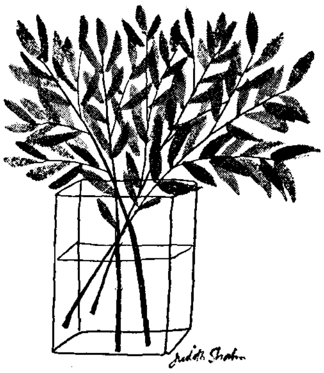
to avoid his questions, but we looked the answers up later, and we *never* forgot them." He added, "Sometimes people ask me if I resented not having a normal childhood. *I* didn't know it wasn't normal. I thought everyone practiced eight hours a day."

By what was almost a quirk of fate, the Previns went to Los Angeles instead of New York when they arrived in this country. Previn's father had a cousin, Brooklyn-born, whom everyone in the family called Uncle Charlie. He was a musician who had moved to the Coast and gone to work at Universal Studios as a conductor. He and Jascha Heifetz, who was a friend of Previn's mother's, both vouched for the family. For reasons of language and California state law, Previn's father was not allowed to practice law, so he started giving piano lessons. Previn said, "In terms of being a piano teacher, the accent was an advantage." Previn learned English, with the help of a dictionary, by "reading things like comic books, anything I could pick up," he told me, "and sitting through the same movies countless times." He added, "I was more or less stuffed into public school, and, not realizing how difficult that was, I somehow managed." Previn's father found theory and composition teachers and, with Heifetz' help, a piano teacher for his son, and since the family was "dirt poor," Previn said, once he was acclimated he began getting work at local radio stations—writing arrangements and sometimes playing, doing anything to help out. He had fantasies of becoming a conductor, but he realized that child conductors were anathema. Previn had all the ingredients for becoming a pianist of blinding virtuosity, but he seems never to have even considered being a concert pianist. Today, innumerable concert artists are taking up conducting, undoubtedly to expand their repertoire and to avoid being limited to the same concertos, and perhaps Previn was blessed with foresight. He's also had the best of both worlds. He has recorded a number of concertos, and has also recorded two albums of Rachmaninoff two-piano works with Vladimir Ashkenazy. In New York, in 1980, Gutiérrez was the soloist in the Prokofieff Third Piano Concerto, and the *Times* critic Harold Schonberg praised Previn as a conductor and added, "Mr. Previn . . . himself is a good enough pianist to handle the Prokofieff Third." Of that, Previn says, "Nonsense. I was never that kind of pianist."

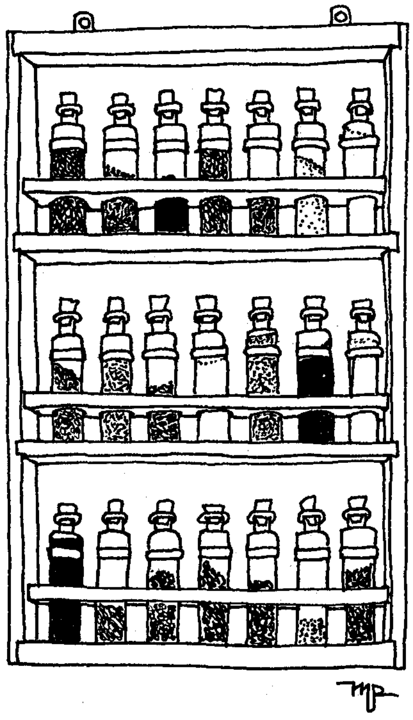

Judith Shahn

Previn described his entry into Hollywood as "surreal." He had watched his uncle conduct many times at Universal Studios, but the two had agreed that they wouldn't use one another in the film world ("I have this nephew who . . ." "I have this uncle who . . ."). Previn calls his Hollywood period his "Esther Williams days." Previn said, "At that time, the late forties, movies were made the way television programs are today—ground out, one after another. José Iturbi was making a film with Jane Powell. In one scene, he played a piano covered with mirrors. He was supposed to play some kind of jazz, and he couldn't." When Previn was fourteen, he stumbled on an Art Tatum recording of "Sweet Lorraine," and he was stunned by what he heard. He'd always thought that jazz was "men in funny hats playing in a hotel band." He listened to the Tatum record repeatedly, and copied what Tatum played "note for bloody note." Previn developed a jazz style that he calls "highly derivative," but that was sufficient for the purpose of his playing on numerous radio broadcasts. Someone at M-G-M who had heard several of the broadcasts suggested that Previn be hired to write some jazz for Iturbi. "I'm sure it occurred to them that because I was sixteen I wouldn't charge them a lot," Previn said to me. "So I did it, and after I handed it in I heard that they were going to give it to an orchestrator for an orchestral background. This being Hollywood, just plain piano wouldn't be enough. I asked to do the orchestration, and they used what I did, and I had a wonderful time."

Although it has been a long time since Previn was in Hollywood, he remains vivid to the people he worked with and became friends with. Billy Wilder, who directed "Irma La Douce"—a film that brought Previn one of four Academy Awards—is a good friend of his to this day. Wilder counts Previn among a handful of the most interesting, entertaining people he knows. He says, "There's never a dull second with André, and we seem to talk about everything but music." An avid art collector, Wilder guided Previn through galleries and museums. He likes to speculate about what kind of career Previn would have had if he'd come out of the Leningrad conservatory, say, instead of Hollywood, and observes, "After all, even Thomas Mann was demeaned by his years in California." Adolph Green says Previn was "still a baby—barely in his teens" when they first met. "There were lots of great musicians out there but very few extraordinary ones," Green recalls. "He was a hot potato. Everyone wanted to sponsor him; they all knew sooner or later he'd sweep over them. And no one knew where his future lay, because he was so multi-talented. He has a casual way of just making things happen—he's doing so *many* things all the time. He worked with various musical groups. One, in particular, he did a lot of recordings with—forgotten chamber works, or pieces not yet recorded. Once, they were rehearsing a Shostakovich piano trio, and there was something in the score that was ambiguous—they didn't know what Shostakovich was getting at musically. So André impulsively put in a call to the Soviet Union, and he got Shostakovich, and they went over the score together. And this was years before André ever conducted anything. He reasoned, What the hell, Shostakovich isn't dead; let's give it a whirl. There are no obstacles for André."

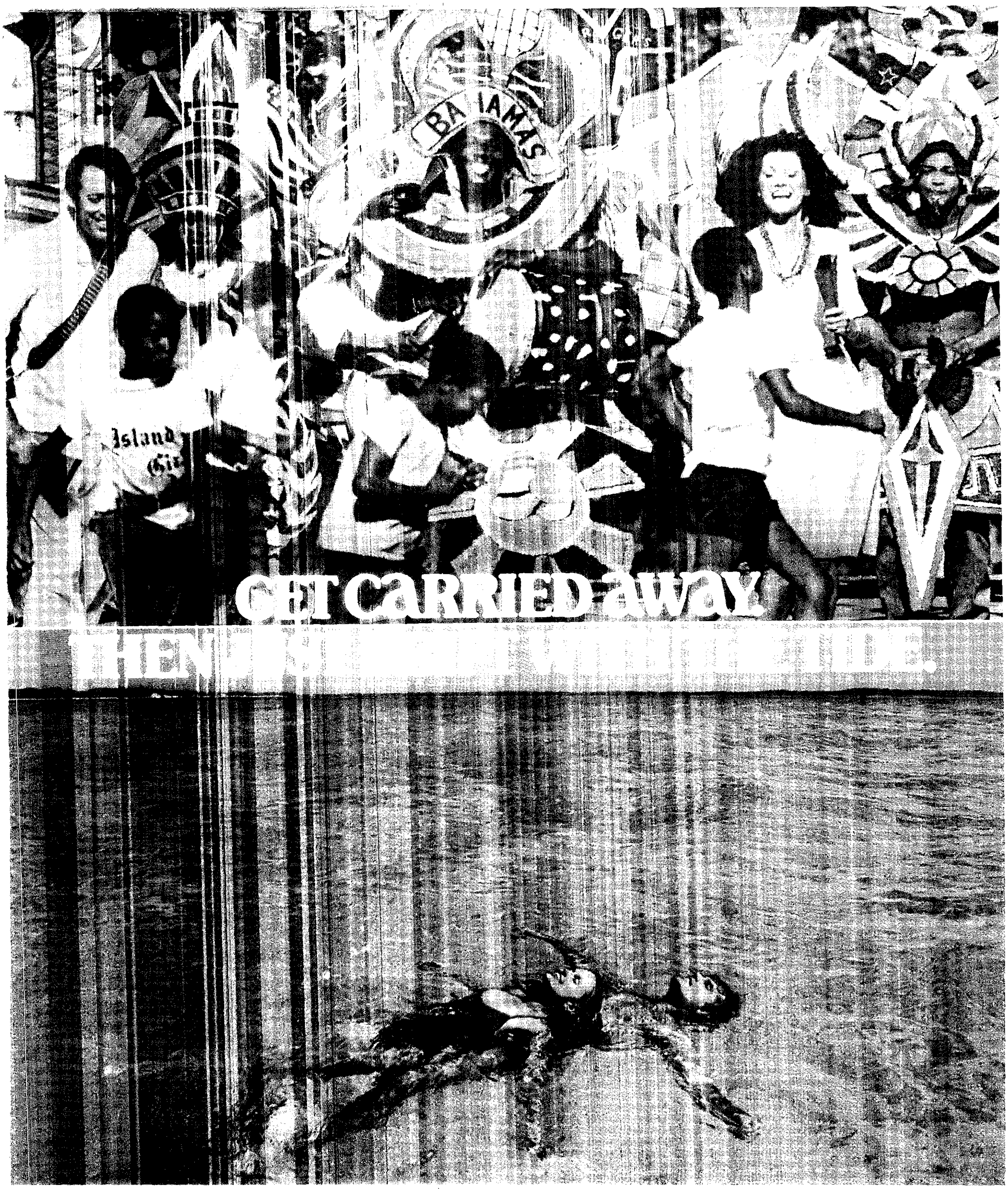
While Previn was finishing high school and working at M-G-M, he was also trying to write flawless fugues and string quartets. His odd environment, as it turned out, provided him with a music education that a Juilliard student could envy. The principal cellist of the M-G-M studio orchestra, Willem Vandenberg, was a close friend of the violinist Joseph Szigeti, who was in California on a sabbatical. Szigeti championed new music, and was inundated with scores from all over the world—usually violin-and-piano sonatas. He was temporarily without an accompanist, and Vandenberg told Szigeti about Previn—told him that Previn could sight-read anything. (Previn said, "My father was dead set on my being a good musician, as opposed to a good mechanical pianist. Every night of my life, he would bring out new music, put it in front of me, and say, 'Play it. Play it at tempo. Damn the mistakes.' I learned to cheat, learned what to leave out while still getting the feel of the music." Previn's father also force-fed Bach fugues into Previn so diligently and relentlessly that Previn came to hate Bach—a feeling he has outgrown.) Vandenberg drove Previn to Szigeti's house, and, according to Previn, he and Szigeti "plowed through Bulgarian sonatas," and Previn was invited to come back the following week. At the next session, Szigeti suggested that Vandenberg get his cello out of his car, and that, for a change of pace, the three play some trios. He said they would begin with Previn's favorite Beethoven, whatever it might be. Previn told me, "With the rudeness of innocence, I said, 'I don't have a favorite. I don't know any of them.' Szigeti was truly shocked that I'd never played *any* of the standard trios—Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert." From that night on, every Monday for over twenty weeks the three met to play trios. Since Previn didn't know which ones they would be playing, he couldn't have practiced them even if he had had the time. Previn said, "Unless *technically* a thing fell apart, we would play through a big movement without stops, and then Szigeti would go back and point out things that could have been done, and things we'd done that he liked, things he didn't like. He would talk about the whole piece—not just technical improvements—and what else Beethoven, say, wrote in that period, and how it related to other things he composed. He never did it professorially. It was *so* generous of him—so magnanimous. He could have picked up the phone and got any number of great pianists to play trios with him. I saw his daughter in London not long ago, and told her. It pleased her."

WHILE Previn was talking, the telephone rang. When he answers the phone his voice is flat, disembodied—the voice of a man who has just shut all the windows and turned on the gas. When he recognizes the caller as a friend—in this case it was Itzhak Perlman, inquiring about the jazz-recording session—he goes not into gear but into overdrive. "*Bubbie! Don't worry!* You can *sight*-read it. No. . . . Even if you *had* it, you'd read it through and say, 'What's all the screaming about?' It's all connected with the rest of the group, and when you come here you and I will sit down and play through it a couple of evenings, and we'll laugh a lot. . . . Well, what I've done is written out what I politely call suggested choruses, and you play those if you can't think of *nothing*. And if you can, you can play anything you *want*. There's nothing to it. They're all laid out, so that the order of events—who plays what, where, and when—is totally down on paper. . . . Well, if it were a true jazz session you'd kind of improvise, but in this case, because we won't have those all-night sessions, I've written out a real road map on every tune, so that there's no question. If you suddenly discover you *can* improvise, we'll back you. These things are extremely flexible. Bring some Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter, and we'll take it from there, because the guys will know all that stuff. It will be terrific. I think we'll get *hysterical* with laughter. . . . Listen, *I'm* worried about the Korngold. You're worried about the blues. . . . Wednesday morning, I'll work on 'Appalachian Spring,' Wednesday afternoon, the tuttis of Korngold and Conus, and by Thursday morning, eleven, I'll be *some* ready for you. . . . Listen, baby, *you* wanted to record this stuff. You wanted the *Tedesco*, for Christ's sake. I'm saving you from yourself, Itzhak. . . . I know, it's very pretty. It's like 'Exodus.' Jesus. . . . I know Heifetz' Korngold record, and I looked at the score. *Even the great man cheats in that last* movement. . . . Well, if it's impossible for you it's impossible for anybody. . . . We'll record the blues next week. . . . Some are a little complicated rhythmically, and I've written some plain old pretty things. . . . The thing I *adore* is that you can't make no intercuts. . . . Because it's going to be different every *time*. You choose the best one, and that's the end of it." He laughed. "I've been waiting for this for ten years. . . . O.K., I ain't worried. Tell them to pick you up in a rocket. . . . O.K. So long." Previn was grinning when he hung up. Returning to his place on the rug, he stretched out again and said, "There have always been rumors that I was the head of the M-G-M music department. That's not true. I was just one of six or seven on the staff." Although he started at M-G-M composing and orchestrating a piece, his work there was not, at first, totally creative. He learned the craft of orchestrating gradually, and spent many tedious hours as a rehearsal pianist. "John Williams and I were both rehearsal pianists," he said, "and we've been good friends ever since."



Williams says of this, "No, no. André was well established as a film composer when we met. He encouraged me to compose, introduced me to Hollywood producers, was interested in every little tune I turned out. In the mid-fifties, we did two L.P.s for RCA—'André Previn in Hollywood' and 'Soundstage.' I did the orchestration and conducted, and he was the piano soloist. *Just his asking me to do them* was a wonderful help to me. He's innately generous. He was always interested in other people's work. And he was always a celebrity, at a time when people weren't all that aware of what music meant to a picture. He entertained a lot, and invitations to his small dinner parties were prized. We have a mutual friend, Alexander Courage, a film-music composer. Sandy met André before I did, shortly after André arrived in Hollywood. Sandy is a very literate, informed man, and he claims that by the time André was eighteen he had read more than all of us put together."

Previn was assigned his first original score in 1948—a movie that starred Lassie and Jeanette MacDonald, and involved "a lot of barking and a few songs." For the most part, he was orchestrating other composers' works, and, in retrospect, some things that happened then seem funny, but some still outrage him. One producer, in particular, made especially successful musicals, with people like Mario Lanza and Kathryn Grayson. Previn said that the producer was extremely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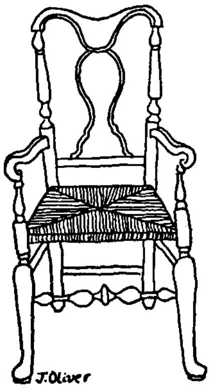

good at knowing what people in those days wanted to see, but was innocent about the arts. Previn was asked to provide a chamber-music scene in a movie starring Jane Powell. The producer wanted the scene to take place in Carnegie Hall and to include a piano. Previn picked the Schumann Piano Quintet, because he liked it and the studio would not have to pay a copyright fee. He used the principal strings from the M-G-M studio orchestra, and the five men recorded the first movement. The producer liked what he heard. He liked it so much that he called Previn and said it was a waste to do it with just five people. He wanted an orchestra, too. Previn said, "I remember looking into the phone, as if I could see him, and I said, 'But the word "quintet" has an inherent meaning that you can't change.' That went into a brick wall. He said, 'It sounds crappy with those four guys, and I want you to do it with a great big orchestra.' " Previn refused, and was suspended, which meant he couldn't work for anyone else until what had turned into a war had been resolved. Previn said, "The storm went on and on and on, and in the final product that scene does not exist. She never did go to that damned concert. Had the man *known* how dreadful an idea it was, and been cynical about it, that would have been unforgivable. But he didn't have the faintest idea. He thought, It's a pretty tune, this is M-G-M, and why not have a big orchestra? His innocence makes the story no less horrible but much more forgivable from a philosophical point of view."

Previn talked about M-G-M's Herbert Stothart, who, he said, did "all the great pictures, and had done so since the advent of time." Previn said, "He was a charming man, phenomenal-looking, with an enormous mane of white hair and an imposing presence. He conducted like a demonic windmill, and got some very pleasant performances out of the orchestra. Mr. Stothart had a string of orchestrators, arrangers, ghost writers, and other helpers, and was not above just writing out a melody line of eight bars and saying, 'Here—write ten minutes of whatever.' " Previn was eighteen or so when he worked for Stothart, and one day Stothart gave Previn a melody line—"an attractive theme, I must say"—and told Previn that it would be the title music, and he wanted it "huge, gigantic," adding, "I don't care *how* many people you use in the orchestra. You can have a chorus, organ—*anything*." Previn went home with the tune and proceeded to write what he called "a lexicon of excesses." It sounded to him like the end of "The Pines of Rome." When it came time to record the music, Stothart sat on a stool on the podium, with a lead sheet—the theme in treble clef, and the timings—in front of him. Previn sat on the first of three steps that led to the podium, so that if there were any questions from the players about their notes he could answer them. Previn said, "Mr. Stothart gave the downbeat, and this dreadful music came *roaring* out, like some enormous surf of bad taste, and at about the ninth climactic moment within the first three minutes, without slackening his beat, he leaned over to me and, in a tone of total surprise, said, 'Did *I* write this?' "

Previn said that there were some really talented and dedicated people in Hollywood, and that it's a shame that all the memorable stories are about the quasi-charlatans. Another man he worked for, George Stoll, also didn't write. He had a lot of helpers, and a knack for getting the right people to help him. Previn said, "He was the only man I've ever met who played the piano with his thumb. Most people who can't play use their index finger. I kind of admired that—just his thumb." With his thumb, Stoll played Previn a theme that he wanted written for a big orchestra. Part of the theme was an octave above high C, and he told Previn that he wanted the trumpets on that. "I told him not in that register, surely," Previn said. "He was on his way to a meeting—he was terrific at meetings, he conned *every*body—and he was in a hurry, and he said, 'Of *course* in that register.' I was desperate—again, I was just a kid. I said, 'But, George, in that register—trumpets can't *play* up there.' As he flew out the door, he shouted back, 'Well, *try!*' I was completely stumped. What does that mean? Try. Who's trying? I wrote the trumpet parts in the normal register and put some piccolos above them, and it worked. He didn't notice."

Previn had another story about George Stoll—he called it a wicked

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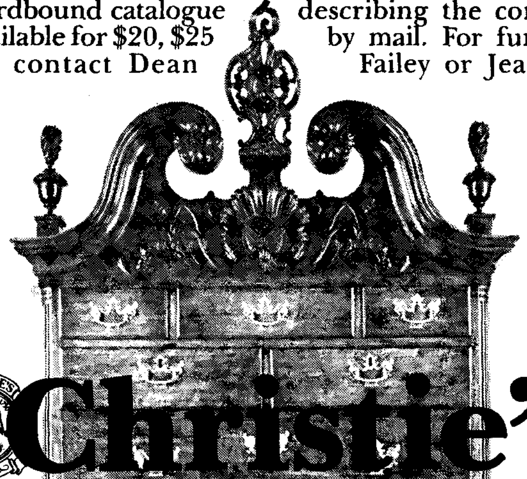

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one, because, he said, Stoll was basically a nice man. Previn and an experienced orchestrator and composer, a Frenchman named Leo Arnaud, collaborated once on a project for Stoll. Stoll conducted, and dealt with the stars and the producers, and he felt that writing was the smallest part of being a composer. He threw an assignment at Previn and Arnaud that had to be done overnight. Previn said, "*Endless* music. It must have been eighty pages of score. I went to Leo's house, and we worked in tandem. Copyists came every two hours to stay ahead of it. Before we started, Leo, who had been in the business a long time, said, 'You know, the copyists will barely have time to do the orchestra parts, and we'll have *no* time to make George one of his treble-clef lead sheets, so he's going to be stuck conducting from the score. As long as we're going to be up all night anyway, let's write every conceivable transposition possible.' It was *so* childish of us. We wrote flutes in G, clarinets in A, horns in F, trumpets always in B-flat. We wrote cellos and trombones in tenor clef. There wasn't *any*thing—except the fiddle line—that read the way it sounded. We staggered in in the morning, having literally been up all night writing, and handed George the score. He got up there on the rostrum, and of *course* there were questions." At this point, Previn was up, pacing and gesticulating. "George had *no* idea what he was looking at. And Leo and I, knowing this was coming, went into the control booth and, like six-year-olds, hid on the floor behind the control console. The first time someone said 'What's my note?' George looked at the score and realized, Christ, it's all transposed. He turned around and looked for us, but we were out of sight. And there was the most *frantic* uproar out there, with George *screaming* at the players, 'With the money you guys make, *you* ought to know what your note is!' And one guy said, 'What are you talking about? I just want to check whether it's a B-flat or not.' This went on for a sweaty five minutes—a huge crescendo—and finally the producer, who was also in the booth, said, 'If you guys don't come out of hiding and help him, you're both fired.' " Previn laughed. "Those were the really infantile ways in which we had fun, and got even."

Previn went to the kitchen to make more coffee, and when he came back he shut the sliding glass doors. The sun was setting—reflecting from the Hilton windows, and causing the three rivers to glisten—and the air was chilly.

PREVIN worked full time at M-G-M until 1950, when he was drafted, and he had the good fortune to be sent to San Francisco. He was stationed with the Sixth Army Band at the Presidio, and he met Pierre Monteux, the conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, and a hero of his. Previn was admitted to Monteux's small conducting class. Previn said, "Monteux was a marvellous gentleman, a real idol of mine. Something I'll always cherish is that he was the conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra until his death, and four years later I got the orchestra." Previn had private lessons with Monteux, and was occasionally allowed to conduct a pickup orchestra in rehearsals. While his Army buddies were drinking beer in the canteen, Previn studied pocket orchestra scores. He also played chamber music with some of the band musicians. Previn said, "Some of them were fantastic. I remember a great jazz bassist. The sergeant told him to get a haircut, and he said 'I'm hip!' and wound up doing K.P." Previn played piccolo in the band and did band arrangements, and in his free time he haunted San Francisco jazz spots, expanding his knowledge and his style in that field. He was never sent overseas, though at one point he received orders to go. Previn said, "I went to say goodbye to Monteux, on my regular day. Mind you, I was wearing my uniform. I said, 'Maître, I won't be able to come for a while, because the Army is sending me overseas.' He asked where, and I said 'Tokyo.' Monteux said, 'Well, you know, I fell for that once, and that orchestra really isn't good enough.' I thought that was lovely."

Previn stayed on in San Francisco after his two-year term in the Army was over, to continue studies with Monteux, and an almost equal amount of time was spent playing jazz. In 1953, "for reasons of cupidity," Previn returned to Hollywood. For the next decade, he was equally involved with movie music and with jazz. He toured with a jazz trio, and made over sixty solo recordings and records with different combinations of jazz musicians, and he is still collecting minuscule royalties from some of those recordings. Previn said, "The period when I was active in jazz, the

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fifties—well, the jazz I admire most today is firmly rooted in that decade. I still have the same heroes. Jazz is an enthusiasm of youth, and you get stuck with the particular era in which you first became interested. When I was active, some people who were, say, twenty years older were still totally entrenched with Benny Goodman. At the time, I didn't understand that, but now the people I still admire are Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Lester Young. That's all over now, in terms of the latest word. Some of the new guys go on and on. Keith Jarrett improvises a tune sometimes for forty-five minutes. If you play the piano at all, and you improvise for forty-five minutes, you're bound to come up with *something*. On the other hand, it may be a just criticism to say that I didn't have that *much* to say. I would quit when I thought people listening might think, That's enough." (The jazz bassist Red Mitchell once said that most pianists give him an exhausting workout, but that when he played with Previn, after they'd finished he felt like asking, "What time does the gig begin?" I asked him if that was good or bad. Mitchell thought a second and said, "I don't know.") Previn said, "I like jazz people. There's very little political maneuvering in their lives. They're *not* subjected to playing with people they don't like. They have two yardsticks: can he play well, and is he a nice fellow? I have good friends in the concert world, but it's not quite as naïvely open as the jazz world. When I played jazz, it consumed a fairly large part of my days, but I did it for fun. I knew it was not forever—certainly not to the exclusion of what I was after. With rare exceptions, I haven't played it in a long time, and not for reasons of misguided disdain. I admire good jazz musicians boundlessly, but I had to figure out which music activities in my life were expendable. I had to let *something* go." Previn has said he's through with jazz—would never play again—but in November of 1982 Shelly Manne and the bassist Monty Budwig came to Pittsburgh, and the three had a smashing good time doing a benefit concert for the Rehabilitation Institute of Pittsburgh, for which they raised about seventy-five thousand dollars.

When Previn stopped working for the Stotharts and the Stolls, and was doing more and more original scores, he gradually became a person to be reckoned with. One of his big achievements was a forty-minute sequence for Gene Kelly's ballet film "Invitation to the Dance." The film had been completed, and Kelly didn't like the score he had for a segment based on "La Ronde," called "Ring Around the Rosy." It had been filmed in different locales, and had numerous mood changes. Previn had to fit his score into the finished film—every frame, every nuance. For that, he was given a special award by the Screen Composers Association. Adolph Green said, "He accepted the compliments modestly and, in effect, said, 'Well, that's over with. What's next?' " Previn worked with Green and Betty Comden on a movie, "It's Always Fair Weather," that got a first-rate critical response, though it wasn't a big success commercially—because, Green says, "unlike most musicals, it was complex, bitter, sardonic. One song that will someday be recognized was 'I Like Myself.' André wanted someone to record it, and Sinatra was shooting a picture at the time, so we made an appointment to see him. He had an office in a small building on the lot, along with several actors, including Sidney Blackmer. We went to Sinatra's office at the appointed time—noon—and he wasn't there. We waited around for well over an hour, and Betty said, 'He's obviously not coming. We might as well go back to the set.' André said, 'Well, as long as we're here let's play it for Sidney Blackmer.' So typical of him. His genius didn't interfere with his getting along with people. He was just too nice, and completely lacking in the usual horse manure. Anything involving him was discussed rationally. He was too sensible for ego clashes."

Previn said, "I liked some of the scores I did—'Elmer Gantry,' 'Bad Day at Black Rock.' I did a score for a movie that was *so* bad it was a classic. Glenn Ford and Ingrid Thulin are lolling around on satin sheets in this palacelike apartment on Avenue Foch, both clearly filthy rich, and it's Nazi-occupied Paris. They're both saying, 'Isn't war *hell*?' But I liked my score. Wall-to-wall music. The picture was 'Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.' " (In 1981, Previn was commissioned to write a piece for the Philadelphia Orchestra, which was given its première

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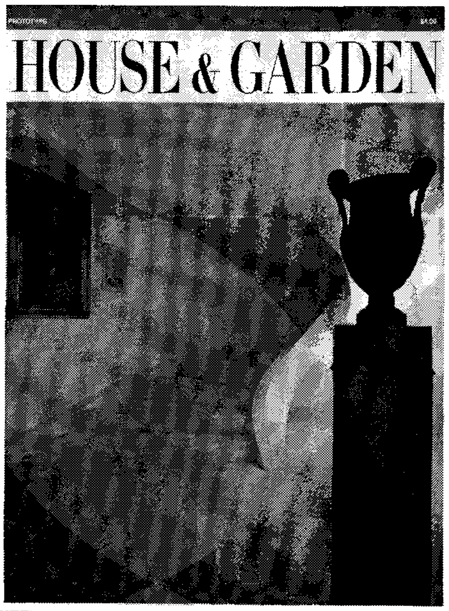

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in Saratoga. One critic was reminded of that old movie score.)

Previn began to get bored writing movie scores, because there was so little challenge for him, except for the deadlines, when "there's not enough time to move the pencil." He feels that in music, to make a contribution, there should always be some fear. "The Beethoven Five this week—no matter how many times I do it, I'm scared *witless.* It doesn't matter how many times you conduct a great work. Every single time, you find something new in it." Once, as a challenge to himself, he did a score using only strings—for the movie "Designing Woman." He was surprised and pleased that he got away with it.

The studio orchestras in Hollywood were "spectacular," according to Previn. "They probably still are. The work is steady and the money's good. The best orchestra musicians in the world migrated there. And mixed in with the charlatans were Miklós Rózsa, Alex North, David Raksin. Better than gifted, they were first-rate musicians, and I learned a lot—how to orchestrate better, more quickly. In a way, it beat any conservatory, because I was told to write something, let's say on Monday, and I would hear it played impeccably four days later. So I could stand there with a score and say to myself, 'Yes, that's good,' or 'No, that's not good,' or 'That you can keep,' or 'That you must never do again,' and so on. In other words, I learned what I was doing wrong. I don't care how many masters look at a score and say, 'Don't do that' —it doesn't have the same impact as hearing it." Previn conducted from a score, not a lead sheet, and he'd learned enough from Monteux to impress those excellent studio musicians. They were as bored as Previn was, and they would meet in some high-school auditorium or in an empty recording studio for the sheer fun of playing the classics. They often invited Previn to conduct. He said, "I even got an occasional guest-conducting job with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and the St. Louis, though they were always pops concerts —Gershwin Night, Rodgers and Hammerstein Night. I began to think more and more about conducting—that it was what I really wanted to do, and it shouldn't be just a hobby."

Previn said that it always takes some catalyst moment to make people move, change things. Considering the gross vulgarities in Hollywood, his moment,

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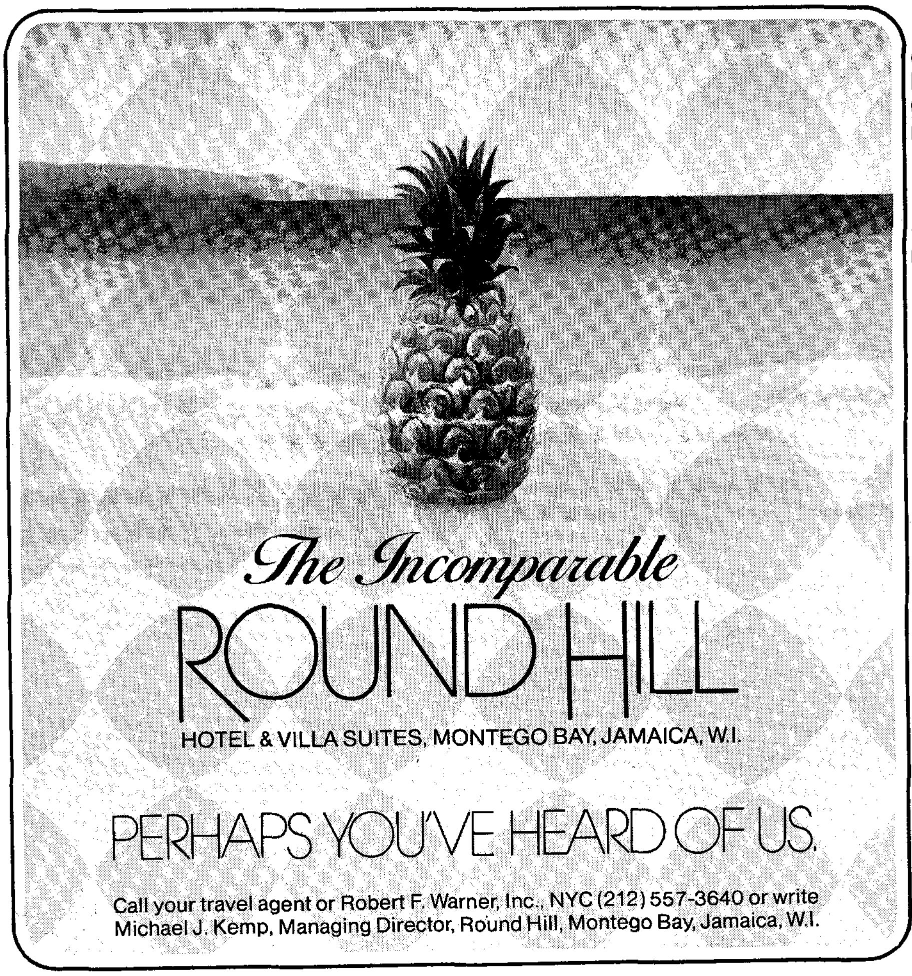

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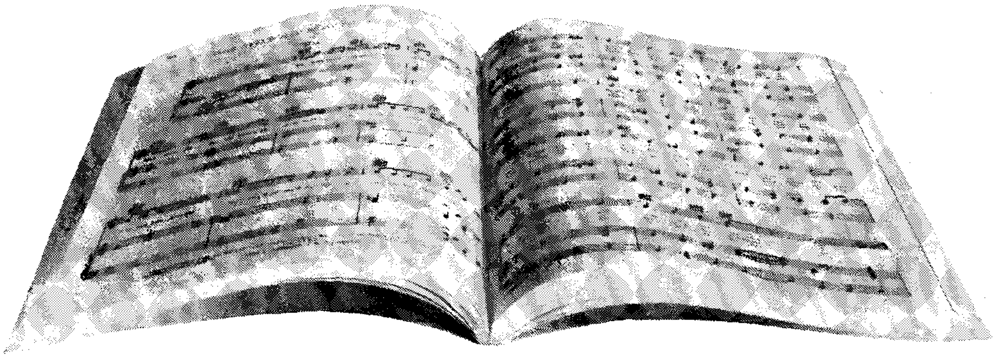

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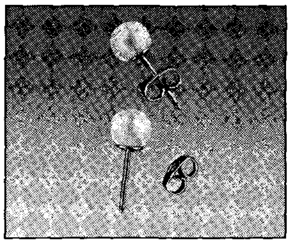

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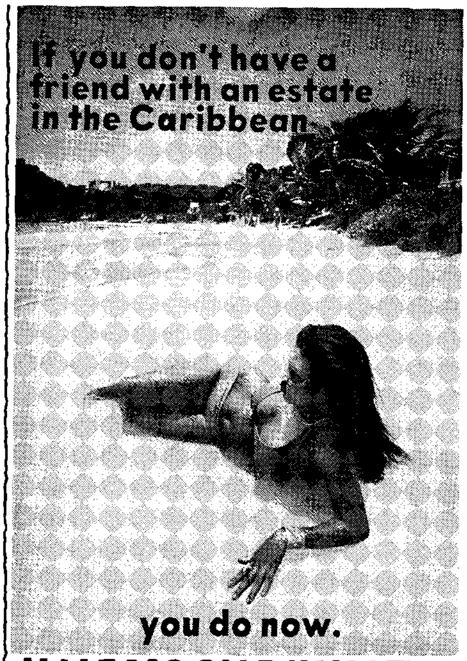
in retrospect, seemed almost meaningless. At one point, he was working on a project at Twentieth Century–Fox. "It was still in the preliminary stages, and the producer—he's dead now, so let's leave him alone—was really not, charitably speaking, terribly intelligent." During that project, Previn, who is not a drinker, would go home, have a couple, stay up half the night. One day, he was in the producer's office, explaining an idea he had for the music for one scene. The producer didn't understand him. "I asked him to read the scene, and then we'd discuss it again," Previn said. "He opened the script and he read it, and I sat across the room from him and watched, and I noticed that the man moved his *lips* while he read. I thought, Holy Christ, I'm going home and getting drunk every night because I'm trying to discuss music with a man who moves his lips when he reads. I interrupted him, and said, 'I know this sounds insane, and you won't understand it, and I don't want to get in a fight with you, but I'm going home now, and I'm *never* coming back.' And I left, and never set foot in that studio again." As it turned out, Previn's departure from Hollywood was gradual. He had yet to do two films for which he would get an Academy Award—"My Fair Lady" and "Irma La Douce"—and also "Two for the Seesaw," "Goodbye, Charlie," "The Fortune Cookie," and "The Music Lovers." For the last, in 1971, Previn recorded the Tchaikovsky music with the London Symphony Orchestra.

A CONFLUENCE of three men conspired to get Previn out of his rut: Schuyler Chapin, William Zalken, and Ronald Wilford. And there were two tributaries: Roger Hall and Seymour Rosen.

Schuyler Chapin, who is now the dean of the School of the Arts at Columbia University, has been a concert artists' representative; a vice-president in charge of Columbia Records' classical-music division, Masterworks; and the general manager of the Metropolitan Opera during a particularly chaotic period of its history.

After my trip to Pittsburgh, I talked to Chapin, a dark-blond-haired, aristocratic-looking man in his late fifties, about Previn. Everyone I met along the way who knew Previn seemed to be taking his emotional and physical temperature, and Chapin asked, "How is he? How does he look?" Chapin



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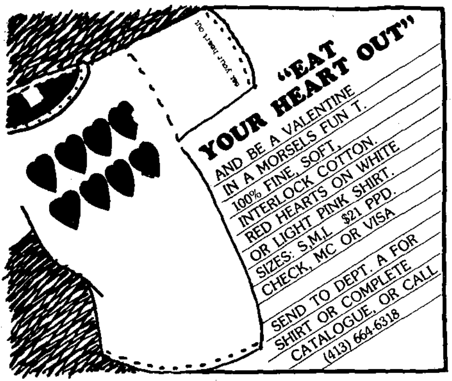

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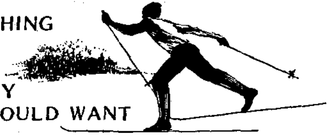

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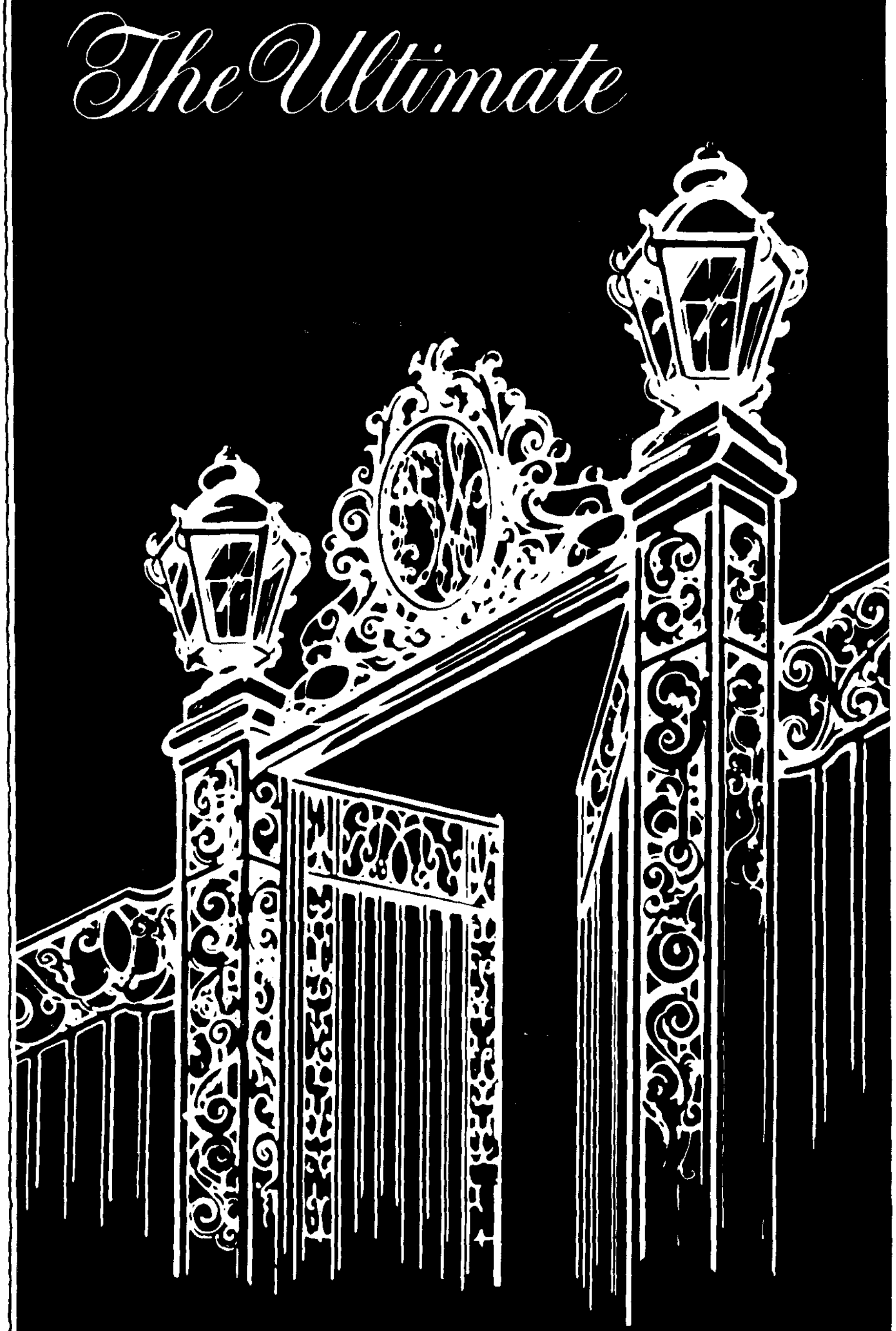
knew about Previn the jazz player, Previn the film-music composer, and he was truly impressed when he heard the jazz recording of "My Fair Lady" in the fifties. He recognized Previn as "a man of taste." He liked some of his film scores, too. Around 1960, when Chapin was with Columbia Records, one of the company's West Coast pop-album producers, Irving Townsend, brought Previn and Chapin together. Previn wanted to do some classical-piano recordings, but at that time Columbia had Rudolf Serkin, Eugene Istomin, Alexander Brailowsky, Gary Graffman, and Glenn Gould under contract. "It was quite a roster," Chapin said. At Chapin's invitation, Previn came to New York, and the two had lunch together. Chapin found Previn to be somewhat shy, but with devastating humor. They talked about repertoire, and, as a result, Previn recorded pieces by Hindemith, Roussel, Poulenc, and Frank Martin. In 1961, Chapin flew to Los Angeles to discuss chamber-music recordings—whatever Previn recorded would have to be something not already in Columbia's catalogue—and while he was there he saw Previn conduct a studio orchestra. Chapin told me, "You must understand that I have spent my life working with other people's talents. If there's one thing in this world I recognize, it's a talented musician. I watched André working, and the hair on the back of my neck stood on end. After a rehearsal, I had a drink with him, and I asked him, 'What do you want to do? If you had your choice, what is your ambition?' And he said, 'There's only one thing: I want to conduct. I've wanted to do it all my life.' Some gut instinct in me said, 'Do something about this.' " It happened that Columbia had a contract with the St. Louis Symphony, and one record remained to be done. The company hadn't intended to pursue it, but this seemed to Chapin a good chance for Previn to "test the waters." So Chapin called his friend William Zalken, the manager of the St. Louis Symphony, and asked him to invite Previn to conduct the orchestra and to include in the programs two pieces that Columbia needed for its catalogue—pieces that, according to Chapin, would make an interesting combination: Aaron Copland's suite from the film score for "The Red Pony" and Benjamin Britten's "Sinfonia da Requiem." Zalken, who, it turned out, was as enthusiastic about Previn as Chapin was—he knew Previn well from the times he had conducted pops concerts in



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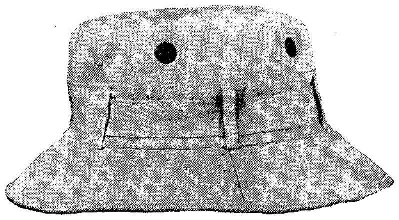

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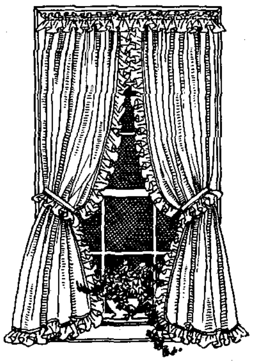

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St. Louis—agreed. Chapin went to St. Louis for the rehearsals and the concerts, which were a triumph, and the subsequent record was well received. Chapin said, "One of the people who noted it was Benjamin Britten. He sent word back: 'Who is this fellow André Previn? That's the best performance I've ever heard.' "

As Chapin explained, in order to have a career as a conductor Previn would have to have the right manager. Chapin and Zalken both called Ronald Wilford, who at the time was a vice-president of Columbia Artists Management, this country's biggest classical-music management agency. Wilford is now the president. A recent *Times* article on the new impresarios—businessmen now, with boards of directors and a keen eye on finances—called Wilford the most powerful man in music in America today. He has a special interest in conductors, and, in the business, he has been called a king-maker. Chapin felt that Previn was tarred with something that would be difficult to remove—the reputation of being a Hollywood composer and a jazz musician. Wilford, Chapin, and Previn met for lunch at the Plaza, and Chapin says of that meeting, "It was the first time I realized that under that cool, musing, detached veneer there is a very vulnerable, tense man. I looked across the table at him and realized he was scared green. Wilford told André that it would be a rough go—that if André really wanted to conduct, he would take him on, and book him with every catgut orchestra in the country. He would send him out for a year, and at the end of that year they would both decide whether or not the enterprise was worthwhile."

That first year, Wilford booked Previn with success by taking advantage of Previn's drawing power as a film-jazz personality and using his talent as a classical pianist. Sometimes Previn would play a Mozart or a Mendelssohn concerto, conducting from the keyboard. He was allowed to choose the balance of the program. He got an occasional reputable orchestra by filling in at the last minute when a conductor was sick. And he was undergoing the best training imaginable. A first-rate orchestra plays well. The kind of orchestras that Previn was conducting needed to be told how to play—to be taught the music—so Previn had to have strong ideas about what he wanted from an orchestra. (He also made a point of learning to play twelve orchestra instruments—

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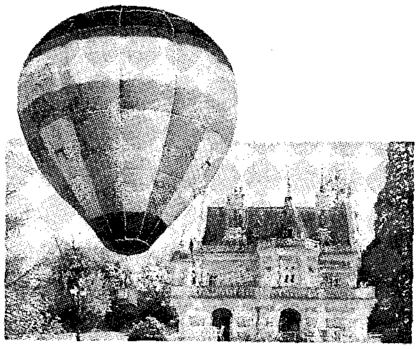

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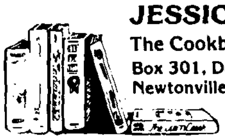

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"miserably," he says—so that he would have an understanding of the musicians' problems.) Too many conductors these days—through push or pull, or a combination of both—start at or near the top, and they never really learn their craft. Previn promised himself that he would not conduct pops concerts, but he broke the promise to conduct a benefit program with the Philadelphia Orchestra. The manager, Roger Hall, called Chapin and said, according to Chapin, "My God, this guy is fantastic! The orchestra *loved* him. I'm going to engage him for a regular-season program."

Chapin said, "Bits and pieces all came together. André was obviously creating a very good impression, getting a good reputation. He was reëngaged by the St. Louis, and I went out to hear the concert. It was the first time I heard him do a Brahms symphony. It sounded just like Furtwängler. I've never heard anything so slow in my life. In point of fact, why shouldn't Previn's Brahms be pontifical and slow? That's what he was brought up on. Mind you, we're talking about him at the very beginning. He was almost diffident then; he didn't want to push. But he began to lose that, because it was obvious that if he was going to have the career he wanted he would have to let his *ego* come to the fore. He would have to push. One of the things that endeared him to managers immediately was that he was the most *economic* rehearsal conductor. He never wastes time. He knows immediately where the problems are and how to correct them." At the end of the year, Wilford agreed to manage him if Previn would follow his advice. Wilford told him to leave Hollywood, and said he would try to get him an orchestra.

Conductors, managers, recording-company executives move around a lot. Just when you think you have the cast of characters straight, one or another will surprise you by popping up in a different place. Chapin continued to pull strings for Previn. Columbia Masterworks had a strong list of conductors: Bruno Walter, Leonard Bernstein, Eugene Ormandy, George Szell, Thomas Schippers, Igor Stravinsky conducting his own works. It was the early days of stereo, and major repertoire was being re-recorded. Chapin knew that RCA Red Seal had only the Boston Symphony, "which was not in terribly good shape then." So Chapin called Roger Hall,

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who had left Philadelphia to join RCA.

Hall was glad to hear from him. RCA was doing a lot of recording in England then, as many companies do now: America's very strong musicians' union has overpriced its members in terms of recording, and it is cheaper to record in other countries. Just as Chapin and Wilford had used Previn as a pianist to get him into the mainstream of classical music, Hall used other pianists to create a platform for Previn as a conductor. The pianists were Lorin Hollander and Leonard Pennario, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Next, Hall and Wilford approached the managing director of the London Symphony Orchestra, Ernest Fleischmann (he is now the executive director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic), and arranged a recording session with Previn and the L.S.O. in the summer of 1965. Previn liked the L.S.O. and its members liked him, and he was invited back in 1966, to conduct concerts and to make what has become a landmark recording of the Rachmaninoff Second Symphony. When Previn was being "hounded around the provinces by Wilford," as he put it, he had conducted the Houston Symphony, whose conductor was Sir John Barbirolli. In 1966, Barbirolli resigned, to spend more time with another orchestra he was in charge of—the Hallé Orchestra, in Manchester, England. He recommended Previn to the Houston board, and Previn signed a two-year contract. There were rumors at the time that Wilford had feared that Previn would become so firmly established in England that he would settle there permanently. As it happens, Previn bought his Surrey country home in 1967, and, for practical reasons, he got a manager in London, Jasper Parrott, who coördinates the scheduling of all his engagements and books his European concerts. Previn and Houston—the board, not the orchestra—weren't happy with each other, and by mutual agreement the contract was not renewed. While Previn was in Houston, he was offered the L.S.O.—a proposal that was backed by Wilford and included a lot of recordings—and Previn accepted.

Seymour Rosen—or Sy, as all his friends call him—met Previn for the first time in the early fifties. Rosen, a tall man with brown hair and quizzical eyebrows and a manner hinting at anticipation and solution of all the problems an orchestra manager encounters, says, "André was playing with a jazz trio at the Embers, which was a club on Fifty-second Street. I was the bass player with Stan Freeman's trio. I went to hear André, and he was sensational—possibly, because of his training, not quite as free as some players but still sensational. After hours, we jammed together—had a good time. Fifteen or sixteen years later, he came to Pittsburgh, where I was the managing director, to guest-conduct a couple of concerts. I remembered him, but he didn't remember me. Which is understandable. When he rehearsed the Pittsburgh, my reaction was very much the same as the orchestra's—underwhelmed. In 1974, we were quietly looking for a music director. William Steinberg, the music director at the time, was very sick—too sick to continue indefinitely—and we were using lots of guest conductors to take some of the load off him. Steinberg was revered, and we didn't intend to break with him. He was an institution. A great Middle European conductor whom everybody loved. An old-fashioned music director who lived with his orchestra and loved it. We were working with two other conductors. Both gave us heavy amounts of time, and one of them I favored—an American. But the more he conducted, the more he dug his grave. *Nothing* was happening musically. The other, a European, I didn't consider right for an American orchestra. I was talking to Wilford about guest conductors for the '74-'75 season, and he suggested that we take André Previn for two weeks. I said, 'Oh, come on, Ron. That's not for us. I have little respect for him as a conductor.' Ron said 'When's the last time you saw him?' and I said, ' '67.' Wilford said, 'Well, you ought to see him now. You've got a sick music director, and André sells tickets.' To make a long story short, he came and he was wonderful. The weekend concerts were tremendous. We had two truly great weeks. We had one concert, in Charleston, West Virginia. André was going to play a Mozart concerto, and the piano was terrible. It had a bad E-flat, and the concerto was in C-minor. You know how crucial E-flat is in that key—the third in the C-minor triad. He had to find a way to play around that note, and he did. He absolutely wowed the orchestra. Members came to me praising him. Especially Fritz Siegal, who said, 'That's your boy, Sy.' I drove André to the airport, and on the way I said, 'I'm going to ask you a question that I have no right to ask. But I need your answer before I can officially ask the question. How would you feel about being our music director?' " The two talked about the pros and cons for Previn, and he ended up saying to Rosen, "Call Ron Wilford and tell him I'm more than a little interested." In the spring of 1974, after several talks with the search committees of the board and the orchestra, Rosen and Wilford flew to London to see Previn. "Upon returning," Rosen says, "I announced to the board that Mr. Steinberg and I wanted Previn as the next music director. The board vote was one short of unanimous. André really turned the town on. They were the most exciting times Pittsburgh had known in many years. He's tremendously charismatic—he *radiates* on that podium. Pittsburgh, Tanglewood, Chicago—wherever he is. There are other conductors who play and compose, but they don't do as many things as brilliantly as André does. He's a true Renaissance man. If he has a fault, it's that his genius gets in his way. He's fluent with words and music, and he can be glib. At times, I think there is something stopping André Previn from *being* André Previn. I don't know what it is. I think one day, if André can get through to himself, let himself show, he will really be the greatest conductor of the twentieth century."

Elden Gatwood, who joined the Pittsburgh in 1963—he had been second oboe in the Cleveland for ten years, and left when he could no longer tolerate George Szell and was offered the first chair in Pittsburgh—says, "The Pittsburgh was in total chaos in 1975. There was *no* communication between the orchestra and management. Hostility in the orchestra was rampant. Previn had to overcome the orchestra's suspicions, and he was besieged with small problems. But Previn is very accessible, and I'm pleased with his musicianship, his approach to ensemble in the orchestra, and with the new members that have been hired since his arrival. The quality of the orchestra has never been

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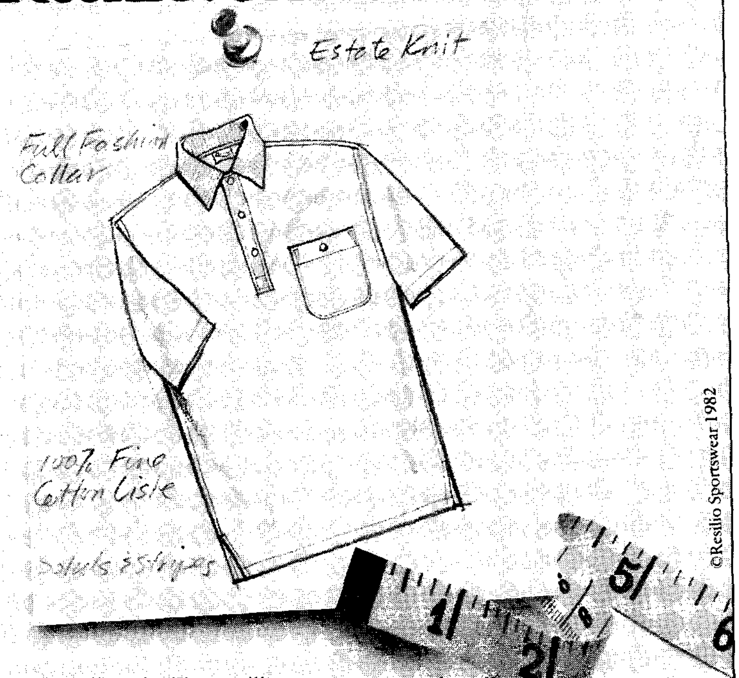

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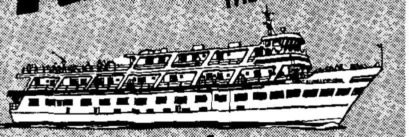
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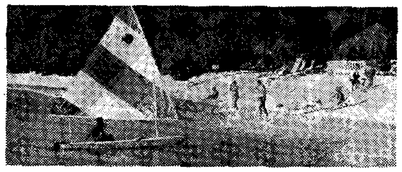
better. Some audience members found Previn's conducting style unexciting and cancelled their subscriptions. Steinberg had conducted with a great deal of abandon, arms flying, and let the orchestra play the way it felt. He didn't care very much about balance—at least not during the time that I was here. Steinberg doubled everything in German pieces—Brahms, Beethoven. Four woodwinds instead of two, four of this, four of that. We played very big. Previn never doubles anything. He wants transparency, more reserve, control. The critics made unfair, negative comparisons with Steinberg, because Steinberg was what they'd become used to."

A lot of people in Previn's life are sometimes hurt by his behavior—warm and friendly one minute, cool and remote the next. Chapin, who is the twins' godfather, says that in all his years in the business he's never met anyone as totally involved with music as Previn is, and he said recently, "André is an extraordinarily well-rounded, decent, good human being, but that is not always immediately discernible. We sometimes expect intimacy on the basis of the fact that almost every time he performs he moves us, touches us, gives us a feeling of self, and the world, and the soul. It's axiomatic in my experience that *all* performers suffer from this imposed problem. We expect them to respond to our needs, rather than our responding to their needs. Talented human beings who deliver so much to us are expected to do the same, and even more, in private. They're not the same in private. There's no reason they should be. In his working life, André is always putting out. He has to withdraw to survive."

Chapin went on to say, "André is a very complicated fellow, obviously. A year or so ago, he was at our house one night for dinner. Just my wife and I and one of our children. We were talking music, and he went to the piano to illustrate a point. He always has a kind of hunted, haunted look. Very rarely is his facial expression relaxed. He said, 'It's supposed to go like this, but most people do this.' As he was playing, I looked at his face, and all of a sudden every bit of pain was gone. It was the face of a man deeply content. A little half grin. After he'd finished, he looked around for a bit, then stayed and played for ten minutes or so, and I thought, My God, this is the only time that that man is ever truly happy—when he is making mu-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sic. All that weight, whatever it is, those demons go away. In his own quiet way, he's absolutely beatific. He finished playing and sort of smiled, and right away back came the other part. I've never forgotten it. When he is sitting at the piano, or conducting, that is when he is a complete person."

Chapin has helped many a musician, but he can't, offhand, recall anyone but Previn not only being grateful for his help but publicly acknowledging it, too. He has got pleasure from watching Previn's progress, which has not surprised him, since in his view Previn is "skillful, committed, communicative, passionate about music, and—that rarity in conductors—modest." Chapin adds that Previn is a true musician, in the sharing of musical responsibilities and joys. The happiest day he spent with Previn was in 1976, when he was in London on business. His last day there, he went to Surrey, around noontime, to see Previn. Chapin says, "We sat in his living room and did not budge. We just talked. It was marvellous and relaxed. The phone rang a few times—calls about his program in Berlin, a program in Vienna—and every time he hung up he would say, 'I still can't believe this.' "

ONE thing Previn remembers of this period is an appearance in London on a radio talk show called "Desert Island Discs." Guests were asked to name two books they would want if they should be stranded on a desert island. Most chose the Bible as one, but Previn said he would like Shakespeare. For the second, he'd like a book on how to build a boat. Near the end of the program, the interviewer asked Previn, as he asked other guests, what he would like if he could have anything he wanted. Previn said that he would like to be the music director of the London Symphony Orchestra—"something beyond my wildest dreams." A short time later, he got it. Previn is full of praise for Ronald Wilford. On the day that we talked in his apartment, he said, "Many people find Ron difficult, even abrasive—at least when it comes to business matters. He's always been wonderful to me—truly concerned, caring. And he's an absolute wizard in the business. He'd say, 'Don't program Mozart or Haydn in City X. They won't like it,' or 'No choral works in City Y. They don't have a good chorus.' I did mostly standard repertoire. I was still learning." He laughed, and added, "I still

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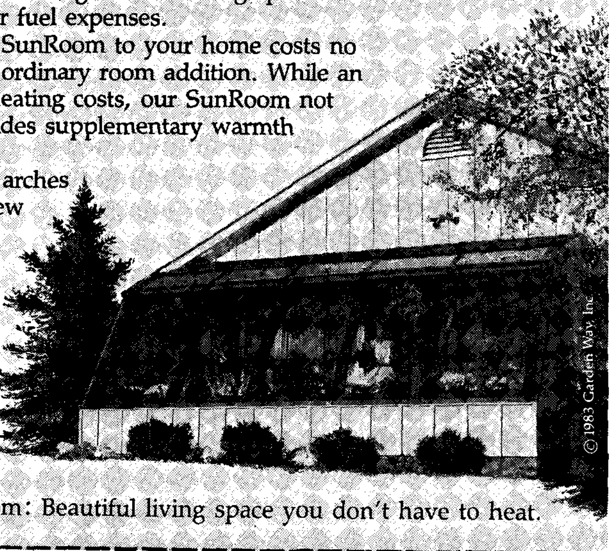

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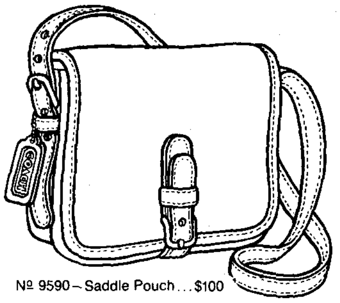

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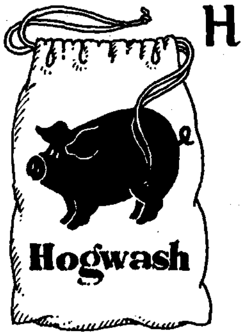

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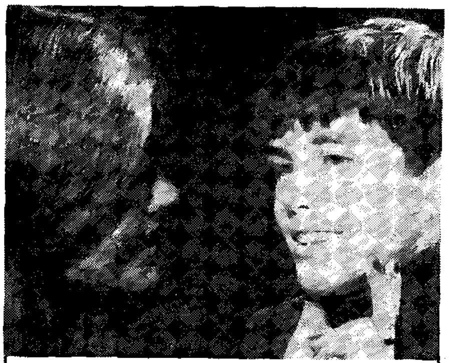
am. In that trial year, I stayed in more Holiday Inns than I can count, and worked for fees that didn't cover my expenses. I think audiences came assuming that it would be a pops concert. By the time they noticed that it was Beethoven, it was too late. The doors were locked. I didn't care. After all, you only get one turn around in this life."

Previn has said that some critics in the States will forgive a conductor anything, including a long prison term. Anything but composing Hollywood movie scores. So I asked if he had been well received, had got good reviews.

Previn said, "Oh, God Almighty, *no!* Oh, my God! There were certain reviews—you have no *idea* how terrible they were. Jesus!" He burst out laughing. "But, unlike actors who can still quote the bad review they got in Bellows Falls, Vermont, in 1938, I can't do that for you. You see, when you're starting out and you get an absolute *wipe-out* bad review you always get terribly hurt. Now, with enough years of retrospection, it seems very likely that I deserved them. I was probably simply not good enough to do the things that I had the temerity to do." (Previn edited, and wrote the introduction to, the book "Orchestra," a collection of interviews with orchestra players—and ex-players—from all over the world. In the chapter on players' opinions and descriptions of conductors, there is no mention of Previn. In another section of the book, however, an L.S.O. player is quoted as saying of Previn, "He often came ill-prepared.") Previn said, "The reviews might have been absolutely justified. The point is, if I had said, 'O.K. You don't want me. I won't do it anymore,' then I would not have the right to call myself a musician, because you don't do it for somebody on a paper. So if I have got enough better to have convinced *some* of them that it's now worth listening to, that's *fine*. At the time, you always think, How ugly of them. How unjust. But later on, you think, Well, what if they were right? At first, every review began with 'Last night, Hollywood's André Previn . . .' and I could have dictated the rest of the review. I stopped reading them. They were uniformly dreadful. The first time I got a review that didn't mention Hollywood in the first sentence, I felt I'd made it. The review was *terrible*, but I could get down to the business of correcting what was wrong. Critics in this country write



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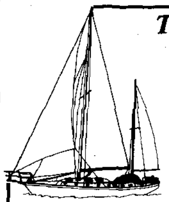

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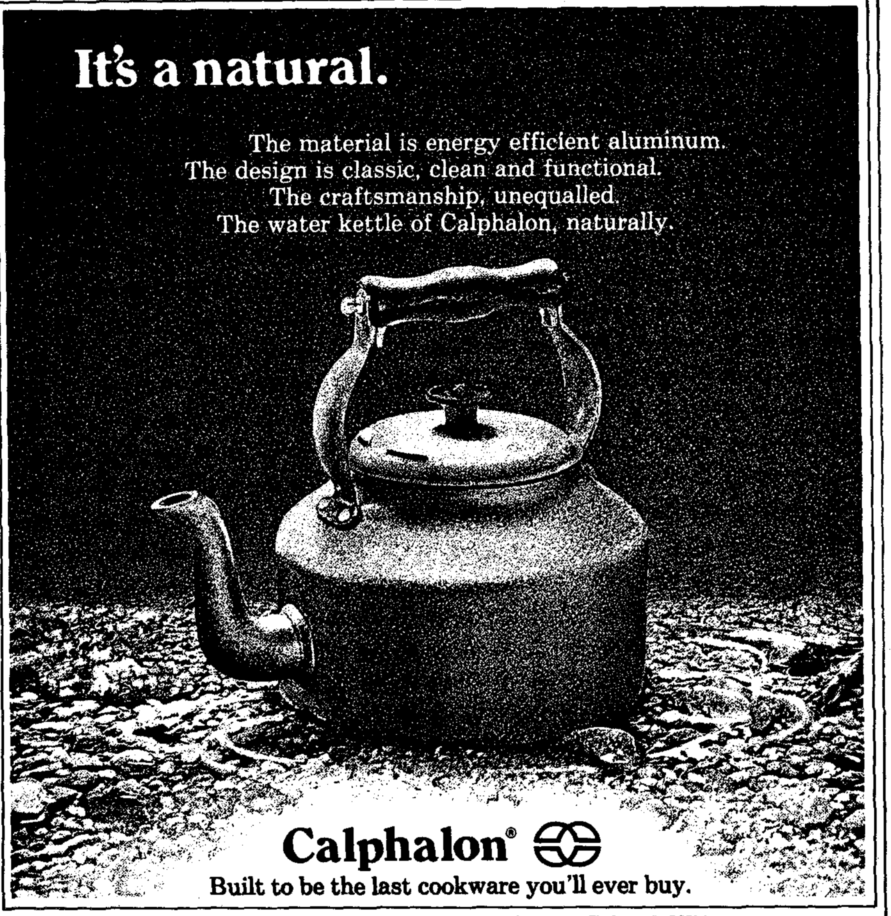
reviews that are in the nature of a news bulletin that says, 'Last night, X played, and he's no good.' You can't review any artistic endeavor in the same language as 'Last night the drugstore on the corner of Fourth and Main burned down,' because that's a *fact*. You can go and look at the *rubble*. But you can't say this pianist, this singer, this conductor is no good, because it's not a *fact*, it's an opinion. Of course, to be the devil's advocate, the fact that a critic is allowed a byline automatically makes it an opinion. On the other hand, Ashkenazy got a terrible review the last time he gave a concert in New York, and it is simply not *possible* for him to play that badly. Critics can be extremely helpful or extremely harmful, peripherally, to a career. But they do not make or break people. They *can* make them move. Claudia Cassidy, in Chicago, thought Jean Martinon was lousy. That's her prerogative. He was a *superb* conductor and a wonderful musician. There were certain areas of the repertoire he wasn't comfortable in, but I don't know anybody who is comfortable in everything. She kept at him until his *ulcers* couldn't take it. In London, after you have made certain inroads in the musical life and they know you're going to return often, if they don't like a performance they tend to write that you had a bad night, that it wasn't as good as on a certain other occasion, and that they are looking forward to . . . et cetera. There are certain people in England in the writing profession who've helped me a lot, and I'm grateful to them, but I don't think I'd have given up if they'd all hated me. Nor would I have become complacent if they had all loved me."

Previn tends to understate his accomplishments as a composer, and he seems to require a deadline to actually get around to composing. He did the score for the Broadway musical about Chanel, "Coco," with Alan Jay Lerner. In Lerner's autobiography, "The Street Where I Live," he says of Previn, "One day we were sitting together discussing the kind of song required for a particular scene. As we talked, our conversation being punctuated from time to time with a non-sequitur story or a bit of humor, André seemed to be doodling. Suddenly he rose from his chair and handed me the piece of paper containing the doodling. It was a complete piano part for a song which he had composed during our conversation. There would be no point to this story if it were a bad song, but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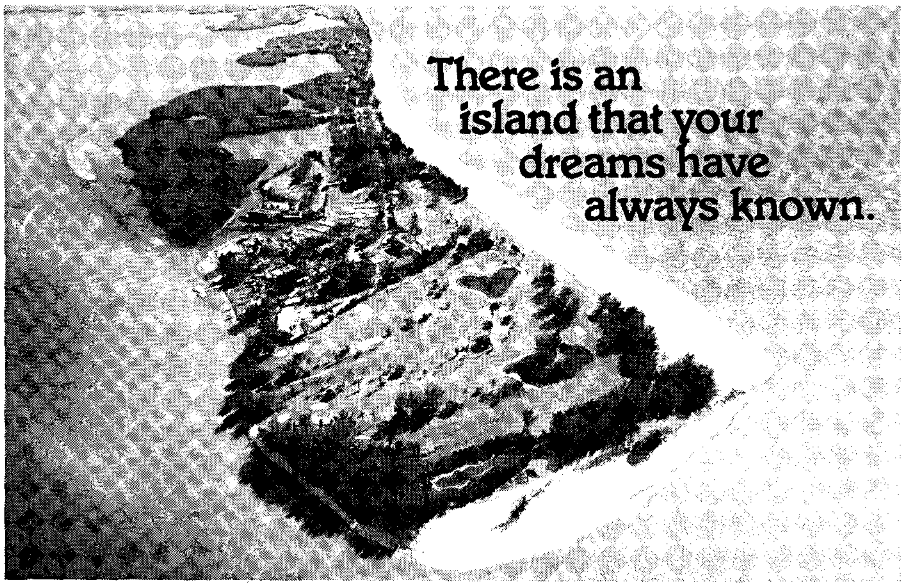
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it happened to be a very good one and became one of the highlights of the play." Previn would like to collaborate with Lerner again someday, if the project was right.

Previn also collaborated with Tom Stoppard. Previn initially suggested something for narrator and orchestra, but Paul Scofield in a dinner jacket didn't appeal to Stoppard. Then Previn suggested a play with actors, and with the symphony orchestra playing a role. After several months had passed, Stoppard called with an idea. He told Previn that it was not basically amusing, and it might be impossible to stage. Previn said, "He sent me a first draft, and I was so crazy about it I said, 'Why don't we write it, and worry later about how to stage it?' And that's what we did. The result was 'Every Good Boy Deserves Favour.' It's about a man who, for political reasons, has been put in a Russian insane asylum. His cellmate is *truly* crazy, and thinks there is a symphony orchestra in the cell with him. The orchestra plays very often in the man's deranged mind. The doctor—the analyst—is an amateur violinist, who, for fun, plays in an amateur orchestra. And we started confusing things by having the doctor get up from the orchestra and put the fiddle down to go to his office. It was performed at Her Majesty's Silver Jubilee, for a festival that I was in charge of. Trevor Nunn directed it with actors from the Royal Shakespeare. We thought we were going to put it on once. To our surprise, it was an enormous success, and since then it's played in about twelve languages, all over the world. I'm pleased for Tom. Because of 'EGBDF,' he's been banned from Russia. I thought that was lovely." Previn, too, was banned from Russia, though he doesn't volunteer the information. The score brilliantly emulates Shostakovich and Prokofieff. (In 1979, "EGBDF" had a run at the Metropolitan Opera House. The producer wanted Previn to conduct opening night, but Previn, who has said he feels like a ventriloquist when someone else conducts his works, refused, because David Gilbert, the regular conductor, had done "the dogsbody work and deserves all the credit.")

Previn wrote a commissioned piece for the Pittsburgh Symphony which was designed, as the title, "Principals," indicates, to show off the principals in each section. He donated his fee to the orchestra's instrument fund. He

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had recorded a lot of Prokofieff just before he wrote the piece, and he said, "*Every* critic is going to find it derivative." He was pleased to be commissioned to write a piece for the Philadelphia Orchestra and one for the Vienna Philharmonic. In 1975, he composed a piano suite for Ashkenazy, which the pianist has "taken around the world," to great acclaim, and Ashkenazy is looking forward to performing a piano concerto that Previn is now completing. Previn wrote a song cycle for Dame Janet Baker, which has also been well received. And the jazz tunes he wrote and embellished for Itzhak Perlman—illustrating his understanding of the violin and permitting the graceful use of all the instrument's possibilities in the hands of a consummate artist—suggest that a violin concerto should be on his agenda.

I asked Previn how his father, who died in 1963, felt about the Hollywood and jazz periods, and about his conducting.

Previn said, "He didn't understand jazz, and he never considered the Hollywood work a permanent thing. He was somewhat ambivalent. If I was composing, I should be conducting. If I was conducting, I wasn't conducting the right composers. It had to be Beethoven or Brahms. I always tried to get my father's approval, and if, secretly, I had it he would not admit it. When I finally committed myself to conducting, I think he was pleased. There was one early season that was quite impressive. There were a lot of second-rate orchestras, of course, but, to my surprise, there were quite a few first-rate ones. I called my father and rather boastfully read him the list, hoping to impress him. There was a long pause, and then he said, 'You can't get Boston, can you?' "

—HELEN DREES RUTTENCUTTER

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

"Much too frequently, the criminal escapes the scene of a crime because he manages to escape the visual capability of the responding officers," said Monterey Park Police Chief Jon Elder.

•

North Canton Heritage Society presents a "One Woman Guilt Show" Sunday through Sept. 11 at the W. Maple St. museum. Guilts by Stella Holl Myers will be featured.—*Canton (Ohio) Repository.*

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THE THEATRE

Ersatz Shaffer

THERE are two mysteries to be confronted at the Biltmore. The first is a murder mystery called "Whodunnit," by Anthony Shaffer, the author of the brilliant thriller "Sleuth," which a dozen years ago deservedly won a Tony as the best play of the year; the second mystery is what on earth has happened to Mr. Shaffer. Is the author of "Whodunnit" a brazen impostor, and has the true Shaffer come to favor beekeeping in Sussex over the bittersweet drudgery of composition? He certainly isn't to be found on the stage of the Biltmore, whether one seeks some sign of his well-remembered cleverness in the plotting, or in the dialogue, or in the characterizations of "Whodunnit." There the silly play stands, as inert as a mannequin in a shopwindow; nothing that its large cast strives to do—and, to tell the truth, the cast constantly strives too hard, under the frantic, hapless direction of Michael Kahn—can hope to bring its flyblown plastic flesh to life.

It is an ancient convention in the theatre that in reviewing a mystery one must take care not to reveal any substantial portion of the plot, for fear of diminishing the pleasure that the audience is entitled to take in successfully unravelling its intricacies. I am always content to abide by this convention, in part because I possess a mind ill-equipped to unravel *any* abstraction; as soon as a child is old enough to hold a pencil in his hand he can readily defeat me at ticktacktoe, and all puzzles and games more complex than slapjack have me at their mercy. After seeing "Sleuth" a couple of times with the greatest of pleasure, I couldn't possibly have given you a coherent précis of it; that being the case, you can imagine how second-rate "Whodunnit" must be if I, of all people, found it a mere tiresome exercise in reiterated obfuscation. Not the least sin committed by the author is his preoccupation with murder mysteries as a genre; we hear far too much about Agatha Christie and her literary methods—the summoning of a host of strangers to a big country house and the fumbling about of rustic constables, to say nothing of Hercule Poirot and his little gray cells. "Whodunnit" is intended to be a witty parody of Christiana, but when a parody fails the consequences are more embarrassing than those that spring from simple, laborious imitation.

For reasons that the aforementioned reviewing convention precludes me from adducing, the actors spend most of the evening more or less in disguise, and I am sorry to say that in or out of disguise they make a botch of their assorted tasks. The claim could be advanced for them that sometimes, especially in the first act, the botch is intentional; to that I would reply that even the intentional botches are botched. For the only time in my experience, the worthy George Hearn gives an unsatisfactory performance; no better are Gordon Chater, Jerome Dempsey, Ronald Drake, Barbara Baxley, Lauren Thompson, John Glover, Hermione Baddeley, Fred Gwynne, and Jeffrey Alan Chandler. The single, superb set—the handsomely panelled library of a house that I would gladly move into tomorrow—is by Andrew Jackness, the costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt, and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein. So much talent, so much waste of talent!

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Women's Affairs

ALL through Caryl Churchill's "Top Girls," at the Public, I kept thinking that I should be having a much better time. Miss Churchill has one of the most adventurous imaginations in the theatre today, and her "Cloud 9" has set audiences spinning. "Top Girls," imported intact from London's Royal Court Theatre, is witty and original, with considerable dramatized feeling, yet somehow it never got to me, and I was never certain whether she was making one point with the whole play or a lot of points in its separate segments. The play's title is also the name of a London employment agency, and the agency's own top girl is a woman named Marlene, whom we meet at a restaurant luncheon celebrating her promotion to head of the firm. But except for Marlene herself and a waitress the guests are all nominally historical personages—women who have been successful in one way or another. They are Lady Nijo, who was a courtesan of the emperor of Japan in the thirteenth century and later became a Buddhist nun; Isabella Bird, an Englishwoman who travelled extensively (and hazardously) in the nineteenth century but a fussy old maid all the same—talking, for example, about her ailments in the same breath as her explorations among the Berbers in Africa; Dull Gret, the subject of a painting by Bruegel, in which, clad in

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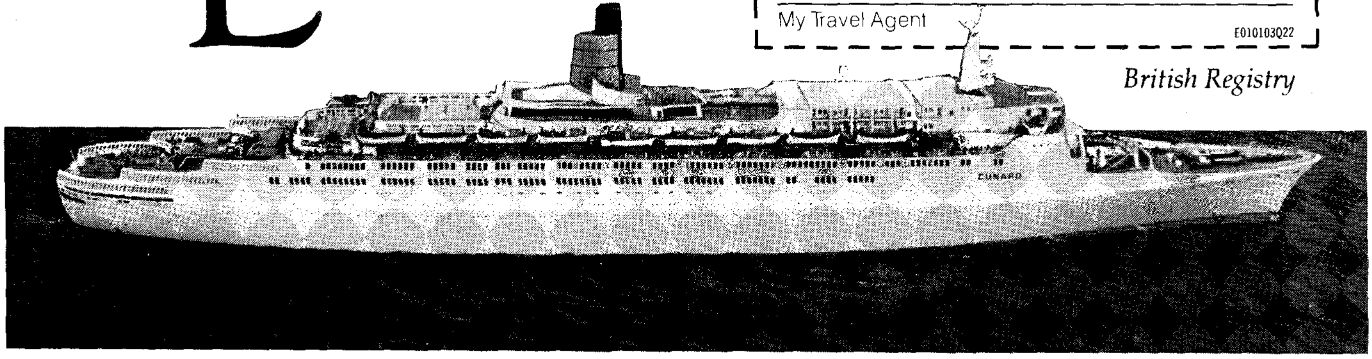

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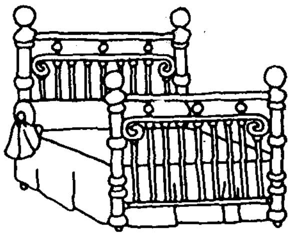

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armor, she led a crowd of other women through Hell; Pope Joan, who disguised herself as a man, and who is thought by some to have been pope between the years 854 and 856; and Patient Griselda, from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." At the end of the scene, we leave these characters for good, and the ensuing action shifts between Marlene's agency, where the actresses double and triple as both interviewers and clients, and a farmhouse in a working-class section of Suffolk where Marlene was born and grew up. The second scene is set in the back yard of that house, where two children—a fat and unkempt twelve-year-old called Angie and her eight-year-old neighbor—are discussing Angie's plans to murder her mother and then go to London to live with her Aunt Marlene, who she suspects (correctly, as it turns out) is her true mother. Angie does arrive at the agency, to Marlene's dismay, and settles down, beside herself with admiration as the tough cookies employed there discuss their affairs and interview job applicants in an icy, not to say brutal, way. The play closes with a scene that is a flashback to the previous year, when Marlene is paying a visit to the Suffolk farm; it is a dialogue, with interruptions, between Marlene and her sister Joyce, who has raised Marlene's bastard after she escaped to London and a career. The sisters bicker and argue about everything on earth, and all Joyce's resentment comes pouring out. There are tears and there are politics—Marlene admires Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and despises the working class, the Labour Party, and her own origins. Any woman, Marlene insists, can do what she has done—any woman, that is, who is not lazy or stupid or frightened, and who, Miss Churchill implies, is willing to take on qualities usually assumed (though not by me) to be male in order to succeed in a man's world. But Angie *is* lazy and stupid and frightened, and Marlene shrugs her off. The last word of the play is "frightening."

This synopsis barely hints at the play's complexity. Despite my admiration of Miss Churchill's ingenuity, I was disappointed and at times puzzled—never quite certain, for example, whether the historical characters of the first scene were meant to be the prototypes of the modern characters, in the manner of the marvellous metamorphoses of "Cloud 9." Perhaps it was happy memories of "Cloud 9"

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that got in my way, for “Top Girls” has none of the high spirits and humor of its predecessor. Here, for all the wit and style, the mood is sombre and angry—and no wonder, I suppose. Just listening to those interviews and to the dismal salaries offered the job applicants—the top girls—makes the blood run cold. Nevertheless, every line rings true, and so does every character. The performances, under the direction of Max Stafford-Clark, are very good indeed—those of Gwen Taylor, as Marlene, and of Carole Hayman, as both fat Angie and Dull Gret, especially so. The other actresses in multiple roles are Lou Wakefield, Deborah Findlay, Lindsay Duncan, Selina Cadell, and Lesley Manville. The admirable scenery, costumes, and lighting are by Peter Hartwell, Pam Tait, and Robin Myerscough-Walker, respectively. The show will run through January 30th.

In Catherine Hayes’ “Skirmishes,” another British import, at the Manhattan Theatre Club through January 23rd, we attend another reunion of middle-aged English sisters —the one who stayed at home and the one who got away—with all the consequent bitterness. (John Bull is in danger of becoming Johnny One Note.) The scene is the bedroom of their dying mother, in a house in some provincial city. Jean, the elder sister, lives there and has been taking care of the mother since she suffered the first of two strokes. Childless, drab and rather slovenly, Jean is unhappily married to a travelling salesman. Rita, attractive and well dressed, is happily married, has three children, lives somewhere else, and hasn’t been back in years. The ladies squabble and sible as they tend the patient, and there are a number of clinical conversations, including a rather nasty riff about bedsores. By the time the mother finally dies, the sisters have turned themselves inside out (they are not interesting women), and there are a few surprises.

The play is not badly written, but it is not particularly convincing, either, and it may well have started out as an actors’ exercise. The actresses do quite well, given the circumstances. Suzanne Bertish (yet another British import) is resentful Jean; Fran Brill is chic Rita; and Hope Cameron assumes the difficult role of the mother, inert and with eyes closed most of the time but not beyond a baleful glance or two at her elder daughter.

—Edith Oliver

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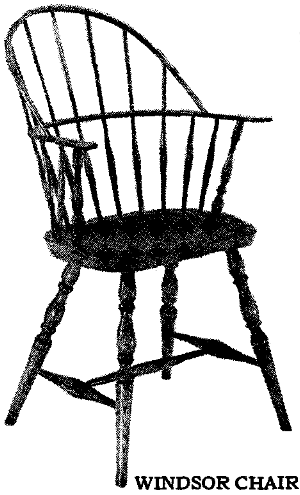

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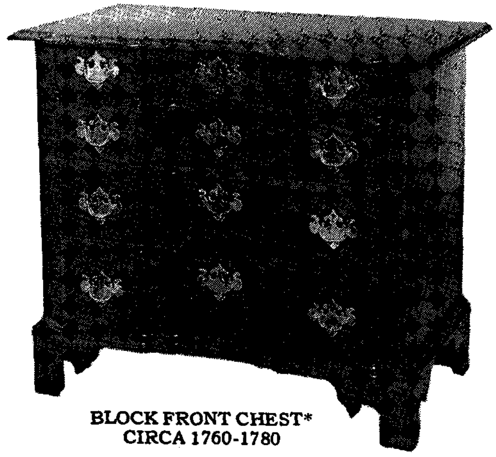

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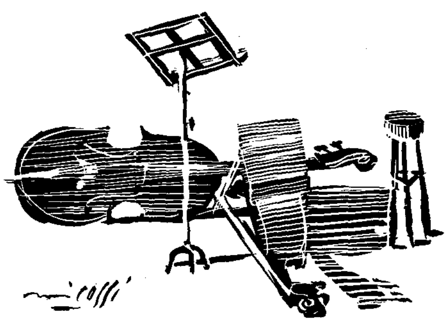
JAZZ

Otis Ferguson

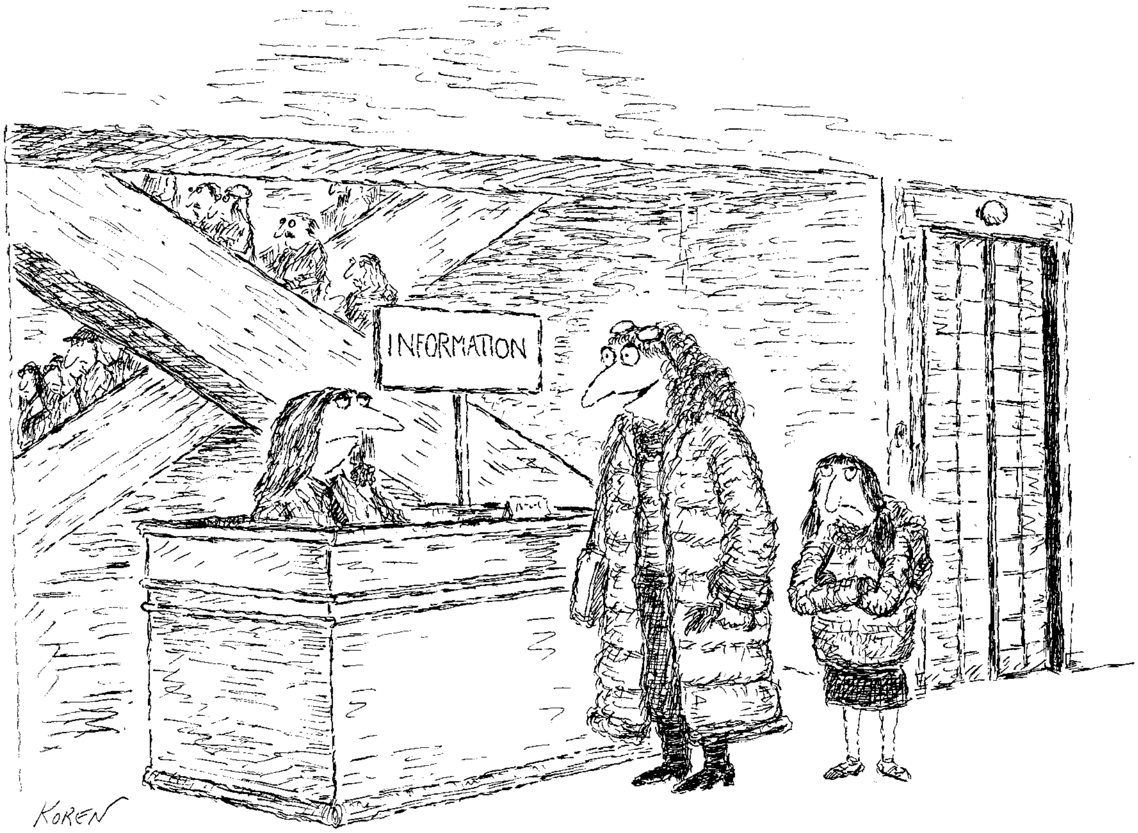
JAZZ did not attract a steady group of commentators in America until the mid-thirties, when it was almost forty years old. (One of its earliest American observers was Virgil Thomson, who, skipping over the improvisational element of the music, wrote in 1924, "The essence of the thing remains free melody with a fox-trot rhythm underneath. That rhythm shakes, but it won't flow. There is no climax. It never gets anywhere emotionally.") During the next five years or so, this group, which included apologists, enthusiasts, hagiographers, and critics, grew steadily, and by the early forties it was made up of such as George Simon, Charles Edward Smith, John Hammond, Marshall Stearns, George Avakian, Wilder Hobson, Dave Dexter, Jr., George Hoefer, Frederic Ramsey, Winthrop Sargeant, William Russell, Leonard Feather, Helen Oakley, Barry Ulanov, George Frazier, and Otis Ferguson. (For all his faulty exuberance, the father of these writers was the French critic Hugues Panassié, who in 1934 had published his "Le Jazz Hot," the first book of unalloyed jazz criticism.) Ferguson stood out from the pack. He approached his subject with detachment and style and poetic overtones, granting it understanding and honor instead of zealotry and huzzahs. He was among the first to applaud the musicians' own musical intelligence and the first to write about the music with some regularity in a general-interest national magazine; nineteen of his jazz pieces appeared in *The New Republic* between 1936 and 1941. But in 1943 he was killed in action in Italy, and by the fifties he had become a cult, a kind of lesser James Agee—revered and out of print. So it is fine to have at last "The Otis Ferguson Reader," which brings together all thirty-five of his jazz pieces, twelve of them previously unpublished. (It also includes some of his film criticism, pieces on the circus and on radio, autobiography, a poem that was printed in this magazine, and book reviews, one of them a surprisingly tough review of Edmund Wilson's "The Boys in the Back Room," which had itself been published in *The New Republic* eight months before.) The book has been edited by Robert Wilson and Dorothy Chamberlain, Ferguson's former wife, and there is a helpful memoir by Malcolm Cowley, who worked with Ferguson at *The New Republic*. (It is available for ten dollars from the December Press, 6232 North Hoyne, Chicago, Illinois 60659.)

Ferguson was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1907. He spent four years in the Navy in his late teens, then finished high school. He graduated from Clark University in 1933 and joined *The New Republic* the following year. He was already a highly ambitious writer who liked to think of himself as being on the side of the common man. His friend Jess Stacy said of him the other day, "The most I saw of Otis was when I was with Benny Goodman at the Pennsylvania Hotel in 1937. He was about five foot nine, and a down-to-earth guy. He liked me, I liked him, and we hung out together. We'd go to Kelly's Bar on Thirty-fourth Street between sets, and after work we'd go to the Hickory House and have a steak and listen to Joe Marsala. Then we'd walk over to my apartment, in Tudor City—it was on the twenty-second floor—and look at the boats on the river. We'd hoist a few and talk about music and listen to Walter Gieseking and Debussy and Ravel. He loved to hear those things. If we got loaded, we'd bad-mouth Benny and throw darts at a picture of him I had. Otis realized the importance of the piano in a big band, and when he came to hear us he'd sit practically under the piano on the bandstand, which annoyed the hell out of Benny, which pleased us."

The war between the poet and the Philistine permeated Ferguson's writing. He was influenced by Mencken and Hemingway, but he disguised his literary pretensions with slang and pseudo toughness. He speaks of Lionel Hampton as "this boy Lionel" (not intended as a racial slur) and of Benny Goodman's musicians as "hard-boiled, cynical bozos." He did not often bring the lyrical and the slangy sides of his style successfully together; his prose would lean precariously one way or the other. Sometimes he was silly, in the Carl Sandburg manner: "Jazz was the country where [Bix Beiderbecke] grew up, the fine high thing, the sun coming up to fill the world through the morning." Sometimes he slipped into a melodramatic gargle: "And, in the measure of his chorus, [Jack Teagarden] always uses the savage velvet of a good trombone, the beat of jazz and lilt of the phrases to arrive at something that is terrific on a leash or sad, or gorgeous, or enchanting with echoes of a better day." When the poet took over, he approached a mystical density: "I recommend for your pleasure and for posterity the 'Blues' . . . as being perfect in the collective feeling and very high and strange in the interludes of Norvo and Wilson, whose instruments come up through the pattern with the renewing sweetness of fresh-water springs." But once in a while everything worked, as in this passage from a previously unpublished piece on Bix Beiderbecke: "You will know him by the little ringing shout he can get into a struck note; by the way each note seems to draw the others after it like a string of cars, giving the positive effect of speed even in his artful lags and deliberation, a sort of reckless and gay roll; and by the way, starting on the ground, he will throw a phrase straight up like a rope in the air, where it seems to hang after he has passed along, shaking gently." And Ferguson could be sharp. On John Hammond: "He is to be respected and thanked, but not safely followed as a mentor." On jazz: "The best improvisation is a tune woven around the other tune, the original, an implied counterpoint but standing by itself." On the old rhythm sections: "The iron of the banjo chords."



The world of jazz was a different place in the mid-thirties. Despite the efforts of John Hammond and Benny Goodman, few jazz bands, of whatever size, were integrated. Black audiences were not welcome in downtown clubs, which were inhabited largely by white bands, and white audiences were no longer as free in the uptown clubs, which tended toward black bands. (Barney Josephson's Café Society, which opened in Greenwich Village in 1938, was the first night club to offer mixed bands to mixed audiences.) White jazz was easier for a white man to come by in the flesh, and this availability is reflected in Ferguson's output. His liberalism is clear, but he writes largely about white jazz musicians—his celebrated pieces on Beiderbecke, Jess Stacy, and Goodman, and his less well known ones on Ziggy Elman, Jack Teagarden, and Red Norvo. He sometimes seemed to have blinders on. In 1941, he wrote that Billy Butterfield was "the only really exciting new [trumpeter] to be heard in ten years"—a statement that eliminates Red Allen and Roy Eldridge, both at the height of their great powers. And what of Bunny Berigan? And where, in all these pieces, are Dicky Wells, Benny Morton, Art Tatum, Lester Young, Ben Webster, Harry Edison, Frankie Newton, Sidney Catlett, and Billie Holiday? He does have a thoughtful piece on Ellington, though, and a good one on Teddy Wilson (published here for the first time), and one of his last articles for *The New Republic* is an appreciation of the Spirits of Rhythm, which included the guitarist Teddy Bunn and the matchless scat singer Leo Watson. Perhaps he was on the verge of expanding and correcting his considerable critical gifts.



"We are looking for the non-yucky apparel."

• •

THE jazz scholar and collector Frank Driggs and the designer Harris Lewine have put together a huge picture-and-text history of jazz called "Black Beauty, White Heat" (Morrow). It covers the years from 1920 to 1950, and includes over fifteen hundred photographs, many of them new, and reproductions of sheet music, posters, programs, magazine covers, dust jackets, 78-r.p.m.-album covers, and handbills. There are also brilliant full-color reproductions of a hundred and twenty 78-r.p.m.-record labels—Bluebird, Victor, Okeh, Columbia, Vocalian, Brunswick, Q.R.S., Sunrise, Paramount, Gennett, Decca, Commodore, Hot Record Society, Crown, Melotone, U.H.C.A., Romeo, Swing, Variety, Solo Art, Joe Davis, Blue Note, Keynote, Signature, Savoy, Dial, Apollo, Capitol, Disc—in their handsome reds and purples and yellows and greens and blacks and blues. The book is primarily a reference work. The text is dense (and often flat), and the pictures, sometimes packed eight to the page, are best seen with a magnifying glass. There is a good deal of esoteric material—countless photographs of obscure "territory" bands, which served as incubators for future stars but were rarely original enough to move into the big time, and countless photographs of small white or black bands that were unknown even in their own day. But some of this collector's overflow is rewarding. Here is Bill Coleman sitting in with Django Reinhardt in Paris, and here is the band Coleman took to Cairo and Alexandria in 1939. Here, too, is the band Buck Clayton took to Shanghai in 1934. There are wonderful snapshots taken in the streets of Harlem in the thirties of such as Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Rex Stewart, Dicky Wells, Ben Webster, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Blanton, and Red Allen and his Pearlie May. There are a lot of funny stills from Hollywood movies, including one of the 1943 Tommy Dorsey band in full eighteenth-century fig. The section of the book on Southwestern jazz is particularly good, and in it are a thin, dapper Jimmy Rushing, a svelte, very young Mary Lou Williams, a melancholy Joe Turner, and Charlie Christian jamming with the tenor saxophonist Dick Wilson in Oklahoma City not long before he went off to join Benny Goodman. The chapter on the West Coast, barely covered in any jazz history before, is equally thorough. For its size and complexity, "Black Beauty, White Heat" has few boners (the muscle-bound saxophone section of Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry, Ben Webster, and Benny Carter did not record "Dinah" with Lionel Hampton) and only a few outrageous opinions (that Walter Page is the greatest of all bass players). The omissions—Louis Armstrong's 1947 All-Stars, the famous 1944 Metropolitan Opera House concert (one picture is included), the Ken Club and the Savoy in Boston, the stunning pictures by Bill Gottlieb and Gjon Mili (a few are included)—are more noticeable. It takes about a week to ferret your way through the book, but it's an invaluable trip. And so is the second, and the third.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Cool and the Dead

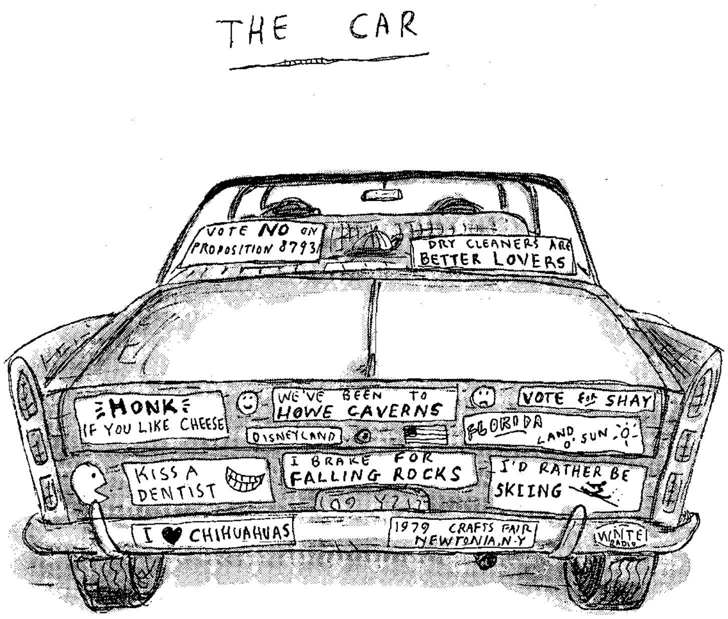
WALTER HILL's action comedy "48 Hrs." socks it to the audience. The picture is a roller coaster that hurtles along—"The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "The Defiant Ones," "In the Heat of the Night," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. It's "dynamite" entertainment—punches, exploding guns, and two men snarling obscenities at each other. Friends who say they loved it qualify that in the next breath, with "I mean I loved Eddie Murphy." There's really no distinction: Eddie Murphy is the movie. It has been shaped around him, and the white actors in the cast, including Murphy's co-star, Nick Nolte, have been turned into rabid honkies so that he can be the black underdog hero and deliver the zingers.

The action is set in a semi-imaginary San Francisco, where Nolte is a rough-and-ready police detective chasing after a pair of killers—pure evil scuzz—who have broken out of prison. The only person who knows enough about the pair to guide him is a young hipster thief (Murphy) who's in jail, with six months left to serve on a three-year sentence. Nolte springs him for forty-eight hours; freed, he puts on his civvies—a Giorgio Armani suit—and looks as pretty as a pimp, and they set out together at breakneck speed, brawling and cursing each other but destined, of course, to become guffawing pals. In order to keep the black-and-white insults rowdy, the movie is pushed into a phony, racist time frame. It isn't now, and it isn't any believable then; it's an eighties minstrel show, in which bigoted whites (which is to say all whites) get their comeuppance from the bitingly clever black man.

Making his film début, Murphy, the young star of "Saturday Night Live," has been cast in the Richard Pryor role—the role that Richard Pryor created for himself—and Murphy is too good at it. At twenty-one, he has his own sleek style. Murphy doesn't imitate Pryor; he doesn't need to—he has digested him. A dapper child of the disco age, he controls the tone of his scenes with Nolte. He's in charge—or, rather, his reflexes are in charge. He's swift as a shark—a Mack-the-Knife comic—and he barely gives Nolte the time of day. This smooth-faced kid takes over the screen, because he's playing black all the time. He's always calling attention to his blackness, but there's no fear and craziness behind his swagger, as there has been with Pryor. Murphy starts his movie career as the beneficiary of Pryor's wild flailing about. Fastidious, and with timing so precise that it seems almost surgical, he uses blackness as a pose. It's Pryor's comedy made cool.

The film itself may reflect a new kind of cool. When racial epithets are used in "48 Hrs.," the joke is in the sublimation of shock—it's as if the jokes weren't about "coons" but about coon jokes. Black people in the audience don't seem to mind. They may be ecstatically happy to witness the birth of a black star (and one who keeps getting the better of the white man), and some of them may believe that this film represents how whites in general think anyway. The racial infighting between Nolte and Murphy is presented very knowingly, as though we were all in on this dirty ambivalence, if only we'd admit it. It's as though any evidence of blacks and whites getting along together were such a candy-coated lie that only saps could fall for it. Amazingly, people I know come out of this picture and don't say anything about the exploitation of racism—they're scandalized about the film's treatment of women as whores or nags, which in terms of what goes on in this movie is a relatively minor aberration.

"48 Hrs." uses the clichés that it mocks, starting with its basic stratagem—the black-and-white pairing of the TV cop shows. Nolte, the gruff, dedicated, maverick cop, is probably meant to represent traditional American heroism—the solid values that Steve McQueen and John Wayne are supposed to have had at their core. Each time Nolte gets behind the wheel of his beat-out sky-blue 1964 Caddie convertible, he turns into a comic-strip driver; he starts it up with a roar, like a teen-age kid with his first motorcycle—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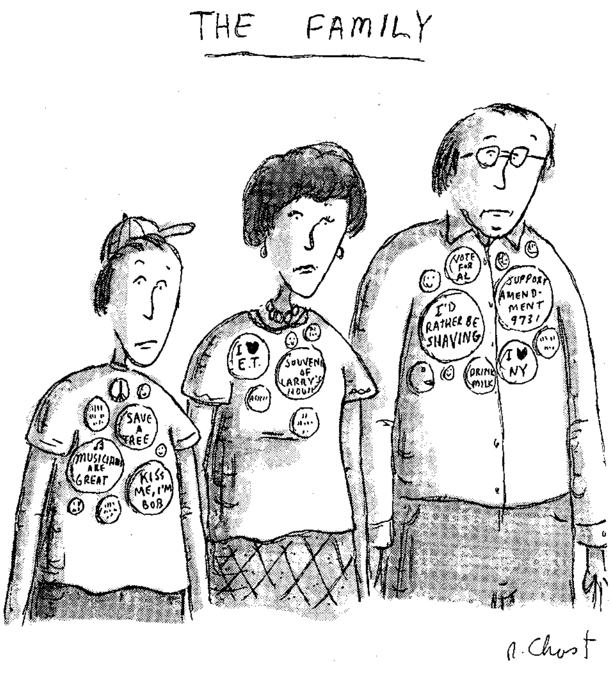

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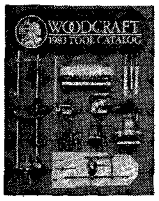

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the louder the better—and he can't turn a corner without the car's screeching: he's the white people's finest, and he's a honkie clown. The movie is blatantly cartoonish, but that doesn't mean it isn't saying anything. I think we're meant to believe that its profane badinage and even its most exaggerated racial animosity have a deep, gritty truth in them, and that because it's a comedy it can go deeper than "serious" movies. I think we're meant to believe that this paranoid fantasy of race relations is what the TV shows with black and white buddies don't have the guts to let you see. It's as false as they are, but in a hip way. This movie says, We're so hip that we can be ugly with each other. (The insults probably indicate the limits of the four writers' ingenuity; the script is by Roger Spottiswoode, Hill and Larry Gross, and Steven E. de Souza.)

"48 Hrs." is excitingly paced; it hooks you at the start and never lets up. But I didn't enjoy it. Hill packages black rage and then throws in a nightclub-in-the-Fillmore sequence in which the black musicians—the Busboys—are used to heat things up. In closeups, they put on the kind of sexy big grins that James Agee described, in revulsion, as "niggery," and the sequence is edited orgiastically—the way these things were done in the "daring" movies of the twenties and thirties, when jazz was considered "primitive." Hill's community sings in his other pictures ("The Long Riders," "Southern Comfort") served the stories he was telling; this time the picture comes to a stop so that we can goggle at black sexuality or admire the director's flash.

Most of the time, he isn't doing anything special—even the car chases aren't much fun. He does what other action directors have done, but he does it faster, and with tumescent instrumental music blending with city noise and whipping up the audience's emotions. And he loads some of the scenes with style because they have no other weight. The style feels random and imposed on the material—not that the material would be better without the imposition. I'm thinking, for example, of the use of an extreme telephoto lens to capture the shimmering, up-and-down-the-hilly-road effect of the truck in the prison-break opening, and the variations of this imagery on the San Francisco streets, and of the smoky neon colors of Chinatown in the showdown in the fog, with men loom-

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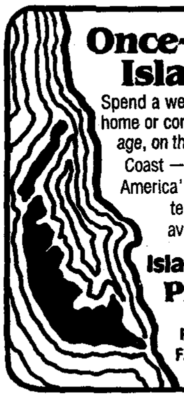

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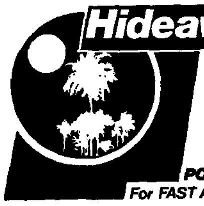

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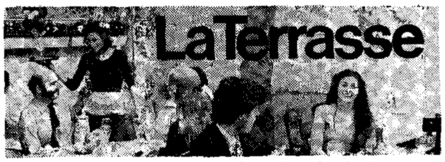

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ing up out of the miasma. There are also clever empty touches: the killers are a mismatched pair, like the heroes—a handsome, hulking big Indian (Sonny Landham) and a lean, wiry white psychopath (James Remar), who shoots people for diversion. And there are Freudian potency games about losing and getting guns. Some sequences come out of the blue: Nolte and Murphy have a whamming, bloody fistfight for no apparent reason except sheer macho exuberance. And in the scheme of the film how does each of them prove his courage? By shooting when he isn't expected to. (This movie is like a commercial for guns.)

Nick Nolte has a great weathered face (and, from some angles, a creepy resemblance to Pat Hingle). With the extra weight that he's packing here, his features have sunk into the mass, and he looks and acts thick, as if he needed to catch up on a whole lot of sleep. Eddie Murphy has no rough edges—he's polished; Nolte seems unfinished. At times, his rumbling bass voice startles you—it seems to be changing, going down farther and farther. Does Nolte feel so uncomfortable with what he has to say that he's trying to replace the lines with a growl? He gave impressive, charged performances in "Who'll Stop the Rain" and "North Dallas Forty;" he's an ideal screen actor—believable, and with a much larger range than McQueen or Wayne. He gives a picture body—physicality—but he was never just beefcake (except in his first big-studio movie, "The Deep," in 1977), and so it's a surprise to see him doing a buddy picture. It's probably an even bigger surprise to him—you can see him struggling for something more. He has a searching, protean presence here that's a little embarrassing: he's an honest actor looking for a character that hasn't been written. The police detective is no more than an out-of-shape Neanderthal with shaggy cornsilk hair; he's a foulmouthed slob so that Murphy the dude, in his narrow tailoring, can outsmart him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. (When there's danger, Murphy—always the comic—parodies fear; Nolte plays it straight.) It's only at the climax, with fog drifting through the Chinatown passageways, that the hunched-over Nolte finally stands upright, and is huge and powerful. He is thrown away in this movie, just as Annette O'Toole, who plays the girlfriend that the detective

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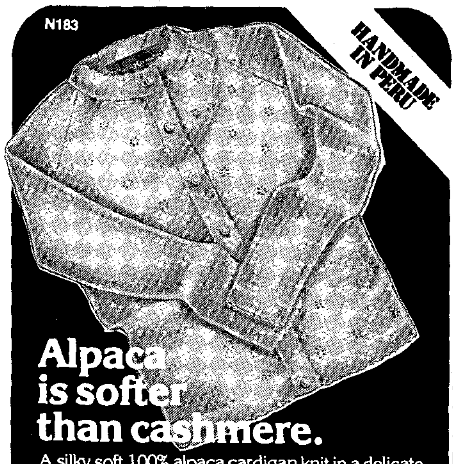

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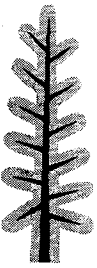

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doesn't know how to talk to, is thrown away. (I assume that her part was chopped; in what's left, she's there to be stood up—an insulting role.) So is Frank McRae, as the black police officer who is Nolte's superior; he's made an uncouth boob.

The picture represents what in L.A. is called professionalism: its only goal is box-office, and it appears to have been pared down to just what it can sell. What's left in, of course, is Nolte defending Murphy against McRae's complaints, and yelling, "He's got more brains than you'll ever know. He's got more guts than any partner I've ever had!" And in the film's biggest scene, in a redneck country-and-Western joint (just your everyday San Francisco hangout), Eddie Murphy, using the badge Nolte has handed him, intimidates a mob of angry crackers by shouting, "I'm your worst ------- nightmare, man. I'm a nigger with a badge!" The audience has been so hyped up by then that it roars with laughter, as if white men really were terrified of omnipotent black cops. Murphy is a whiz of a performer; he has concentration and intensity, and he's so young that there's an engaging spirit in what he's doing. But this picture is plastic paranoia all the way through, and it has handed him a dubious victory. Pryor made white people understand his resentments, and it felt good to have that stuff out in the open. "48 Hrs." brings out invented, distorted hostilities, and is being cheered for it, as if it were doing us a service.

"THE VERDICT" is a brown and anguished movie about a once trusting and idealistic man—Frank Galvin, a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman—who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. But Galvin still retains a faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on a jury, and that faith enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment; everything looks gaslit and under layers of heavy varnish. The exteriors are covered in drizzle, and the interiors are dark-panelled rooms and high-ceilinged institutional halls and offices where Galvin, shot from a distance, with the camera angling up from floor level, seems dwarfed, insignificant. I don't think there's a white wall in all of this picture's Boston. The powerful forces of society are arrayed against Galvin, and the movie never lets you forget

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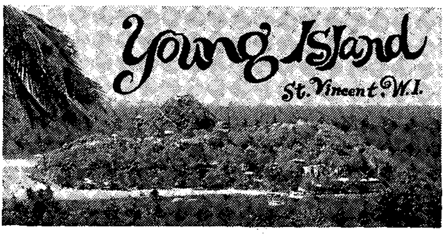

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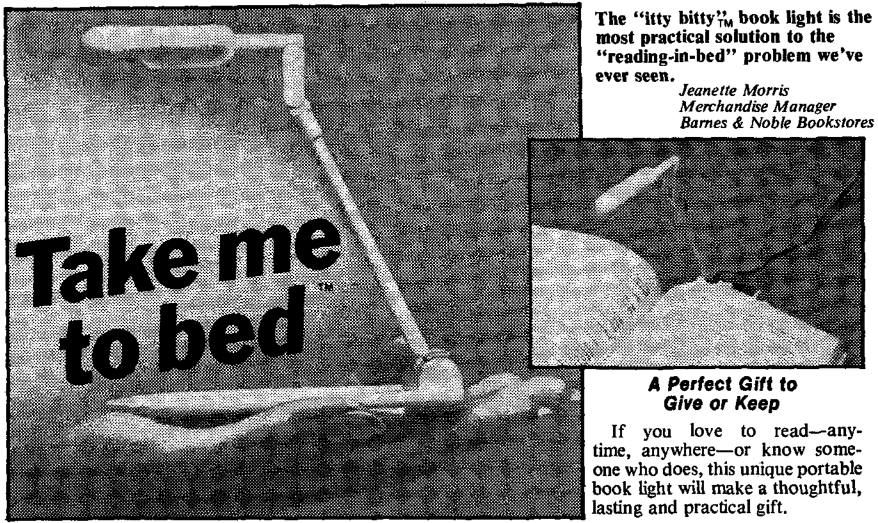
it. He has filed suit against the Archdiocese of Boston, which owns the hospital where the comatose woman on whose behalf he is suing was given the wrong anesthetic during childbirth. The little lawyer is a sad and aging David battling a cynical, manipulative Goliath—James Mason as Concannon, the opposing attorney, the head of a powerful law firm, with a squad of fifteen or so evil young aides to do his research. When they sit at a conference table during strategy sessions with him, the group suggests junior devils being coached by the unctuous old master, and Concannon is described to us by Galvin's only friend (Jack Warden) as "the Prince of ------- Darkness." And the judge (Milo O'Shea) is grossly prejudiced—he plays footsie with the Church. Directed by Sidney Lumet, from a script by David Mamet that derives from a novel by Barry Reed, the movie is so impressed by its own high seriousness that it has a hushed atmosphere. It strives for gloom.

Paul Newman plays the role for all it has got, and, making himself look softer and heavier, and even a little slack and jowly, he gives a fine performance, but he has been giving much livelier and more varied fine performances for the past several years ("Slap Shot," "Fort Apache, the Bronx," "Absence of Malice"). He doesn't need the halo Lumet puts on him. (You almost expect it to light up and spell "This is an Academy Award performance.") Lumet's admiration of his acting weighs Newman down; so does Mamet's (deliberately) stale and repetitive language. Newman has a limited palette here; he removes the confidence from his voice (he sounds shaken, frightened), but his lines work on only one level—at times, this makes him seem like a cartoon trying to think. It's a bowed-down, sorrowful-sot performance—a tired old show-business view of "a good man."

When Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart, and he photographs scenes from fifty yards away. The camera just sits like Death on these dark, angled images. Lest anybody miss the point, Lumet puts dirges on the soundtrack; they serve as accompaniment to Galvin's heavy breathing and to the uninflected voice of Charlotte Rampling, the mysterious woman who shows up to complicate Galvin's life. Lumet pours on the melodrama, and he stretches the suspense over a long, long period, keeping the



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audience palpitating for the turnaround—the arrival of the surprise witness (Lindsay Crouse, showcased as a colleen). In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have a lot of time to think. Would you hire this lawyer? Galvin rejects the bishop's cash-settlement offer without discussing it with his clients—the comatose woman's sister and brother-in-law, who need the money to have her cared for and to make a fresh start themselves. Galvin thinks he can do better for them in court, and that the "truth" of what happened must come out. But he's poorly prepared when the trial opens, and it's only a lucky fluke—the surprise witness—that saves the day for him. Galvin seems a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer; he risks leaving his clients penniless because of his faith in the common man. He regards a settlement out of court as cowardly and dishonorable—as "selling out." He explains why he can't accept the bishop's offer: "If I take the money, I'm lost—I'll just be a rich ambulance chaser." This lawyer appears to be going into court to strengthen his own character. It's no wonder he has no other cases. "The Verdict" is presented in the guise of a realistic view of the corruption of our institutions, but it's about a sensitive hero's struggle to regain his self-respect. Mr. Smith went to Washington and Mr. Galvin goes to court. It's the story of a man who was disillusioned and became a drunk; by the end he has regained his illusions.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

A long way from their original home in the hills of Laos, these children of the Hmong tribe wear traditional dress for the Hmong New Year celebration at Highline Community College near Seattle. The farming tribe's new centuries old ceremony includes staying up all night to watch the moon and bring in the new year with seven days of feasting and golfing.—*Photo caption in the Grants Pass (Ore.) Daily Courier.*

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Des Moines Register*]

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NORWALK, Ia.—Elizabeth Spencer of Norwalk has a collection of frogs.

BOOKS

Rebel Without a Cause

ALTHOUGH Aaron Burr served as a United States senator from New York (1791-97) and as Vice-President of the United States (1801-05), we have been unable to accommodate him in our history; he lives on instead as the focus of a fistful of conflicting myths. In a preface to "Aaron Burr: The Conspiracy and Years of Exile, 1805-1836" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $22.50), Milton Lomask quotes an authority who found characters called Aaron Burr appearing in forty-nine novels and short stories and thirty-three plays as four quite distinct personages—"a Catiline (traitor), a Lovelace (despoiler of women), a Warwick (king-maker for his part in winning the Presidency for Jefferson in 1800), and a victim ('so maligned, so misunderstood,' said Woodrow Wilson)."

Mr. Lomask's persuasive biography—a first volume, "Aaron Burr: The Years from Princeton to Vice-President, 1756-1805," appeared in 1979—enables us, at last, to understand Burr and to understand, as well, why his countrymen have misunderstood him. Mr. Lomask's narrative style is engaging and easy, personal but not idiosyncratic, in the manner of a good storyteller. He has drawn on scholarly discoveries, several of them quite recent, that cast light on Burr, his times, his contemporaries, and the varied backgrounds against which he moved; and he adduces this learning unpretentiously. His amplitude and good sense have finally restored Burr to historical reality—a seedy reality, the underside of American politics and society in his time. Burr was born at, or near, the top of society: the grandson of the theologian Jonathan Edwards and the son of a president of Princeton. However, by the age of two and a half he had lost his parents and his Edwards grandparents; he and his older sister were raised by an uncle. Except for a suggestion that Burr's first marriage, to a widow ten years his senior, may have reflected a need for mothering, Mr. Lomask avoids psychologizing about Burr's bereavements—misfortunes that were commoner then than now. Washington, for example, was eleven when he lost his father, Jefferson was fourteen, and Hamilton was a de-facto orphan: his mother died when he was eleven, some years after his father had left the family.

Like Hamilton, Burr was stunningly precocious: Princeton rejected him at eleven but admitted him at thirteen. (The resemblances between these men, whose careers were intertwined both as New York attorneys and as New York politicians, are so striking that their rivalry has in it a mythical element—fratricide—yet they seem to have thought of themselves as totally dissimilar.) Mr. Lomask describes Burr's ability to work through masses of written material at top speed—preparing for college, cramming for the bar, sorting out complicated law cases, and, as New York State's Attorney General (1789-91), organizing documents, such as petitions, that had piled up since Independence so that the state could decide the appropriate legal action. He also stresses the limitations of Burr's mind. Burr was practical, not theoretical. He did not speculate on the great religious issues that preoccupied his ancestors, the great political issues that concerned his contemporaries, or the ethical issues underlying the law he practiced so brilliantly. He was a craftsman or a technician, who asked not "Why?" but "How?" His permanent political contributions were to introduce decorum into the United States Senate and to devise a technique of organizing an election campaign. The latter was demonstrated most notably in the superb performance that won New York for the Democratic-Republicans in 1800, insuring the Party's victory nationally with the outcome (personally disastrous for Burr) of a tie vote in the Electoral College between him and Jefferson for the Presidency.

Mr. Lomask tells us that Burr was popular at Princeton, where he made lasting friends. The first time his personality evoked irrational dislike, Mr. Lomask believes, was at a meeting with General Washington in June of 1776 in New York City, where Burr arrived as a young hero of the attack on Quebec. Washington was not unjust to him during his Army service—Burr attained the rank of colonel before ill health forced his retirement, in 1779—but in later years the President refused him preferment. Burr brought out the worst in our best: Washington's uncharacteristic prejudice is a case in point, as is Jefferson's vendetta against Burr after 1801. Mr. Lomask

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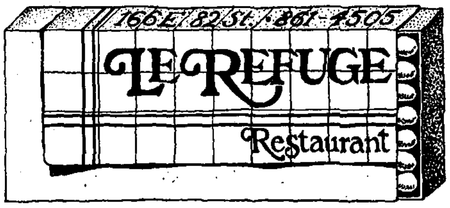

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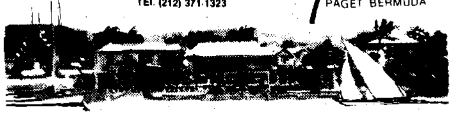

is one of many who have sifted the days from December, 1800—when it became evident that the choice between Republicans would be made by a Federalist House of Representatives—to February, 1801, when Jefferson was at last elected. Some observers and participants left no record of their transactions, and others changed their stories over the years, but historians now generally agree that Burr, the Republicans' Vice-Presidential candidate, did not take advantage of the Constitutional crisis to try to steal the Presidency from Jefferson, even though many Federalists preferred Burr, as being less radical or ideological. Burr promised a delegation of worried Jeffersonians that he would not electioneer in the House, and he kept his word. However, he did add that he would accept the Presidency if the House so voted, and that Jefferson, already Vice-President, could keep his old job. In the circumstances, this was less than adequate reassurance. Jefferson believed that Burr had tried, and failed, to steal the Presidency, and froze him out of his Administration and out of Party councils and Party patronage. As a result, in 1804, when Burr—still Vice-President but not renominated—ran for the governorship of New York, he lost. The aftermath of that campaign was his duel with Hamilton, whose destructiveness, which was at least as powerful as his creativity, in that instance turned to self-destruction.

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Burr's self-destructiveness took a more grandiose turn: he embarked on the Trans-Appalachian venture known as the Burr Conspiracy—a scheme so absurd that his contemporaries, and many later historians, assigned him the more credible aim of detaching the Western territories from the Union. Secession was a frequent threat before it actually occurred; Mr. Lomask tells us that as early as 1804 New England Federalists were talking of disunion, and that before the Louisiana Purchase, of 1803, assured Western Americans unrestricted navigation of the Mississippi and unrestricted use of the port of New Orleans secessionist conspiracies had been endemic in Trans-Appalachia. A residue of suspiciousness remained in 1805, when Burr appeared west of the mountains. One suspicion, not verified until Spanish archives were opened in the next century, was that James Wilkinson, the commanding general of the United States Army, was in Spanish pay. Wilkinson's career, from his youthful participation in the Conway Cabal, a wartime plot to unseat Washington as Commander-in-Chief, had been unrelieved knavery, but Burr nevertheless chose him as a collaborator in his scheme, which, as Burr later confided to the philosopher Jeremy Bentham, was to conquer Spanish North America and make himself Emperor of Mexico. Wilkinson eventually extricated himself from his conflicting commitments—American general, Spanish agent, Burr ally—by informing Jefferson that he had uncovered plans for a large-scale insurrection. Jefferson had no trouble believing that a man who had tried to steal the Presidency was trying to steal half the country. Though earlier rumors had brought Burr before three Western grand juries and they had all refused to indict him for treason, he was arrested, and was tried at Richmond, Virginia. The outcome of that trial—acquittal—was lucky for him. It was just as lucky for us. During the proceedings, Jefferson responded to a subpoena issued by Chief Justice John Marshall to provide documentary evidence Burr sought, with the result that our Presidents do not defy our courts; and Marshall construed the law of treason narrowly, with the result that no American government has been able to rely on what Mr. Lomask calls "the deadly and illiberal doctrine of constructive treason" to railroad an individual on supposition. Burr, unready to renounce his imperial fantasy, went to Europe, where from 1808 to 1812 he attempted to persuade crowned heads to back his plans to win himself a crown. Then he returned to New York City and practiced law, earning much and spending more.

The influence of a book may be as much a matter of psychology as of literature; the Tolstoyans would probably have followed even a bad writer. Burr's lifelong devotion to Lord Chesterfield's "Letters," with their vista of metropolitan elegance, is a sign of his imaginative alertness (most young provincials do not know that they are provincial), and his excellent manners and fine, if extravagant, taste probably owed a great deal to his mentor. Yet many of Chesterfield's counsels are

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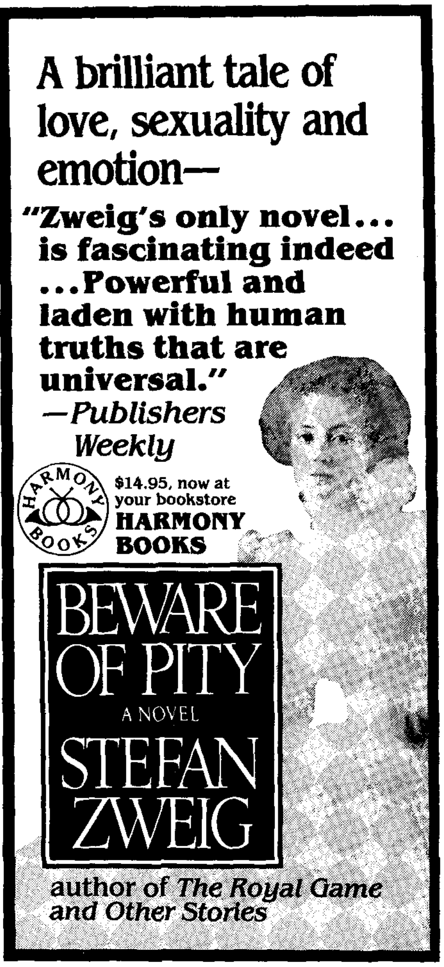
politically unrealistic—for example, his dictum "To govern mankind one must not overrate them." Burr too easily underrated his colleagues; his thoroughgoing cynicism was a kind of naïveté. In the first volume, Mr. Lomask refers to Burr's "inability to function within a conventional political framework," and this volume makes clear that Burr was not driven from American politics by his rivals or enemies. He could have settled in the West, where in 1805 he was still very popular, and could have run for Congress, as had one of his acquaintances—Matthew Lyon, formerly a representative from Vermont, who was serving as a representative from Kentucky. A bit player in Burr's drama—young Henry Clay, who served as his attorney in one of the Western grand-jury hearings—reminds us that other men in our history have suffered political disappointments without abandoning politics. The difference is that the others were devoted to causes or ideals and Burr was not. Chesterfield's emphasis on manipulation rather than content in politics may have misled Burr, or his own distaste for abstraction may have been at fault. His intellectual gifts were evident to his contemporaries, who regarded him as one of the political talents of the day, among politicians so outstanding that even figures of the second rank, such as John Jay and Albert Gallatin, strike us as first-rate. Yet though Burr lived in a revolutionary age and had fought in our own revolution, his boast to Bentham that "the Mexicans would all follow like a flock of geese" suggests that he never grasped the revolutionary impulses of his time. For Burr, Mr. Lomask writes, "politics was primarily a form of entertainment, a game to be played, as he himself said, for 'fun and honor & profit.'" His contemporaries, themselves convinced—and often with reason—that their every action would determine the future of the republic, could not conceive of Burr's frivolity, and credited him with depths he lacked, including a capacity for deep-dyed villainy.

If Mr. Lomask had brought us no more than this clarification, his biography would be invaluable, for most students of the period, in their efforts to palliate Americans' overreactions to Burr, have confused our impressions of men of both parties who laid the foundations of our nation. Where Burr is concerned, many historical portraits have been hanging alop, leaving us uneasy. Mr. Lomask's service, however, goes beyond mere correction. Burr has continued to evoke Americans' anxiety down to the present because wherever he went his effect on his surroundings was to cast a shadow on American democracy and democratic institutions. It is not only the great who appear atypically petty when Burr is on the scene but the press, the parties, the courts, the legislatures, and, most frightening of all, the people—the electorate. The disciple of Lord Chesterfield seems to foretell nothing but Boss Tweed's New York and Martin Chuzzlewit's America. The career of this dapper, poised man makes vivid the criticisms that have been levelled at democracy in general, and American democracy in particular: that it is venal (Burr's most noted protégé, Samuel Swartwout, achieved lasting notoriety by stealing more than a million dollars as Collector of the Port of New York), volatile and credulous (Americans believed everything for and against Burr, changing their minds overnight), violent (the Ohio militia made an assault on a house where Burr had stayed), and hypocritical (New York and New Jersey brought indictments against Burr for duelling and murder, although the populations of both states socially accepted duelling; their outrage at Hamilton's death seems less than genuine). Burr makes Americans anxious because we know that we dare not behave too badly: our democracy is fragile—a set of sophisticated institutions held together by cobwebs of decency. Mr. Lomask, who shows us Burr's attractiveness—his loyalty to individuals, if not to causes—but who does not write as Burr's partisan, reminds us that the Federalists in 1800-01 canvassed every possible temptation but then gave the voters the President they had intended to elect, and that the Richmond jurors of 1807, though overwhelmingly biassed against Burr, obeyed the law and followed Justice Marshall. Though their methods may have been dishevelled, our democratic institutions then, as now, were, as Burr could not grasp, serious—not glum, not depressed, but earnest. Mr. Lomask's richness and art tell us that Burr got lost in American history be-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cause he was out of place in American politics. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WHEN THINGS OF THE SPIRIT COME FIRST, by Simone de Beauvoir, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Pantheon; $13.95). Five more or less monotonous stories, dating from the author's late twenties (in the late thirties), about five more or less pious and promising young Frenchwomen whose conventional, cloistered upbringings have not prepared them for coping with cads. Three of the stories are lifeless fables about the French version of angst; the fourth is redeemed by an amusing episode set in a dentist's chair; and the fifth, an autobiographical account of a *jeune naïve* headed for the Sorbonne, has several bright moments set in Paris. "Suddenly, instead of symbolic scenery," the narrator writes, "I saw around me a host of objects that seemed to exist in their own right." The reader's hopes quicken—Existentialism (Sartre, even) seems imminent—but the story ends a page later.

GENERAL

REMARKABLE RELATIONS: THE STORY OF THE PEARSALL SMITH WOMEN, by Barbara Strachey (Universe; $15.95). A deft biography that traces this eccentric family (the author's own) from its roots in the Quaker community of Philadelphia and in the American temperance movement to its flowering among the Bloomsbury crowd and the British suffragists. "Daughters are wonderful luxuries," the author's great-grandmother Hannah Whitall Smith conceded, in 1910, at the age of seventy-eight, to her daughter Mary; "they are well worth a bad husband, at least mine are." The only problem (in her opinion) was that daughters (at least hers) tended to get married, despite their mother's best efforts. Mary's sister, Alys, married Bertrand Russell, who came to loathe his mother-in-law and then his wife. Mary married twice: her first marriage produced two daughters, Karin and Ray; her second, to Bernard Berenson, produced art collections instead of children. Karin married Virginia Woolf's brother Adrian; Ray married Lytton Strachey's brother Oliver. All of them—and, to a lesser degree, Hannah's hapless son, Logan Pearsall Smith (called by Henry James "Poor Logan")—exchanged, almost daily, pages of vivid chatter. A few days after Alys's wedding, Hannah (using the Quaker form of familiar address) was writing for an update: "How do thy nightgowns work . . . Does Bertie like the pyjamas . . . I want all the particulars." One evening in 1931, Ray's daughter pointed out to her mother, who was on her way to a party at Lady Astor's house, that her brocade dinner dress was inside out. "Phoo," her mother said, "no one will notice!" With two family trees ("English connections" and "American cousins"), footnotes, a bibliography, and an index, all of them very detailed.

ADVENTURES UNDER SAIL: SELECTED WRITINGS, by H. W. Tilman, edited and with an introduction by Libby Purves (Gollancz; $22.50). In his mid-fifties, after serving in two World Wars and achieving between them some fame as a mountain climber, H. W. Tilman decided that he could combine two sorts of adventure—mountaineering and small-boat voyaging. He bought a Bristol Channel pilot cutter that was almost as old as he was, advertised for crew, and set out from England for Patagonia. That cruise inspired other seaborne mountaineering expeditions, which were chronicled in eight books, all of them characterized by Tilman's honesty and deadpan sense of humor, and salted with quotations from sources as various as Samuel Johnson and Tallulah Bankhead. This collection of excerpts is a better introduction to the sailing side of Tilman than is his official biography, "High Mountains and Cold Seas." It includes expeditions to the far North—Baffin Island, Greenland, Surtsey—and to the Antarctic, in three boats: his beloved Mischief, in which he sailed more than a hundred thousand miles before she sank, at the end of a towline; Sea Breeze, sunk by collisions with ice and rock; and Baroque, yet another ancient cutter, in which he circumnavigated the island of Spitzbergen, within six hundred miles of the North Pole, in his seventy-seventh year.

ZANY AFTERNOONS, by Bruce McCall (Knopf; $25 cloth, $14.95 paper). An artist's album of funny, imagi-

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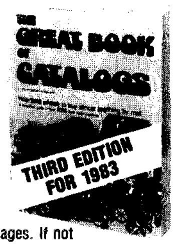

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nary bygone glories: the Municipal Parketeria and other amenities that made Old New York fit to live in; the 1936 Cairo World's Fair; battles worth winning and games worth losing with flair, like Austro-Hungarian zeppelin shoots and jazz-age airplane-wing dining ("Hemingway always said the best tables were outboard beyond the prop wash"). The ample captions display McCall's gift for takeoffs of period prose (other parodies of his, often illustrated with his drawings, have appeared in this magazine), but his gifts as a painter and graphic designer get a chance to soar, in color, on the big pages of this book. His subjects are glowing hindsight, deceptive business practices that qualify as antiques, and historic political bunk. He has an eye for phony visual aesthetics: the impossibly sparkling turf of illusory heydays; the pulpy, pallid hues of blandly misleading Sunday-tabloid ads; the clumsy, depressing typography and layout of a belligerently jolly English-language "friendship" magazine from the U.S.S.R.; nationalistic styles in commemorative postage stamps; baseball memorabilia's patina of wishful thinking; the bright, fanatical detail of Second World War aircraft catalogues for buffs. Like George Orwell, who lovingly classified his collection of hundreds of pamphlets under nine headings, "reduced to two main schools, roughly describable as Party Line and Astrology," Bruce McCall is a connoisseur and satirist of the great and small varieties of propaganda.

NOTE: "Freud and Man's Soul," Bruno Bettelheim's study of the influence that English translations of Freud's works have had on the development of psychoanalysis, has been published by Knopf ($11.95). Much of the contents first appeared in these pages.

•

Massachusetts residences have also fled their state to avoid being told what to do. In other words, New Englanders don't like to be dictated to and Massachusetts Yankees are no different.—*Lowell (Mass.) Sun.*

The first to leave were the trailers.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.—A poet by the name of William Wordsworth once wrote, "You can't recapture that last careless rapture." Says who?—*Lou Chapman in the Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Says Browning, sort of.

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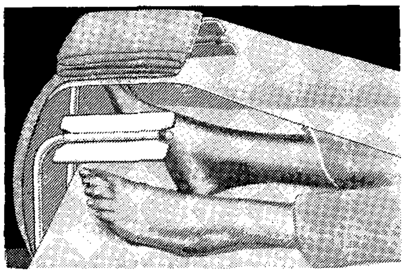

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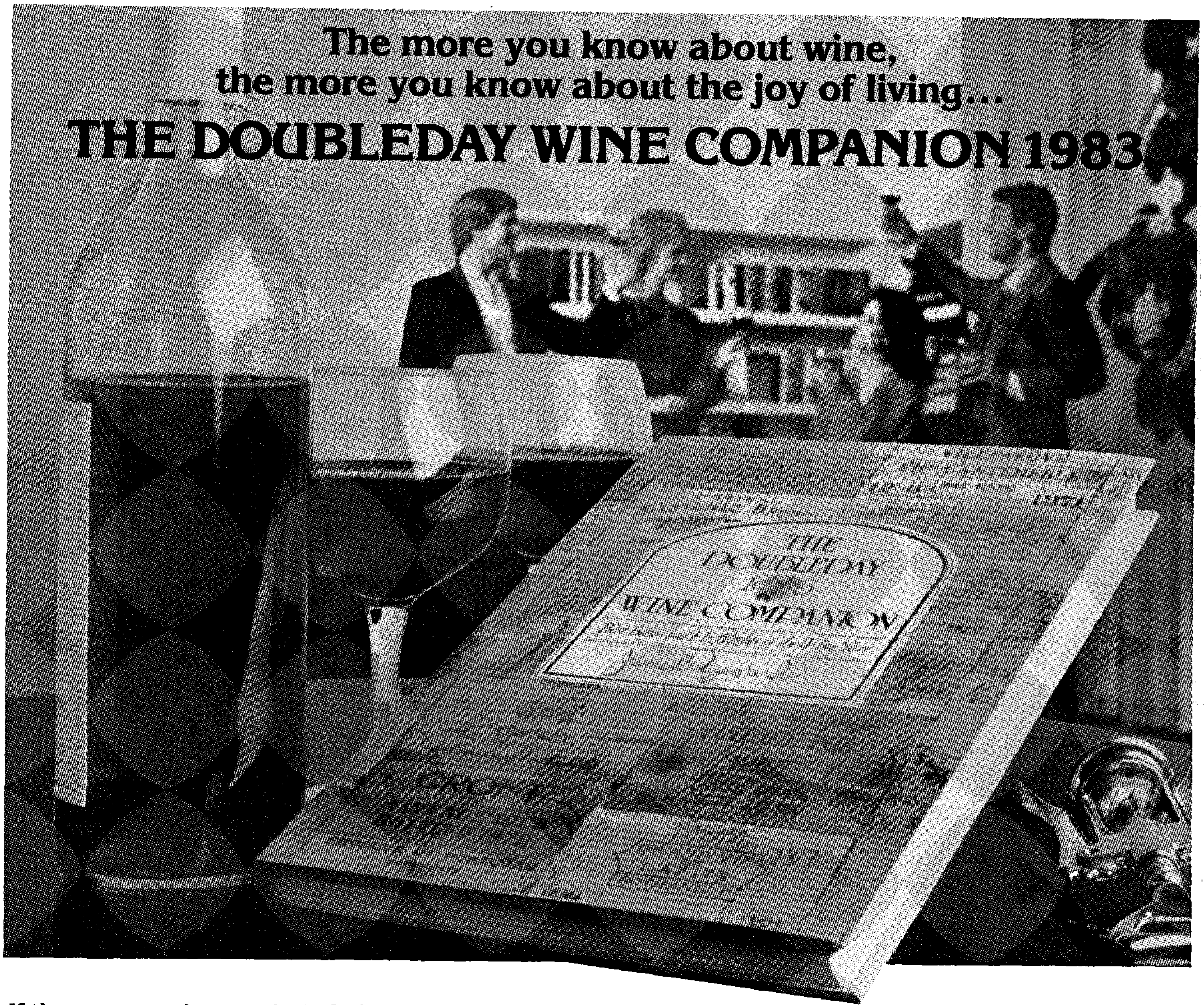

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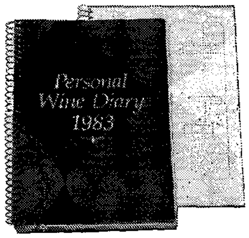

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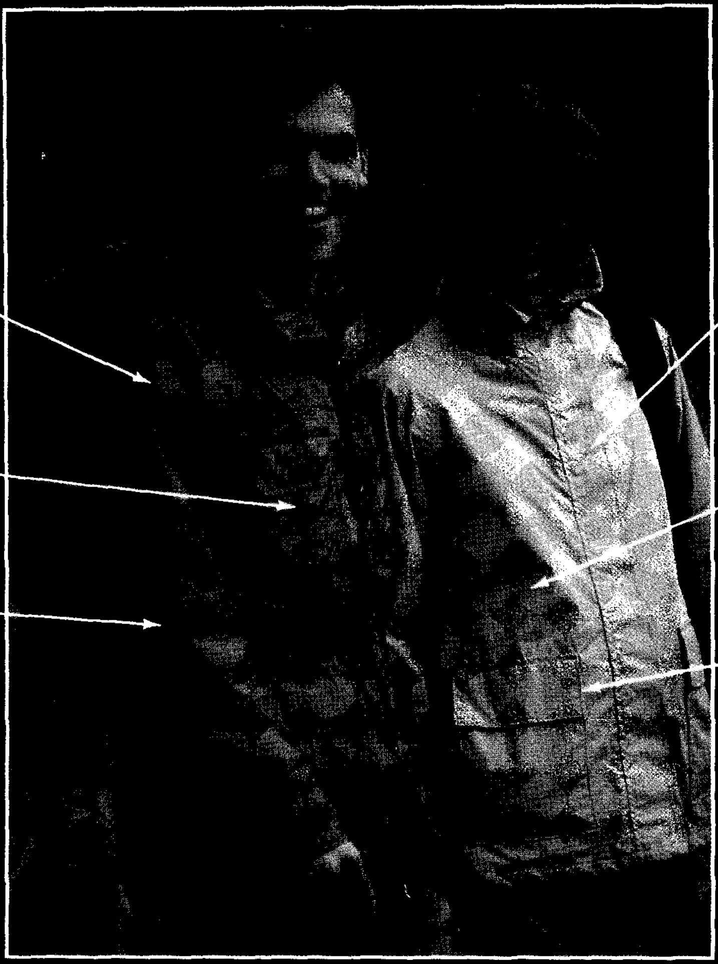

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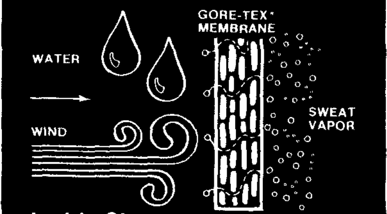

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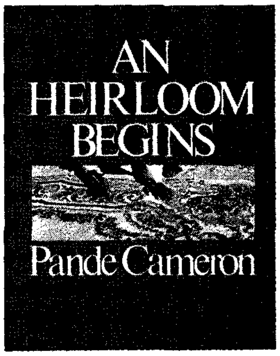

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